



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

**HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY**



**THE GIFT OF
FRED NORRIS ROBINSON**

Class of 1891

OF CAMBRIDGE

AN
GAIDHEAL;

PAIPEIR-NAIDHEACHD

AGUS

LEABHAR-SGEOIL GAIDHEALACH.

A' CHEUD LEABHAR, ANNS AM BHEIL DÀ AIREAMH DHEUG.

"Mar ghath soluis do m' anam féin
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh'fhalbh."—OISEAN.

GLASCHU:
MAC-NEACAIL 'SA CHUIDEACHD.

1873.

66C 5.1.13(1)



548124

GLASCHU:
DUNN AGUS WRIGHT,
CLO-BHUAILETEARAX.

(CONTENTS OF VOL. I.)

	TAOBH.
Pòsadh Thighearna Lathurna,	15
Pat O'Connor,	257
Rùltaireachd,	225, 251,
	279, 307
Roimhradh,	1
Rùn ar turuis,	75
Rùnasdach, litrichean bho,	118, 181,
	206, 319
Samhlaidhean air nithean spioradail,	118
Sgeulachdan,	209, 285
Sgìre ma Cheallaig,	146
Sgrìos nam Pìocach,	266
Sìna, mu Ìompaireachd,	20
Sìthichean, na,	234
Smùid Shoitheach,	143, 172
Sop às gach seid, 95, 126, 155, 185, 214,	325
Thomas, Mrs Caiptein,	57
Toimheachain, 11, 61, 94, 126, 155,	185, 214, 314

Abhuinn Dù'lais,	237
Bàs Mhorair Chluaidh,	125
— Sheanacherib,	212
Beannachadh leannain,	237
Brasailte,	259
Buaidh an t-Soisgeil,	65
Cabar-féidh,	174
Comhairle do na gilleam òga,	9
— Gaidheil,	57
Comunn Gaidhealach Ghlinne Gairidh,	53
Creag-Eileachaidh,	24
Cumha do Bhaintighearna Dhubhairt,	296, 312
— Maighdne	62
Dan Spioradail,	17
Doictor Céitin,	236
Duan Callainne,	148
Duanag a' chobair,	151
— Ghaoil,	12
— Ullamh, an,	260
Duanan,	96, 127
Dùn Bhrusgragh agus Iain,	25, 51
Dundiagh, boineidean,	284
Eilein an Fhraoich,	128
Failte-ghaoil,	87
Am Fear-Ullachaidh,	17
Fionnairidh, Slan le,	150

	TAOBH.		TAORH.
Freagradh Gaoil,	148	Rannan,	146
Gabhaidh sinne 'n rathad mor,	288	Rìgh Tèarlach II, Caitheam do,	27
an Gaidheal agus an Eala,	286	Roimh'n Chòmhraig,	33
an Gaidheal 'am measg nan Gall,	10	Ruathar Mhic Mhuirich,	117
Gaol dùthcha,	12	Seonaid fùr boidheach a' Ghlinn,	31
Gaallaidhean luachmhor,	96	Sir Coinneach Mac Choinnich,	211
Homer,	205, 317	Sir Seumas Mac Mhathain, oran do,	16
Laoidhean,	36, 110, 121, 154, 256	Solus a' dealradh mach a dorchadas,	206
Loch nan Garr,	156	Suspìria,	121
Lon-dubh, an,	31	Taladh na bean shith,	235
Magh Léuna,	63	Taobh mo theine fhéin,	9
Marbhrann,	35	Tuireadh Baintighearna Chola,	179
Mo Mhathair,	149	— Fhinn,	34
Nèinein, do,	212	— Seann fhleasgacha,	32
Niagra,	30	— Seann mhaighdinn,	9
Orain, 12, 26, 54, 55, 58, 86, 92, 186,	238, 268, 318, 322	Uilleam Mac-Dhunleibhe,	314
Punnd Sasunnach, Air	122	Urnaidh Oisein,	83

I N D E X

TO ENGLISH DEPARTMENT OF VOL. I.

	PAGE		PAGE
Agents, list of,	74	Highlands, the history of the,	187
Blackie, Professor, on nationality,	165	Homer, Gaelic,	220
— letter from,	221	Inverness Gaelic Society,	163
Burton's History of Scotland,	44	Leabhar na Feinne,	302
Celtic, the place of,	273	Logan, James,	101
Celtic Society, Glasgow Students,	99	Maclauchlan, Dr., Gaelic Class,	100
Correspondence,	276, 303, 333	— Letter from,	102
Correspondents, answers to,	42, 74, 105, 137, 166, 222, 250, 278, 306, 332	Murdoch, Mr, retirement of,	248
Editor, letters to,	6, 249	Nationality, what determines,	136
Finary, farewell to,	192	Nether-Lochaber, letter from,	221
Gaelic, the affinity of, to Latin and Greek,	157	Ossian,	43
— Grammar,	332	Ossianic poetry, fragment of,	189
— Language,	67	Philological Enquiries,	43, 74
— Lore,	271	Philology, Gaelic,	215, 243, 249, 329
— Orthography,	40	Poetry, the spirit of,	134
— School society,	132	Preaching, bilingual,	129
— Society of London,	44	Readers, to our,	332
— Specimens of ancient,	98	River names of England,	246, 299, 327
— Statistics,	301	Skye, my captivity in,	135
— Structure and Affinities of the,	37	Subscribers, to our,	45
Glen Truim-ball,	161	Thankful breathings,	134
"God save the Queen," Gaelic,	221, 250	"The Gael," kind words to,	42
Highland Marching Song,	101	The Bonnet Kilt and Feather,	303
— Regiments,	218	"The Highlander,"	305
— Societies, meetings of,	103	The Highlanders of New Brunswick,	160
Highlands and Islands, News of,	41, 73, 101, 134, 161, 193, 222, 277, 306, 331	The Highlanders of North Carolina,	97, 160
		Tuam News on The Gael,	278

AN
GAIDHEAL.

DARA MIOS AN T-SAMHRAIDH, 1871.

ROIMHRADH.

Tha an Gaidheal òg so a cur failte chridheil air gach co-bhrathair Gaidhealach, air feadh an t-shaoghail fharsuing, a thuigeas an canain a tha e labhairt.

Bha e na fhìor dhuillichinn linne, bho chionn fada, nach robh paipeir na leabhar sam bith de 'n t-sheorsa so aig na Gaidheil nan cainnt mhaithreil (eadhon an Alb 'heine) ni a tha na Goill gu minig le tair a cur an ceill, mar dhearbhadh nach 'eil a chiannt no na sgrìobhuidhean againn airidh air an cur a mach no 'n cumail air chuimhne ann an leabhraichean no paipeirean naigheachd agus nach robh anns na Gaidheil ach sluagh fìadhaich, borb, aig nach robh snam da leithid. Mar sin tha na Goill deas air a bhi tairail air na Gaidheil, a chionn nach tuig iad an cainnt 's nach aithne dhoibh dad mu'n deibhinn, agus tha 'm paipeirean naigheachd 's an leabhraichean seachnach air gach ni nach 'eil speiseil do na Gallaidh. Cha robh e idir taitneach linne a bhi faicinn nan Gaidheil air dheireadh anns an ni so, agus iad air thoiseach anns gach gnothach eile.

Air an aobhar sin thug sinn an oidhoirp air a chuis so a lhasachadh, le toiscachadh air cur a mach a phaiper naigheachd "Albannach Chanada" (*Canada Scotsman*). bho chionn còr as trì bliana; ach o nach robh fios againn aig an am cia mar a rhachadh an obair sin linn, cha do chuireadh an Gailig gu leir e, mar a bha rhuin oirnn an toiseach. Air comhairle chairdean chuireadh earann dheth ann Beurla 's an Gailig, 'ni a tha air a lheantuinn gach seachdainn o na cheud latha gus an latha 'n diugh. Agus gu cinnteach ged a bha iomadh trioblaid againn na lhourg, tha fìor thoil-inntinn againn a bhi sealtuinn air ais air an obair a chaidh a dheanamh (suarach mar a tha e, seach mar bu mhaith linn) agus na Gaidheil choir air an

[illegible][illegible]

Cuiridh sinn a mach bho àn gu ìm, ge

dàn, laoidh, oran, sgeul, naigheachd agus ni eile a shaoileas sinn a bhios feumail no taitneach do na Gaidheil anns gach aite, bho eolas nan speur gu treabhadh an talmhuinn. Agus gu h-araidh ni sinn ar dichìoll gu bhì cruinneachadh 's a toirt gu solus na tha de sgrìobhuidhean Gailig sgapta 's gach aite, agus chum so a dheanamb, tha sinn an dochas agus an lan earbsa gu 'n cuidich gach Gaidheal a ruigeas an leabhran so sinn, mar thuirt Donnacha Biorach "le 'm pinn, le 'n cinn, 's le 'n sporanan."

Cuirear a mach AN GAIDHEAL gu h-ealamh air toiseach gach mìos, agus ma 'ni ar luchd duthcha an dichìoll agus an dleasnas, theid e na 's mo bho àm gu àm.

On nach 'eil sinn ag' againn a bhì neomhearachdach, bithidh ar cluasan daonan fosgailte do rhabhadh bho 'r cairdean 'n uair a gheibh iad sinn a dol as an rathad.

Anns a cho-dhunadh chuireadh sinn an t-oganach so a mach gu h-iorasal, fo thaic agus dhion gach fìor Ghaidheal leis an ionnmhuinn "Sliochd nam Beann," an dochas gu 'm faighear e airidh air an comhnadh agus an gean-math an latha a chi 's nach fhaic.

MU NA SEANN GHÀIDHEIL.

I.

Tha na Gàidheil Albannach a' creidsinn agus a ghnath a cumail a mach gur h-ìad fein sliochd nan seann Ghael an dream iomachliuiteach oirdhearc sin a bha le buaidh a' dìon an dacha, o na h-armailtibh Romanach a thug ionnsuidh air a toirt fo chis; agus ged a bha cinn-fheadhna ghaisgeil 'nan ceannardaibh air na h-armailtibh lionmhor treun ud, sheas na Gael 'nan aghaidh, gus an do choisinn iad buaidh, agus am b'èigin do na Romanich teicheadh agus an cuid armailtean a tharruinn air falbh as an tìr. Ach cha bhuin an onoir so do Ghaidheil an là an diugh, mur 'eil e fìor gur h-ìad iarmad agus sliochd an t-sluaigh sin ris an abradh na seanachaidhean Romanach *Caledonii* agus an deigh sin *Picti*, ainm a bha air a chumail suas fad cheudan bliadhna leis an luchd-Eachdraidh a sgrìobh an Laidinn mu thimchioll luchd-aiteachaidh ceann tuath na h-Alba.

Tha a' cheud chunntas frinneach againn mu Albainn agus a luchd-aiteachaidh anns an Eachdraidh a sgrìobh *Tacitus* mu

Bheatha agus mu chogadh athar-ceile *Agricola* ann am Breituinn. Thoisich an cogadh so mu bhliadhna ar Tighearna 77, agus lèan e gus a' bhliadhna 85. Air tus ghabh *Agricola* da bhliadhna a' ceann-sachadh nan Gael a bha anns na dachan-naibh a tha gu deas air Struilean agus Cluaidh; air an treas bliadhna rainig e gu tuath cho fada ris an amhainn Tabha, agus chuir e suas trì campan anns a' ghleann ris an abrar Srath-Eirinn ann an Siorramachd Pheairt; bha aon champ air Ardachaidh gu deas air Maothaill agus Craoibh, bha camp eile fagus do Chuimridh, agus an treas Camp dlu air an aite sin anns am bheil baile Pheairt 'na sheasamh. Air a' cheathramh bliadhna bha *Agricola* a daigheachadh laghannan agus a' cur rian air na h-aiteachaidh a ghlac e. Air a' choigeamh bliadhna bha e anns an earrainn sin de 'n duthaich a tha mu choinneamh Eirinn ris an abrar anise *Galloway* agus Siorramachd *Ara*. Air an t-seathamh bliadhna chaidh e rithist gu tuath air Struilean agus nuair a ghluais e an armait as na trì campaibh thug na *Caledonaich* ionnsuidh air an naoidheamh legion air an d'rinn iad milleadh mor. Chaidh na Romanaich air an adhart gu tuath a' creach' na tìre anns gach aite, agus an sin chruinnich feachd *Chaledonia* uile gu cath 'nan aghaidh fo iul an Rìgh no a' cheannaird chliutich sin d' am b' ainm *Calgacus* no *Colgach*. Tha ainm a' chinn-fheadhna so a' dearbhadh gum bu Ghaidheal gaisgeil a bha ann, oir co an Gael nach tuig cìod a tha air a chiallachadh le "colgach" no "colgarra," agus tha e cosmhuil gum bu duine colgach, foghainteach an gaisgeach treun ud a reir an iomraidh a sgrìobh *Tacitus* mu thimchioll. Chuireadh an cath so aig sliabh ris an canar leis an Eachdraiche Laidinn, Mons Grampius, ainm a dh-fhaodas a thighinn o'n fhocal Ghailig an "Monadh Garbh," agus a tha ro fhreagarach mar ainm air na Garbh-bheantan sin a tha a' toiseachadh am braighe Aber-adhain agus a' sìneadh a mach eadar Siorramachd Pheairt agus Siorramachd Inbhir-nis. Bha feachd *Chaledonia* mu thimchioll deich mìle fichead saighdear a reir briathran "Thaichituis," ni a tha dearbhadh dhuinn gun robh an tìr air a lìonadh le luchd-aiteachaidh aig an am ud. Gum bu Ghaidhil iad tha sinn a lan-chreidsinn

agus gun do labhair iad Gailig mar a labhrar air an là an diugh le 'n sliochd ann an tir nam beann tha sinn 'a cumail a mach gu dana, agus bheir sinn oidhirp air a' phuing so a dhearbhadh leis na hargumaidibh agus na comhdaichean a lheanas.

Ged a bhuadhaich na Romanaich anns a' chath a chuir iad ri feachd *Chaledonia* aig a' *Mhonadh Gharbh* gidheadh cha robh an ni gu mor bhuannachd dhoibh; oir tha *Tacitus* ag radh gun do phill *Agricola* air ais le "triall mall" (*lento itinere*) a chum an armailt a chur ann an cairtealaibh—geamhraidh anns na camp-aibh a shuidhich e an Srath-eirinn ann an siorramachd Pheairt. Air an ath bhliadhna, se sin an seachdamh bliadhna bha *Agricola* ann am Breatuinn, chaidh a ghairm air ais leis an Impire Domitian, agus an sin chaill na Romanaich na choisinn iad ann an Caledonia.

Mu'n bhliadhna 120 thainig an t-*Impire Hadrian* do Bhreatuinn, ach an aite an earrann sin de *Chaledonia* a chosnadh air ais a bha aig na Romanaich ri linn *Agricola*, 's ann a b'eigin da balla mor *tola no fail* a chur suas eadar an t-aite ris an abrar a nise *Carlisle* agus an *Caisteal Nomha*, a chum fineachan *Chaledonia* a dhruideadh a mach o'n Mhor-roinn Romanach ann am Breatuinn a' chinn' Deas. Mu'n am so sgrìobh *Ptolemaidh* ann an *Alexandria* Leabhar-Cruinne Solais ann an Grengais anns am bheil e a' labhairt mu *Caledonia* mar dhuthaich lan choilltean, agus ag radh *Caledonich* mar ainm ri luchd-aiteachaidh na tire. Mar is e *Tacitus* a cheud sgrìobhair anns am faighear an t-ainm *Caledonia* air a radh ri ceann Tuath Bhreatuinn, is amhuil sin is e *Ptolemaidh* a cheud fhear a tha gnathachadh an ainm *Caledonaich* gu bhi ciallachadh an t-sluaigh leis na h-Eachdraichibh Romanach, oir tha *Dion Cassius* a sgrìobh Eachdraidh na Roimhe mùn bhliadhna 230 ag' radh gun robh an t-*Impire Commodus* a' cogadh 'nan aghaidh agus ann an laithibh an Impire *Septimius Severus* cha do sheas na *Caledonaich* ris na geallainnibh sithe, ach dh'ullaich iad a chun na *Maigh-aiteich* a dhion agus on' a bha *Severus* a' cogadh ann an aite eil b'eigin do *Verrius Lupus* an ceannard-airm Romanach sith a cheannach o na *Maigh-aiteich* le suim mhoir airgeid a phagheadh." Tha e coslach gum

b'iad na *Maigh-aiteich* so an sluagh a bha a chomhnaigh ann am *Machair Alba* ann an *Siorramachd Fiofa* agus an duthaich mu dheas ris an abrar a nise *Lothain, Bermick* agus gu crìch *Shasuinn*. An deigh sin mu 'n bhliadhna 207, tha *Dion* ag radh gun deachaidh an t-*Impire Severus* do *Chaledonia* los an tir a cheannasachadh a thoirt fo chis, ach choinnich e ri cruadalaibh ris nach robh fiughair aige o na coilltichibh na càrraichibh-mointich, agus o na h-aimhnichibh a thachair air, agus o shluagh na tire a bha leum air a shaighdearaibh gun fhios anns na bealaichibh cumhang gus an do chaill e mu thimchioll Leth-cheud mìle fear-cogaidh. Cha deachaidh e na b'fhaide gu tuath na muir Inbhir-nis agus nuair a rainig e sin bu bhuidhe an tapadh leis tilleadh air a shail cho luadh sa b'urrainn do chasan a thoirt as. Tha e air a radh gun robh Fionn mac Chumhail ann an laithibh oige a' cogadh ris an Impire so, oir tha Oisean og radh gun robh e a' cogadh ri Caracul mac Rìgh an Domhain aig amhainn Charuinn, agus gun do "theich na coigrich a b'airde guth, Caracul 's a shluagh, gu bhi sgaoileadh on sgiath an tir thall." Tha e coslach gum b'e Caracul so *Caracalla*, mac an Impire *Severus*, ris an robh Fionn a' cogadh, ma 's e feuchaidh sin dhuinn an linn anns an robh gaisgich na Feinne beo.

Mun bhliadhna 208 tha *Dion* ag radh gun do thog *Severus* Balla mor ard làimh ri *Fal Hadriain*, a chionn gun d'fhaireach air *Caledonia* a cheannasachadh. B'e so am Balla bu mho a thog na Romanaich agus bha e 'na chrich eadar iad fein agus fineachan *Chaledonia*.

LAGGAN, N. S., 1871.

D. B. B.

(Gu 'bhi air a lèantuinn.)

BEATH'-EACHDRAIDH CHOLUIM CHILLE.

CEUD ABSTOL NA GAIDHEALTACHD.

CAPIT. I.

Rugadh Colum Cille ann an Gartan a mor-roinn Dhonegal an Eirinn, air an 7 mh là' do mhios dheireannach na bliadhna A.D. 521. Bha athair *Felim* agus a mhathair *Aethnea* le cheile do theaghlachibh Rìoghail, agus ann a bhi a ròghnachadh a bhi na Theachdaire an t-soisgeul air feadh Gaidhealtachd agus

Eileana' na h-Alba, chuir Colum Cille cùl, cha 'n e a' mhain ri dhuthaich 's ri chaidibh ach ri crùn Rìoghail, a meas "mar aoibhneas agus a chrùn" e 'bhi na mheadhon air Paganach dhorma a thoirt gu solus agus creidimh an t-soisgeul.

Is e "Colum" focal a tha ciallachadh an t-eun glan ciùin agus sgiamhach sin, an Columan a b'ainm baiste dha, ach fhuair e an t'ainm Colum Cille airson, an aireamh mhor do dh' Eaglaisean a chuir e air chois.

Fhuair Colum Cille oileanachadh agus togail churamach o pharantibh, agus chaidh a chur òg a dh'ionnsachadh fo theagasg mhinistreibh cliuiteach, oir bha 'n soisgeul air teachd do dh' Eirinn ciad bliadhna roimh an àm so. Bha Colum Cille ann an ùine ghearr cho foghlumte ri luchd teagaisg, agus chaidh a chur air leth mar dheacon leis an t-easbuig Fionnain. Thoisich e air ball air searmonachadh air feadh Ceann a Tuath Eirinn. Thog e moran Eaglaisean agus chuir e mar an ceudna air chois Oil-thighean anns an robh foghlumaich airson na ministrealachd a comhnaidh, agus air an teagasg. Bha na foghlumaich so mar bu tric' do theaghlachibh cothromach air chor 's gu'n robh e comasach dhoibh moran deire a thoirt do na bochdaibh. Thainig na Oil-thighean so ma dheireadh gu bhi na'n Tighibh Mhanach (*Monasteries*). Tha e air aithris gu robh tigh dhiubh so ann an *Derry* a thog Colum Cille, anns an robh e fein a teagasg, agus gu 'robh ciad do na bochdaibh air an beathachadh aig an tigh sin gach là.

Bha Colum Cille na bhard math, agus sgriobh e moran do laoidhibh anns an Laidinn agus anns a Ghailig Eirionnaich, a tha cuid dhiubh fathast air sgeul.

Bha leabhraichean aig an àm sin gu leir air an sgrìobhadh air craiceann sgriobhaidh no meambrana; agus bha iad ro thearc, agus uime sin ro luachmhor. Bha deidh mhor aig Colum Cille air leabhraichean, agus riin e moran suibhail air sgath leabhraichean fhaicinn agus an athsgriobhadh chum theum fein agus foghlumaich anns na Oil thigheibh. Tha e air iomradh gu 'n do sgrìobh e le laimh fhein tri chiad do na Soisgeulibh agus do Leabhraichibh sailm.

Air dha bhi air chuairt ag amharc air shean fhear teagaisg Fionnain, ghabh e

speis mhor do Lheabhear Salim le Fionnain bha air a ghleidhadh aig anns an Eaglais, agus bha cleachdadh dol do 'n Eaglais air feadh na h-oichdhe a sgrìobhadh lethbhreac an leabhair dha fein. Fhuair Fionnain so a mach, agus air dha bhi smaoinachadh gu 'robh e na ghnìomh easonorach do Cholum Cille so a dheanamh gu 'n a chead san, bha e ro dhiombach, agus thagair e a choir fein do 'n Leabhar Shailm a sgrìobh Colum Cille ag-radh gu 'm buineadh athsgriobhadh leabhair do 'n phrìomh leabhar. Cha gheiladh Colum Cille dha so, agus chaidh a chuis a thoirt chum breith Rìgh Diarmid na luchairt ann an Tara. 'Nuair a chual an Rìgh do thaobh na cuise, 's e a bhreith a thug e,—"*Le gach boin, a boinne, le gach leabhar a thabhran!*" Cha robh Colum Cille toilichte leis a bhreith so, agus chuir e gu cas na h-aghaidh ag radh gu 'n robh i eucorach, agus gu 'm bitheadh e air a dhioladh air an Rìgh. Aithghearr an deigh sin chuir Rìgh Diarmid gu bàs Prionnsa og a bha gabhail comhnaidh maille ri Colum Cille, a bha air a chur as a leth gu 'n do mharbh e duine le tuiteamas. Dhuaisg so ni bu mho' fearg Choluim Chille an aghaidh Dhiarmid agus mbuidh e air gu 'faigheadh e a bhraithrean agus a chairdean gu dioghaltas a dheanamh air leis a chlaidheamh. Dh' fhalbh Colum Cille gu Tìr-coinnell a seinn air an t-slighe *Laoidh an Dochnais* a sgrìobh e a rithist anns a' Gaelig, agus a chaidh o chionn ghoirid a h-eadar theangachadh chum Beurla.

Air do Cholum Cille a dhuthaich fein a ruigsinn, dheirch leis air ball a luchd-daimh, agus Rìgh *Chonnaught* (athair a phrionnsa a chuir Diarmid gu bàs) agus chaidh iad an aghaidh Rìgh Diarmid. Choinnich Diarmid iad le fheachd aig Cultreimhne, agus chuir iad blar. Chaidh an latha le buidheann Choluim Chille. Ge' do bhuadhaich e 'a chuis so, thainig e gu bhi fo thrioblaid inntinn airson gu 'n robh e na mheadhon air uiread do fhuil a dhortadh, agus bha mhuinntir chrabhach ga dhiteadh anns a chuis. Fhuair e comhairle mhaith agus misneach o *Mholaise*, aodhaire diadhaidh ann an *Innishmurry*, agus runaich e na bha roimhe do 'bheatha a chaitheamh na Theachdaire-soisgeulach a' measg Chin-neach Tìr na h-Alba.

Tha an Leabhar Saim a bha na mhath-oibh air an deasbaidh fhuilteach so, ri fhaoinn leis na h-uile a thogras ann an Tigh iongantais. Ard sgoil Rìoghail Eirinn. Bha an Leabhar Saim so trì-chiadeug bliadhna ann an teaghlach Chlann Domhnuill an Eirinn, agus re mìle bliadhna bha iad go ghiulain air altair gu cath a creidsinn gu 'n robh buaidh mhòr leis. Thugadh mar so an *Cattach* mar ainm air an Leabhar Saim. Tha e air a dheanamh suas do dha-fhichead agus a h-ochd-deug do dhuileagan oraiseinn air an ceangal le bannabh airgeid. A. C.

Loch-na-Maddadh, Uist, 1871.

(*Gu bhi air a lèantuin*).

AN COGADH 'S AN FHRAING.

Gar an do thoisich an cogadh so gus an samhradh so 'chaidh, bha ant aobhar fad air ais. Anns a chogadh mhòr an aghaidh Bhonaparte, bho cheann còrr a's leth-cheud bliana, thug na Frangaich an toiseach buaidh air na Pruiseinich, agus rhinn iad mòr aintighearnas agus creachadh 'n am measg.

Air an laimh eile, dar a chaidh cuisean an aghaidh Bhonaparte agus nam Frangach, bhuin na Pruiseinich gu garg riutha; agus b' iad saighdeirean Phrùisia a lheim air feachd nam Frangach, deire an latha, aig Waterlù, agus a ghearr sios iad gun athadh, an deigh do na Breiteannaich an ruaig a chuir orra. Mar sin bha droch rhùn eadar na Frangaich agus na Pruiseinich gus an latha 'n diugh.

Bho cheann cheithir bliana, fhuair na Pruiseinich buaidh air feachdaibh Iompaire Austria, agus mheudaich iad an tìr agus an cumhachd gu mòr, air dhoigh 's gun robh na Frangaich fo eagal gum fasadh iad tuille 's laidir air an son, mur cuireadh iad stad gu h-ealamh air an ardachadh. Uime sin rheachadh am Frangach a chogadh riutha gun dàil; ach on nach robh e deas air son na strì, chum e ant shìth 's an an àm sin. Ach thoisich e air fheachd agus a chabhlach a mheudachadh 's a neartachadh gu dlùth, chum 's gum bith-eachd e comasach air buaidh a chosnadh anns a chogadh a bha e a rùnachadh.

Os-bàrr bha ant iompaire Frangach a toiseachadh air call a chliù. Chaidh cuisean gu maslach n'a aghaidh am Meccico, agus cha bu toil leis a chuid mhòr de na

Frangaich riamh e. B' e 'nt arm amhain ris am b' urrainn e earbsadh, agus bha iad sin a tionndadh na aghaidh.

Mu mheadhon ant shambraidh so chaidhe, shaoil leis an Fhrangach gun robh e deas airson cogaidh, agus gun neartaich-cadh e a chathair rìoghail le cogadh buadhar ris na Pruiseinich, a bheireadh do na Frangaich fearann, glòir, agus carras Phrùisia. Tha fearann aig Phrùisia taobh deas na h-aimhne Rhéin, air crìochaibh na Frainge. Bha na Frangaich an dùil gun coisneadh iad am fearann so bho na Pruiseinich 's a chogadh. Bha iad cuideachd an dùil gun sàsadh iad air rìoghachd bheag Bhelgium: oir nan ceannsaicheadh iad na Pruiseinich bha iad, am barail gun bithheadh iad fhein co laidir 's nach reachadh neach air bith 's an eadarguina.

Mar so thoisich na Frangaich air cogadh, agus chaidh an iompaire, le làn toil ant shluaigh, amach air ceann an fheachd, an dùil gun glacadh iad Berlin, baile-mòr Phrùisia, an ùine ghearr. Ach cha deach a chuis idir a reir an dùil. Am feadh 's a bha na Frangaich ag' ullachadh airson cogaidh, bha na Pruiseinich gu samhach a deanamh an ni ceudna, co dlùth 's a b' urrainn daidh: agus dar a ghairm am Frangach cogadh, fhreagair rìgh Phrùisia gun d' adntaich e ris a ghairm, agus gun robh e deas airson na strì. Tha e nise soilleir gum b' fhior sin.

Tha duine ro thapaigh d' an ainm Bismarc na ard-fhear comhairle aig an rìgh. Thuig esan bho cheann fada ciod a bh' air aire an Fhrangaich; agus chomhairlich e gum bu choir a bhi deas air a shon. Uime sin dh' orduich an rìgh do Mholtcé, duine rò fhiosrach agus seolta an cuisibh cogaidh, gum uidheamaichear gach neach airson còstrì. Rhinneadh sin gu h-ealamh agus air an doigh a b' fhearr. Mar sin bha feachd nam Pruiseinich an deagh ordugh agus lan ullaichte gu cogadh, am feadh 's a bha 'nt iompaire Frangach a fagail a dheasachadh do dhaoine gun sgil gun seagh. Cha robh e fhein riamh freagarach gu bhi air ceann airm, agus bha e nise gun fheum le aois a's ruiteireachd. Dar a fhuair e ard-chumhachd 's an Fhraing, bho cheann ochd bliana deug leis an laimh lhaidir, bha na ceannardan feachd na aghaidh; agus uime sin dh' fhogair e iad as an duthaich, agus 'b'

eiginn da am feachd a chuir fo dhaoine gun diugh. Air an aobhar sin cha robh armailtean an Fhrangaich idir coimeas do na Pruiseinich.

Dar a chaidh iad am badaibh a cheile, mu Lhunardal 's a chaidhe, bhuadhaich na Pruiseinich: chaidh feachdan nam Frangach a rhuag 's a ghlacadh a ris 's a ris, gus an robh a chuid mhòr dhiu marbh, fo chreuchdaibh trom, no n' am prìos-ainich an lamhaibh an naimhdean. Ghlac na Pruiseinich mar an ceudna neart de na dainichibh laidir air crìochaibh na Gearmailt.

Dar chunnaig na Frangaich gun robh a chuis a dol n' an aghaidh, rhinn a Pharlamaid aca reachd, ag aithneadh gun bith-eadh crìoch air an iompaireachd. Bha ant iompaire 's an am sin air a chuartaich leis na feachdaibh Pruiseineach, air dhoigh 's nach b' urrainn e cur an aghaidh an reachd; agus bha sluagh Pharis, baile-mòr na Frainge, a bagairt air a bhan-iompaire, air dhoigh 's gum b' eiginn di teicheadh, le mac òg, do Shasuin, far an bheil i nise a tuineadh. An uine ghearr, chaidh ant iompaire a ghlacadh, le f'leachd iomlan, aig baile ris an abrar Sedan.

Bha cuisen co cunnartach 's gun do sgaoil a Pharlamaid Fhrangach; agus an sin thagh mòr shluagh Pharis daoine a dhion an duthcha an aghaidh an naimhdean, gus an taghadh an duthaich gu leir uachdaran shuidhichte, ach cha deach sin a dheanamh 's am sin.

Mu dheireadh an fhaoghair, chuairtich armailtean Pruisia Paris, agus chuir iad seisd ris. Cha b' urrainn neach dol amach no steach; agus bha coig-ceud deug gunna mòr a losgadh air a bhaile, dh' oiche 's a lathas. Bha cuid de n' bhaile air a mhilleadh, agus bha gorta a buntainn ris ant shluagh. Thog na Frangaich feachd no dhà eile, an duil gun cuireadh iad casg air 'na naimhdibh, agus gun saoradh iad am baile mòr; ach dh' fhairtich orra; agus chuir na Pruiseinich an ruaig air an aon bu treise de na feachdaibh sin, an 'deighe dortadh mòr fala, teann air baile d' an ainm Le Mans; agus ghlac iad moran mhilltean de na Frang-
aich.

Tha moran de na Frangaich diorrasach 's a chuis; agus cha b' fhuasad leotha geilleadh; ach 's e geilleadh a dh' fheum

iad. Chuir iad duine ainmeil d' an ainm Tiers, mar theachdaire gu cuirtibh Bhreatainn, Austria, agus Rhuisia, dh' fheuchainn an deanadh iad eadargainn gu 'n teasairginn: ach dhuilt iad uile. Bha cuimhne aca air gach cron a rhinn na Frangaich orra 's na linnibh a chaidh seachad: agus on is iad fhein a thoisich, lheig cinnich eile leotha faidhinn as a ghabhadh 's an do chuir iad iad fhein, mar a b' fhearr b' a urrainn daibh. Bha iad a bagairt gu h-uabhbheach air rioghachdaibh eile uair a's uair, bho cheann iomad bliana, agus bha an gluasad ro aingidh, air dhoigh 's gun do thòill iad breitheanas an Uile-chumhdachaich, a thainig a nis orra gu trom.

Bha ceannard Frangach a còradh, bho cheann ghoirid, ri duine uasal a America, mu staid Pharis. Thuirt am Frangach gun robh Paris ni bu mhiosa na Sodom. Tha luchd turuis ag iunseadh gur e latha na Sàbaid as comharraichte fad na seachduin, 's a bhaile mhor sin airson cluiche a's òl as aighir. Chan eil ach pairt bheag de nt shluagh a dol an coir eaglais. Ged a tha Paris comharraichte air son aingidheachd, chan eil na bailtean mòr eile dad ni 's fhearr; agus math a dh' fhaota gun dean an sgiursa geur so glanadh n' am measg; nì air am bheil moran feum aca.

Bhuin a ghorta co cruaidh ri Paris a's gum b' eigin daibh geilleadh; agus ghabh feachdan an naimhdean seilbh anns na dainichibh laidir a tha mu 'n cuairt da. Dheonaich na Pruiseinich stad-catha do na Frangaich, gus an taoghadh iad Parlamaid a dheanadh sith; agus chòrd Bismarc a's Fabhre as leith nam Frangach gun deanadh iad sith. Bha na dainichean a ghlac na Pruiseinich air crìochaibh na Gearmailt gu bhi air an cumail, agus an tir anns am bheil iad gu bhi air a toirt thairis do na Gearmailtich, agus bha 'n Fhraing gu mìle muillein dolar a phaigheadh do na Gearmailtich an taobh a stigh de thri bliana.

An sin thaogh na Frangaich Parlamaid gun dàil: agus rhinn iad Tiers n' a ard fhear-riaghlaidh. Dar a chomhairlich iad mu 'n t-sith, dh'aontaich iad rithe, ceithir air a son, mu gach aon a bha n' a h-aghaidh. Thug na Gearmailtich suas Paris do 'n fheachd Fhrangach, agus ghabh iad fhein an turus dhachaidh; ach tha cuid

diu gu greim a chumail air pairt de thaobh tuath na Frainge, gus an teid ant airgid a phaigheadh gu h-iomlan.

Chaidh a pharlamaid ùr an aghaidh an Iompaire; agus a reir coltais, chaill e a dhreuchd a chaoidh. Chan eil feachd a nise fo lhaimeh; agus tha na Frangaich saor gu seol-riaghlaidh a shuidheachadh, agus uachdarain a thaoghadh, mar is math leotha: agus tha sinn an dòchas gun dean an aghaidh garg a dhuilig iad feum dhaidh. Tha aobhar againn a bhi taingeil cuideachd, gun d' irioslaicheadh iad, air dhoigh 's nach bi Breatuinn a nise an eisimeil a bhi cumail suas feachd agus cabhlach laidir na 'n aghaidh. A reir coltais, fhuair iad gu leòir de chogadh airson na linn so; agus math a dh' fhaodta car iomad linn.

Tha e feumail dhuinne, mar an ceudna, gun do nheartaicheadh na Gearmailtich. Nuair a bha 'n cogadh a dol air aghart, rhinn rioghachdan na Gearmailt gu leir bann, air dhoigh 's gum bheil an cumhachd 's am feachdan air an co-cheangladh mar aon; agus thaogh iad rìgh Phruisia mar Iompaire air a Ghearmailt gu leir. Mar so bithidh iad comasach air seasamh an aghaidh nam Frangach, agus an cumail fodha, ma dh' oiripicheas iad air dioghaltas a dheanamh.

Mar sin rhinn an dorta fala so moran feum; agus tha dochas againn gun tig moran math na lhogh. Faodaidh cumhachdan eile na Roinn-eorpa a nise am feachdan a thoirt dachadh, gun eagal gun gabh am Frangach fath orra:

Bho n' aguir an cogadh ris na Pruisinich, tha iad air toiseachadh a cogadh a measg a cheile. Tha staid na ducha aig 'n am so fìor thruagh leis na conspaiden eagalach a tha aca, a mort agus a marbhadh cach a-cheile, gach buidheann a feuchainn co aige a bhio's 'n lamh-an-uachdair. Ann am baile Phairis cha'n eil cuid na beatha duine sabhailt.

NA GAIDHEIL AN CANADA.

Cha 'n eil Alba gu leir ach beag a measg rhioghachdan agus chearnuidhean na Roinn Eorpa, agus tha e air innse nach eil ann de 'n Ghaidhealtachd ach aite beag, bochd agus iomallach an Alba. 'Sann anns a mhodh sin gu h-araidh a chluinneas sinn na Goill an comhnuidh a g' iomradh air Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba.

Ach bho nach buin so gu leir do 'n cheann air 'n do thoisich sinn, cha lhean sinn na 's fhaide 'n traths air. Tha nise còr agus tri-chiad bliana bho 'n thoisich luchd imrich air tighinn do Chanada, bho gach cearna de 'n Roinn Eorpa, agus mu 'n cuairt air ceithir fichead bliana bho 'n thoisich Gaidheil Alba air tighinn ann; agus 's mor an t-eadar-dhealachadh anns an doigh air 'n d'thainig an dà bhuidheann. Bha Frangaich, Sasunnaich 's gach cinneach eile a tighinn an' so bho cheann cheudan bliana, le dr's airgid, le sagartan ministeirean, 's luchd foghlum de gach seors'—air an sgeadachadh a mach bho ardh-thighean foghlum, fo thaic rìghrean agus uachdran. Air an laimh eile, bho cheann ceithir fichead bliana, thainig luchd aiteachaidh an aite bhig, iomallaich sin an ceann tuath Alba, gun airgid na dr, gun tìodal rìgh no banrigh, gun mhinisteir no maighistir sgoile, a chuid mhor dhiubh gun uiread a's smid de chainnt na duthcha do 'n robh iad a tighinn, nam fogaraich bhochd, bho thir an eolais, gun sgoil gun fhoghlum, ach an tuisge agus an uaisle naduir a bhuineadh dhoibh bho thùs.

Tha nise mu 'n cuairt air ciad eaglais eadar Canada Uachdrach agus Iochdrach anns am bheil a Ghailig air a teagasg, agus mu 'n cuairt air dà-fhichead eadar Eilean Phrionnsa Eaduard, Ceap Breatuinn agus Nova Scotia. A thuilleadh air sin tha earann mhòr sgapta air feadh na duthcha, far nach eil de luchd bruidhinn Gailig na chumadh suas ministear Gaidhealach, agus cuid eile a tha air a Ghailig a chall; agus tha e air aithris gu minig le daoine a tha eolach gun d'theid Gaidhealtachd America a Tuath faisg air dubhan a thoirt do 'n t-seann Gaidhealtachd fhein an diugh. Nise anns an uine ghoirid so, dh' ain-dheingach mi-ghoireas agus ana-cothrom a bha cur na 'n aghaidh, gheibhear na Gaidheil so agus an sliochd anns gach dreuchd agus inbhe, on ard-uachdranachd sìos, air dhoigh 's nach ruig Gaidheal a leas eagal 's am bith a bhi air, air son nach labhradh e ach a chainnt mhaithreil, ge be staid no aite san tachair e 'n Canada. Ma 's ann an ard chuir na h-Eaglais a thachras e, gheibh e 'n sin pailteas de dhaoine coir, foghainteach a tha fileanta air cainnt nan Gaidheal; no ma 's ann an ard chuir na 'm Breitheamh 's an luchd

lagha, gheibh e 'n sin Gaidheil a thagras a chuis, a measg nan daoine 's measail, 's 's foghlaimte sa chuir, ge b' ann's a Ghailig fhein a bhith ann 'e ri dheanamh; no ma 's ann air lachart ann aird uachdrain a bhios a ghaoiladh, gheibh e 'n sin iad a measg cuideanach comhairleachaidh na Baarigh leis nach cruaidh-chas bruidhinn ann a seòrsa eumaid na h-Alba. No ma 's ann do dh'fhàin na Parlanaid a theid e, gheibh e 'n sin na Gaidheil 's luchd bruidhinn na Ghailig 's na suidheachanan toisich, air gach taobh de 'n tigh, agus mar sin clò, air dhoigh 's gu 'm bheil e na fhacal eumaid gu 'm bheil Canada air a rhiaghlaadh agus a mairt dh'fhaicte gu 'n can cuid eile a rhiaghlaidh) leis na Gaidheil agus nach eil co-dhearom air cirigh 's an t-èirise bhith ann bith san duthaich ach cuideachd, nìr le chèile a stench cor Fannan. Bualaidh e 'n drasd 's a ritid e, agus ann a dh'annamail sambach. Tha fàilte ann a dh'annamail ann lamh-an-uachdrain 's a dh'annamail ann a bha g' aiteannad a dh'annamail annamail.

fhreagarach do aitean eile mar an ceudna ;)
 Cha 'n eil leithid nan nigheanair
 Gaidhealach 's an duthaich ann an onair,
 deannadas, modh agus stuamachd ; agus
 tha meas agus cliu orra anns gach aite da
 reir. Faodaidh sinn ann nì ceudna a radh
 mu 'n chuid mhor de na gillean Gaidh-
 ealach. Ach, air an laimh eile, tha cus
 dhiu ga milleadh fhein le bhi g'ionnsach-
 adh cleachdaidhean truailidh mosach, mi-
 naomh muinntir na duthcha, a bheir air a
 cheann mu dheireadh, bochduinn, masladh
 agus mi-chliu orra fhein 's air an cairdean !
 Tha iomadh nì feumail a dh'fheudar
 ionnsachadh o mhuinntir na duthcha ; ach
 bu choir eadardhealachadh a dheanamh
 cadar an cruithneachd agus am moll ; agus
 gu h-arraidh seachnadh iad gach droch
 cleachdadh, briseadh Sabaid, òl, miomnan,
 's gach cleachdadh truailidh, dona, sporsail
 eile de 'n t-seorsa, a chitcar n' ann mar ag.
 Cha 'n eil na cleachdaidhean amaraich
 mi-naomh so idir a deanamh da daine
 aaisle no glie dhiubh, eadhon an suilean na
 daoine truagh bho 'm bi iad ga 'n
 ionnsachadh, ach, air an laimh eile, tha iad
 ga 'n deanamh mi-mheasail, le 'bhi
 sealtuinn cho lag-innteanach, suarach, m-
 mhadhail 's a tha iad. Air an aobhar
 sin leigeadh iad seachad a leithid a
 dh'amaideachd, agus caitheadh iad an uine
 agus an t-airgid a bheireadh na nithean
 olc agus aingidh sin 'uatha, ann am faighinn
 eolas feumail, agus ann 'n ionnsachadh
 dheabhraichean math, agus a frithealadh air
 meadhanan an t-soisgeil, nì a nì iad glie
 agus feumail air son tim agus sìorruidh-
 eachd. Agus mar sin, an aite a bhi na 'n
 ceap-tuislidh agus nan masladh, bidhidh
 iad na 'n cliu agus n a 'n onair dheibh
 fhein 's da 'n cairdean, agus le sin
 airidh air na daoine 's an duthaich bho 'n
 d'thainig iad.

TAOBH MO THEINE FEIN.

AIR FOX—"Auld Langsyne."

Se taobh mo theine dhomhsa chlann,
Se taobh mo theine fein;
Gu'm b'e sud aite blath mo ghaoil,
Ri taobh mo theine fein.

'S 'nuair thig mi dhachaidh anns an oidhche,
'S mi fliuch, is fann is sgith,
An saoghal cosmhail ri bhi 'n gruaim,
Co duachaidh bithich gach ni,
'Sa chi mi solus tighinn gu'm shuil,
Roimh n'uinneag chuinte mar reult,
Gu'n tog mo chridhe sud le suund,
Bhi dluth do 'm theine fein.

Se taobh mo theine, &c., &c.

'Nuair chi mi 'n lasair dhearsach, dhearg,
'S gach aite sguabta grinn,
Is fiamh a ghair, 's gach aghaidh ghraidh,
'S gach aon toirt failte bhinn;
Cia 'm bheil sonas cosmhail ris,
An saoghal so ri bhron;
'S cha d'thugainn taobh mo theine fein
Air mile bonn de'n or.

Se tobh mo theine, &c., &c.

'Nuair gheibh mi comunn caomh mo ruin,
'S iad diuth dhomh air gach taobh,
Gach aon toirt bar an tus 'sam baigh,
'S bann graidh 'gar ceangal dluth;
Mo bhean, 's i cur gach ni na ait,
'S mo phaisdean air mo ghluin;
Cha suaipinn taobh mo theine fein
Air sonas righ na chuir.

Se taobh mo theine, &c., &c. J. C.

TUIREADH SEANN MHAIGHDINN.

Tionnaidh nis nall a nionag,
'S innsidh mi duit fein mo bharail;
Tha mi sean, is tha mi aosda,
'S cha'n eil faoideas nis air m' aire,

'S n'am bithinn-se air comhairl' fhaotainn,
Mar a dh'fhaodas mi thoirt seachad,
Cha bhithinn-se an diugh co faontrach,
'S bhiodh fear laghach, aoidheil agam.

Ach se rinn an tubaist dhomhsa,
Mi bhi 'm oisench tra 'san latha;
'M fear nach gabhain an diugh r'a phosadh,
'Maireach cha bhiodh e san rathad.

A cheud fhear thainig riam' 'gam iarraidh,
Bha e fiachail, cia'lach, modhail;
Ach bha rud eigin a dhi air,
Bha e icsal anns an sporan.

Bha fear eile tric 'nam shuilean,
Thug dhomh cul a chuir ri dithis;
Dh'fhag e mise air bheagan eiasan,
'S thionndaidh e ri biasdag eile.

Sheas mi sin fad chupall bhliadhna,
'S thaining seann fhear liath 'san rathad,
'Lan do bheartas is do storas,
B' annsa leam feadhainn og a fhathast.

Bha iad sud an deigh a cheile,
Dh'fhas mi eisearach mu dheireadh;
Cha robh aon a' tighinn 'gam iarraidh,
'S thigidh roineag liath a dh'aindheoin

Thoisich preasadh ann am ghruaidhean,
'S och! mo thruaighe, fhathast falamh;
Bheirinn sin mo mhaoin 's mo storas,
Gu'm bitheadh posadh ann domh fhathast.

'Se mo chomhairle dhuit a nionag,
Gun bhi stri ri ni nach f'haigh thu;
Gabh an tairgse 'nuair is coir dhuit,
'S na bi caoidh 'sa 'bron, 's tu falamh.

LEADAIG.

Gheibhear 'Tuireadh an t-seann Fhleasgaich'
's an ath aireamh, 's a reir coltais cha 'n e
'staid idir a's f'hearr.

COMHAIRLE DO NA GILLEAN OGA.

LE A. MAC CUARRAIG.

Horo Iain taobh rium f'hin,
A's na bi 'strith ri amaideachd,
Feumaidh mnathan uaisle Ti,
'S gur goirt an cinn mar faigh iad e.

Tionndaidh rium a's leugh a' choir,
Tha mise deonach teannadh riut,
Mu's ole no math 'g am bi mo dhoigh
Cha chluinn na h-eolaich gearain uam.
Horo Ian, &c.

Cha'n iarr mi siucar no Ti
Srol no siod' a cheannach dhomh,
'Si obair mo dha laimhe f'hin
Is ciuntiche mi leanailt rium.
Horo Iain, &c.

Gabh thusa Iain a muir lan,
Mar phataran s' cha'n aireach dhuit,
Ge b' e cho fhad sa theid i 'n aird
Gu'm faic thu'n traigh an eal'achd ann.
Horo Iain, &c.

Sin mar bhitheas luchd na straidh,
Le'n curaichdean ard 's le 'n cailleaguth,
Ni 'm posadh bochd an toirt gu lar,
Mar shneachda ban na gaillinne.
Horo Iain, &c.

An riombadh 'cheannaicheas iad gu daor
An saoghal bheir e'n car arda,

Bidh gunn a's gunn ga'n cur fa sgaoil,
Gu aodach do na cailleagan.

Horo Iain, &c.

'N uair theid iad a mach gu feill,
Gur gann dhuit te dhiubh aithneachadh,
Gu'n searg iad mar ni ros no geig,
Ri teas na grein a dh' fhannaicheas.

Horo Iain, &c.

"An uaisle bhochd gun chas gun lamh,"
Tha'n dan mar dh'fhag an sean-fhacal,
"Cha chuir e salann air a' chall,"
Bi t-fhaiceall tra' mu'n lean i riut.

Horo Iain, &c.

An uaisle, 'bhochdainn, a's an spors,
Nan triuir a choir na h-amaideachd,
Ma gheibh an ceathrar ud ort coir
Gur maing bean og a leanas riut,

Horo Iain, &c.

'Nuair thig am bothan le 'chraos cam,
Am mal, 's a' chlann, 's a' cheannachd ort,
Bu taitneach dhuit a bhean 'san am sin
'Thairneadh ceann an amuill dhuit.

Horo Iain, &c.

Bu mhath do bhean a bhi gun spors,
Gun mhoit, na prois, na, h-eallaich oirr';
Ma bhitheas an t-airgiod pailt na poc'
Tha h-uile gloir a leanailt ris,

Horo Iain, &c.

An deise mharcachd gun an t-each,
Co ard nam beachd 's co amaideach,
Cha'n ioghnadh cogadh agus plaigh
Bhi anns gach ait n tachair iad.

Horo Iain, &c.

Na ruffles gun sgillinn 'sa phochd',
Na brogan 's linnigh anairt annt;
'Toirt iasad a sgiath gach eoin,
'Se 'n doigh am faod thu 'n aithneachadh.

Horo Iain, &c.

Tha 'n dreolan donn ann as na h-eoin,
An iolair mhor 's an eala ann—
Tha 'n sgiathan fein a reir gach seors'
A leum 's an doigh am maith dhoibh e.

Horo Iain, &c.

Tha thus 'a's mise 'reir a cheil'—
Ar n-or, ar spreidh, 's ar seanairean;
'S mu gheibh mi each a ruith na reis
Cho luath riut fein, nach lean mi ris.

Horo Iain, &c.

Do 'n uaisle cha tugainn beum
Na h-aite fein, 's cha teannain ris—
Cha chliu 's cha ghliocas dh'fheargun spreidh
Bhi foirneadh te a dh'aindeoin diubh.

Horo Iain, &c.

AN GAIDHEAL AM MEASG NAN GALL.

LE IAIN MAC GILLEADHAIN.

Och! a ruin gur tu th' air m' aire—
Och! a ghaoil gur tu th' air m' aire:
'S tusa 'ruin, 's gur tu th' air m' aire,
'S gur h-i mo dhu'aich tha tigh'n faineare dhomh

Cha togar fonn leam ach trom air m' aineoil,
Cha dean mi oran 's an doigh bu mhath leam:
Gur mi bha gorach 'n uair thug mi 'n gealladh
Do 'n nionaig oig a bha chomhnaidh 'n Cana.

Och! a ruin, &c.

Gur h-ann le h-aillgheas a dh'fhag mi 'm fearenn
'S an deachaidh m' arach 'n uair bha mi 'm leanabh;
'S mi 'n duil gu'n deanainn am bliadhna 'dh'earras
Na cheann'chaidh lion dhomh gu iasgach earraich.

Och! a ruin, &c.

Gur mi bha staitail 'n uair dh'fhag mi Ailean,
Ri togail gearraidh 's a' caradh bheallach;
Gu'm b' fhearr bhi ann air neo 's menla 'bharail,
Na bhi 's an am ann an taining na'n Gallaibh.

Och! a ruin, &c.

Cha ghabhainn tuaraidal uaith mar sgallaig,
Ach tigh'n do'n Ghalltachd a shealltainn chailleag;
'S 'n uair ni'gach te dhiubh a'm beurla m' fharraid,
Their mis' an Gailig gu'n d'fhag mi Barra.

Och! a ruin, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil e 'cordadh rium seol a h-arain—
Bhi 'falbh Di-domhnuich 's a' giulan callaich;
'S nach faigh mi fardach, na ait' am fansain,
Ach sabhal fas, air-neo stabull ghearran.

Och! a ruin, &c.

'N uair ni sinn gluasad Di-luain do 'n bhailo,
Bidh bodaich Ghalld' ann 'n geall ar mealladh;
Cha tuig mi'n nadur le 'n cansin Ghallaich—
Tha mise dall 's gun an caint an theangaidh.

Och! a ruin, &c.

Their soraichd uam-sa thar chuan' gu m' leannan,
A's innsibh fein di gu bheil mi fallain—
Gu bheil mi'n tras' ann an *Ca'der parish*,
'S gu'n deach' a' Ghailig a aite seallaidh.

Och! a ruin, &c.

Is tu, 'Chatriona, tha tigh'n air m' aire—
Cha 'n e do stòras a rinn mo mhealladh;
Ach thu bhi boidheach, gun bhoed, gun bharrachd,
Do'n fhine mhor, o Mhao Leoid na Hearadh.

Och! a ruin, &c.

Is fearr deathach an fhraoich no gaoth
an reota.

Is fearr aon tigh air a nighe no dha-
dheug air a sguabadh.

Is fuar leabaidh gun cho-leabaich
Is math an tom air am bi sealbh.

Is eigin ghabhail le each mall o nach
fhaighir n's fhearr.

Is sona' gach cuid an commuin, is maing
a chromadh na aonar.

Is fearr an giomach no bhi gun fhear.

Is fearr teachd an deire cuirm no'n
toisich tuasaid.

Is ionan aithreachas-crioche, is a bhi
cuir siol ma fheil-martoin.

NITHE NUADH AGUS SEAN.

Is trom eallach gun iris.
 Is teughadh fuil na burn.
 Is treise tuath na tighearna.
 Is fiambach an t-suil a lotar.
 Is tric a bha beag treubhach.
 Is tric a bha mòr mi-sheaghar.
 Is mairg a ni droch cleachduin.
 Is cliùtaich an onair na 'n t-dr.
 Is trom geum bò air a h-an-eol.
 Is trom an eireadh an t-aineolas,
 Is feird gach math a mhèudach.
 Is binn gach èun na dhoirò fhein.
 Is rìgh an cam am measg nan dall.
 Is fearr a bhi ciurte na bhi cailte.
 Is ann le laimh glan bu choir altucha.
 Is fearr a bhi bochd no bhi brèngach.
 Is ann as a bheagan a thig am mòran.
 Is ann a tha 'n cairdeas mar chumar e.
 Is boidheach it' an eoin a thig am fad.
 Is ioma cron a bhios air duine bochd.
 Is beo duine 'n deigh a shàrach', ach cha
 bheo è an déigh a nàrach'.

Is ann an ceann bhliadhna dh'innseas
 iasgair a thuiteamas.

Is mairg a shìneadh lambh na h-airde
 do chridhe na circe.

Is fearr teine beag a gharas, no teine
 mòr a loisgeas.

Is lag gualainn gun bhrathair 'n am do
 na fir teachd a lùthair.

Is sleamhuinn leachd dornis an tigh
 mhoir.

Is soimich fear fearann, is sona' fear
 ceirde.

Is furas fuil a thoirt a cean carrach; is
 gal' a thoirt air craos cam.

Is fearr làn an duirn de cheird, no làn
 an duirn de dh'or.

Is fearr fuineadh thana no bhi gun
 aran idir.

Is mòr a dh'fhuilingeas cridhe ceart ma
 'm bris è.

Is leasg le leisgein dol a luigh, is seachd
 leisge leis éirigh.

Is olc an fheoil air nach gabh salan; is
 meas a cholunn air nach gabh guth [comh-
 airle.]

Is minic a bha comhairle rìgh an ceann
 an amadain.

Is beag a th'eadar do ghal 's do ghair.

Is ioma ni thig air an laogh, nach do
 shaoil a mathair.

Is duilich burn glan a thoirt a tobhair
 shalach.

Is e 'n cunntas ceart dh'fhàgas na
 cairdein buidheach.

Is i mathair easguidh a ni 'n nighean
 leasg.

Is math an inn'ean a chlach, gus an
 ruigear i.

Is minig a bha droch laogh aig deadh
 mhart.

TOIMHSEACHAIN.

Chaidh mi do 'n choille is bhuain mi e,
 Shir mi e 's cha d'fhuair mi e,
 Nam faighinn e thilginn uam e;
 'S o nach d'fhuair mi e thug mi dhachaidh e.

Chaidh mi 'mach eadar da choille
 Is thainig mi stigh eadar da alltan.
 Craobh mhor, agus ceithir meoir oirre,
 Tri-nid-dheug anns na h-uile meur,
 Seachd uibhean anns na h-uile nead,
 Agus ceithir-eoin-fhichead anns na h-uile ubh

Carson 'tha muc 's an t-seomar, coltach
 ri tigh na theine? Mar 's luaithe chuireas
 tu as e sann 's fhearr.

Carson 'tha fiacail a chaidh a thurruing
 coltach ri ni 'choidd air dhichuimhne?
 Dhalbh e as a cheann.

Carson a 'tha leabuidh an t-slaodair ro
 ghoirid air a shon? Tha e ro fhada
 innte.

Carson 'tha stocan càil air dol gu fras
 coltach ri gille ann an gaol? Chaill e
 chridhe.

Carson a tha saighdear gealtach coltach
 ri im? Ruithidh e 'n uair a ligeas tu ri
 teine e.

Carson nach bu choir duine glugach a
 chreidsinn? Tha e 'n conaidh a priseadh
 fhacail.

Carson 'tha each òg coltach ri ubh?
 Cha dean e feum gu 'm prìsear e.

Carson a 'tha mactalla coltach ri boir-
 isnnach? Dean na thoilcheas tu, bithidh am
 facal mu dheireadh aige?

Carson 'tha coltas socharach air an
 uaireadair? Tha 'n comhnuidh a cumail a
 lhamhan air aodann.

Carson 'tha na deoir coltach ri bunata?
 Tha iad fàs as an t-suil?

Cò 'sluagh 's leisge, 's Carson? An
 fheaghainn 's airde, bithidh, iad na 's
 fhaide an's a leabuidh na cach.

Rann a fhuaradh air lighd air mullach
 Beinn-labhair ann an Siorramachd Pheirt.
 Caith mar gheibh, is gheibh mar chaitheas;
 Caomhainn, 's co dha; cuimhnich am bas.

GAOL DUTHCHA.

AIR EADARTHEANGACHADH O' BHEURLA
SIR WALTER SCOTT, LE A. SINCLAIR.

'Bheil neach air bith, 's an deo na chre,
Cho fuar 's nach tuirt e riamh ris fein,
'Mo dhuthaich chaomh d'an tug mi gaol!'
Aon nach do las a chridh na chom,
Dhachaidh 'n uair ghluais le ceum neo-throm,
'Bho anradh cianail feadh an tsaogh';
Ma tha rach 's beachdaich air gu dluth,
Ri laoidh no ceol cha tog e shuil:
Ged bhiodh e ard an ainm 's an inbh',
'S a mhaoin cho mor 'sa dh'iarradh miann; ;
A dh'aindeoin 'airgid, 'ainm a's oir,
'S e'n t-uamhaidh truagh bhios ann r'a bheo,
Cha'n fhaigh e meas, no miagh, no cliu,
'S 'n uair thaig am bas theid sios do'n uir,
Gun chuimhn' no iomradh air am feasd,
'S cha chaoidhear air a shou gun cheisd.
O! Albuinn chaomh, nan stuc, 's nan carn!
A mhuime dh'araicheas na baird!
A thir a' bharraich a's an fhraoich,
A thir nam beann, nan tuil', 's nan craobh,
Tir mo shinnsear! tir nan sar,
Co dh'fhuasglas an ceangal graidh,
Ri d' thruagh a dh'aonas mi gu brath!

O R A N.

LEIS AN LIGHICHE MAC LACHAIN.

"Och! och! mar tha mi 's mi 's 'n am aonar,
A dol troimh 'n choill far an robh mi eolach,
Nach f'haigh mi ait' ann am f'hearsan dachas,
Leid phaighinn crun air son leud na broige."
Neo-bhinn an fhuaim leam a dhuigs m' shuain mi,
'S e 'tighin a nuas orm a bhruaich na mor-bheann,—
An ciobair gallda, 's cha chòrd a chainnt rium,
E' glaiothaich thall ri cu mall an dolais.
Moch maduinn cheitein 'an am dhomh eirigh,
Cha cheol air gheugun, no geum air mointich,
Ach sgreadail bheisdean 's a' chanain bheurla,
Le coin 'g an eighreach 'our feidh air fogar.
'N uair a chi mi na beanntan arda,
'S an fhearann aigh 's an robh Fionn a chomhnuidh,
Cha-n fhaic mi 'n site ach na caoraich bhana,
'S Goill gun aireamh 's a' h-uile comhail.
Na glinn chiatnach 's am faighteadh fiadhach,—
'M biodh coin air iallan aig gillean oga,
Cha-n fhaic thu 'n diugh ann ach ciobair stiallach,
'S gur duibhe 'mheuran na sgiath na roais.
Chaidh gach abhaist a chur air fuadach,
Cha chluinn thu gruagach ri duan no oran;
Nach bochd an sgùil e gu 'n d' shearg ar n-uaislean,
'S na balaich shuarach n' an aitean-comhnuidh?
'N uair a chi mi na lagain aluinn,—
'A h-uile h-airidh 'dol fas le coindich,
Fo bhàdinn chaorach le 'n uain 'g an arach,
Cha-n fhaod mi radhtainn nach b' fhaidhe Tomas.
Na 'm faighte ciad sagaairt gun bhi sanntach,
Ciad tailleur gun bhi sunndach,
Ciad greusaich gun bhi breugach,
Ciad figheadair gun bhi bradach,
Ciad Gobha gun bhi paiteach,
Agus ciad cailleach nach robh riamh air cheilidh
Chuireadh iad 'n crun air 'n righ gun aon bhuile
— Sean-fhacail.

DUANAG GHAOIL.

LE EOGHAN MAC-COLLA.

AIR FIONN—"Ille dhuinn, 's toigh leam thu."

LUINNAG.

*A nighean donn nam mala crom,
A nighean donn nan caoin-shul,
A nighean donn bho 'm binne fonn,
Gur mor mo gheall air t-fhaotainn.*
A nighean donn a's grinne cruth,
A's binne guth 's a's caoine,
Ge geal an cobhar air an t-sruth
'S ann bhiodh e dubh ri d' thaobh-sa.
A nighean donn, &c.
Mo run a' chailleag luinneagach,
Deagh bhanarach na spreidhe,
'S nach geill 'n seomar uinneagach
'Dh' aon' chruinneig 'tha 'n Dun-eideann
A nighean donn, &c.
Te eil' air bhith, d' a sgiamhaichead,
'Na t-fhianuis-sa cha leur dhomh;
'S ann tha thu 'meas nan nianagan
Ceart mar tha 'ghrian measg reulltan.
A nighean donn, &c.
O's truagh 'bhi 'n so air Galldachd
'Nuair tha 'n Samhradh 'us mo cheud run
A' stri co 's grinne dhearsas
Nis air airidhean Ghlinn-creran!
A nighean donn, &c.
Cha tugainn air bhi 'm dhiuc cead 'bhi
Le m' run 'am bothan-gheugan,
'S cha ghabhainn coron oir air son
Bhi 'n sud a' pogadh m' citeig.
A nighean donn, &c.
A ruin, nam biodh tu deonach air,
'S ar cairdean uile reidh ruin,
Cha chuirinn tuille dalach ann,
Am maireach bu leam fein thu!
A nighean donn, &c.

Is diu teine fearn ur,
Is diu 'n duine mi-run,
Is diu dibhe fian sean:
Is diu an domhain droch bhean.
Is maig aig am 'm bi 'n tighearna fann
'S maig aig am bi clann gun rath;
'S maig aig am bi 'm bothan bochd;
Ach 's miosa a bhi gun ole no math.
Teirgidh gach ni ra chaithe'
'S a bhi ga chaithe' gu minig,
'S an ni sin nach caithear,
Ged nach caithear gu 'n teirig;
O n' theirgeas gach ni gun chaithe'
Grathunn ma' n tig aon brath;
'S coir gach ni a chaithe',
Ma 'n caith' e fhein as a thhamh.
— Sean-fhacail.

CANADA DUTHAICH AN DUINE BHOCHD.

"Gun tegamh air bith's i so duthaich an duine bhochd. Ma tha e na chosnaiche math, no ma tha teaghlach aige, ma tha e stuama, dichlollach cha 'n fhaod e gun soirbheachadh. Tha 'n geamhradh fada fuar; ach tha 'n samhradh teith, agus fada gu leoir chum am por a thoirt air aghaidh. Tha 'n duthaich saor o euslaimean gabhailteach, bas'or, agus co fallain ri aon aite fo 'n ghrein."

Tha moran san duthaich so a rhainig i gun aon sea sgillinn 'nam poca, aige a' bheil a nise baile saor do cheltair ficead acair, le h-eich, a daimh, a's crodh a's caoralach, agus sgaoth mhuc agus eunlaith, agus so uile ann deich bliana a dh' uine, ach air 'n laimh eile tha moran ann am bochduinn, agus a bhitheadh ann am bochduinn, ciod air bith aite no duthaich anns am bitheadh iad.

Tha moran dol thairis de America agus do chearnaibh eile, nach d' rinn math riamh nan duthaich fhein—'s cha mho a ni iad math ann an duthaich eile. 'S mìnle a chuala sinn "Am fear a tha carrach sa, bhaile a bhos bidh a carrach sa bhaile 'ud thail."

'S leuchd-cosnaidh ann an aird an laithean, daoine oga luthor laidir, eusgaidh suundach, an t-aon seorsa 's freagarralche agus a's cinntiche air soirbheachadh: daoine's urrainn an lamb a chur ris gach obair a thig san rathad, agus is urrainn cur suas le iomadh cruadal agus ambrath sa' cheud dol a mach. Tha iad socinntiche a cosnadh math fhaotainn, leis nach e amhain am faod iad fein agus an teaghlach ean a bheathachadh gu cothromach, ach leis am faod iad, ma tha iad fein dichlollach stuama, beagan o am gu h-am a chur eul an laimhe leis an ceannaich iad fearann saor. Mur ruig iad air beartas, tha iad gun teagamb air bith, cinnteach air deagh chothrom,—pailteas, r'a ithe, 's na's leoir airson gach seas gèirachd a b' urrainn luchd-cosnaidh iarraidh, agus nach b' urrainn doibh gu brath fhaotainn san duthaich so.

A rithist agus a rithist, deir sinn, 'si so duthaich an duine bhochd. Eusan aig a' bheil lus agus neart, agus comas obair, a tha stuama dichlollach, thugadh e Canada air. Ma tha fuachd a's reothadh a's sneachd ann, tha cneasachd a's pailteas ann. 'S e miann ar cridhe, (agus cha strìochd sinn do dhuine tha beo ann an durachd as leith ar luchd-duthcha bhochd,) gu robh na h-uile h-aon diubh a th' ann an teln, gun ghreim fearainn air an urrainn doibh an teaghlach a thogail, ach air an sarrachadh fo chruadal, air an caramh ann an Canada Uachdarach, le tuaidh, le tal's le caibe; agus gheibheadh iad fonn a's fearann, an sath do ion fallain am measg Chrìosduidhean agus an luchd-duthcha fein. Delreamaid so a rithist, a dh' aindeoin co chuireadh na aghaidh."

Tha nise cor 's deich bliana thar-fhicead 'o 'n a chaidh so a sgrìobhadh ann an *Cuairteir nan Gleann* leis an Dr. Macleoid choir nach maireann,—fior chairid nan Gaidheal ge bith co theireadh a chaochladh, agus tha gach facal dheth a cheart cho freagarrach an diugh 's a bha e cheud latha a chaidh a sgrìobhadh, agus air iomadh cor na's freagarrache. Tha Canada a nise air a dhearbhadh mar dhuthaich an duine bhochd (agus an duine bheartaich mar 'n ceudna) agus cha robh e riamh cho math agus freagarrach anns na h-uile doigh air son staid agus cor dhaoine bochd 's a tha e air 'n latha 'n diugh. Bha iomadh cruadal agus cruaidh-chas aig na daoine a bha tighinn do Chanada bho chionn ficead 's dá-fhicead bliana ga fhulang a chion rhoidean agus nithean eile, a tha nise air a lhasachadh. Mar a bha 'n duthaich a fas na's beartaich 's barrachd sluagh a tighinn innte, chaidh

roidean mor agus goireasan eile air chois anns gach cearna, agus tha nise roidean iarunn air 'n deanamh no ga 'n deanamh, troimh gach cearna bho cheann'gu ceann de 'n duthaich. Tha na ceudan mhilltean acairean de dh' fhearann math aig uachdranachd Chanada Ard air chur air leith agus ga thairgse saor agus a nasgaidh do dhaoine a thig ga aiteach',—seadh gu'n aon sgillean rhuadh ri phaidheadh air a shon, gun dad ri dheanamh ach tighinn ga aiteachadh agus tamh air.

Leis an lagh a chaidh a dheanamh bho chionn thri bliana le Parlamaid Chanada Ard, tha suim mhor fearainn air a chomharrachadh a mach mar fhearann saor, agus faodaidh gach ceann teaghlach dà cheud acair a ghabhail a nasgaidh, agus gach neach (firionn no boirionn) a tha ochd-bliana-deug a dh'aois ceud acair a ghabhail, agus cha 'n eil ni' aca ri dheanamh ach cuig acairean deug anns gach ceud acair a bhi air a rheiteach agus fo bharr, agus gu 'm biodh an car 's lugha dà acair dheth sin air a rheiteach agus aiteachadh gach bliana air son cuig bliana, agus tigh-comhnuidh freagarrach, an car 's lugha sea-troidhean-deug le ficead troidh a bhi air a thogail, agus a bhi comhnuidh air 'n fhearann 'n car 's lugha sea miosan 's a bhliana. Leis na cumhantan so a bhi air 'n coimhlionadh gheibh iad coir shaor bho 'n chrùn air son 'n fhearainn dhoibh fhein 's da 'n sliochd gu brath. Leis an lagh so, ceann teaghlach's am bith aig am bi aireamh chloinne (gillean no nigheanan) thairis air ochd-bliana-deug a dh'aois faodaidh e baile math fearainn a ghabhail dhoibh, (dà cheud acair dha fhein, 's ceud do gach aon dhiubhsan) agus ann am beagan bhliananachan a bhi cho math agus comhfhurtail air a dhoigh ri cuid de na tighearan Gaidhealach.

Tha 'n duthaich so cho fallain ri aon aite, fo 'n ghrein; tha biadh agus aodach am pailteas, agus cho saor 's a tha e 's a Ghaidhealtachd fhein; tha pailteas cosnaidh agus tuarasdal math ann; tha sgoilean agus luchd foghlum de gach seors, agus teachdairean dileas an t-soisgeil ri 'm faighinn 's gach aite dhi, agus tha laghannan agus uachdranachd mhath agus làn shaorsa agus cheartas aig na h-uile innte, 's tha cìsean eutrom ann an coimeas ri duthchanan eile. Uime sin canaidh sinn a rithist mar a thuit an Dr. Macleoid

a cheana gu 'r h'e Canada duthaich an duine bhochd agus gu h-araidh duthaich a Ghaidheil bhochd; 's i' freagaraiche dachor, gheibh e ann pailteas de lhuich dacha; laghanan agus cleachdaidhean a dhucha, agus uachdranachd a tha air 'n deanamh suas ann 'n tomhas mor de Ghaidheil, agus a tha air son gach misneachd agus comhnadh a ghabhas deanamh a thoirt do dhaoine bochd gu tighinn do 'n duthaich so, 's dachaidh a dheanamh dhoibh fhein.

Carson uime sin a bhiodh Gaidheal 's am bith a fulang cruadail, bochdainn agus airc 'n duthaich a bhreith, 's am pailteas cho soirbh dhoibh ri fhaotainn 'n Canada. Chunnaic sinn iomadh teaghlach feadh Chanada, a thainig ann bho chionn deich agus cuig-bliana-deug, aig 'nach robh deich puinnid Shasunnach 'n uair a thainig iad air tìr, aig a 'bheil a nise fearann saor, tighean agus saibhlean math, crodh agus coraich, 's nithean eile am pailteas agus ri sheachnadh.

(Gu bhi air a lèantuin.)

NAIDHEACHDAN.

CANADA, A GHAIHHEALTACHD, &C.

Cha robh Canada a riamh cho cothromach agus doigheil 's a tha 'i 'n diugh, mar a thuirt 'm baird coir 'n aite eile de 'n phaipeir so

"Tha iad a nis 's a *New Dominion*,
Ann sith gun ghainne orra."

Tha sin lan fhior aig 'n am so; cha chuala sinn a riamh cho beag de ghearrain 'n aite 's am bith de Chanada 's a tha sinn a cluintinn aig 'n am so; tha sith, sonas, agus pailteas anns gach aite de 'n duthaich. The 'n t-earrach a nis air tighinn a steach gu grianach aille; tha 'n sneachda 's 'n eigh air falbh as na h-aimhnichean, agus tha na soithichean smuid air toiseachd a ruith le 'n teachdaireachd air aimhnichean agus lochan na dacha. Cha robh e riamh roimh cho soirbh cosnadh fhaotainn de gach seors. Tha oibrichean a dol air adhairt air corr 's dusan rathad iarruinn air feadh na dacha, agus tha iartras mor air luchd oibreach de gach seors; gu h-araidh tuathanaich, luchd oibreach fearainn agus rhoidean iaruin, agus tuarasdal math ga thairgse.

Tha aird Pharlamaid Chanada a nise air sgaoileadh, 'n deigh iomadh achd cudtromach a dheanamh, a' meas a tha 'n aont a

thoirt gu British Columbia a bhi air aonadh ri Canada, mar a chaidh a dheanamh leis na mor-rhoinean eile a cheana, a ni a tha sinn 'm beachd a bhiodhas air a dheanamh 'm beagan mhiosan. Le sin bithidh Canada faisg air a bhi cho mor ris an Roinn-Eorpa fhein.

Tha cunntas gu'r ann gle mheadhonach a chaidh an t-iasgach leotha 's a Ghaidhealtachd air a Gheamdradh 's an Earrach so. Tha iad a nise ri toiseachadh air iasgach an t-Samhraidh ach cha 'n eil cunntas againn fhathasd cia mar 'tha chuis a dol leotha.

Tha moran air a radh bho chionn bliana air ais mu dheibhinn aonachadh a bhi air a dheanamh eadar 'n Eaglais Shaor agus 'n Eaglais U. P. 'n Alba, ach cha dh' thainig a chuis gu crìch 's am bith fhathasd.

MANITOBA NO DUTAICH NA H-AIMHNE DEIRG.

Tha nise duthaich na h-Aimhne Deirg, a chaidh aonachadh ri Canada 'n uiridh, air suidhe sios gu stolda, Parlamaid aca air a thaghadh, agus iad a deanamh laghanan dhoibh fhein. Tha 'n duthaich so ro tharbhach; tha na muillionan a dh'acairan fearainn ann a cheart cho math agus torrach ris na Staidean no aite air bith eile. Se machraichean leathan, fosgailt air bheagan coille a thann de 'n a chuid mhoir de 'n duthaich. Se moran 's fhasa aiteach na Canada, de bhrìgh 's nach eile a choille mhor ghabhaidh ri gearradh sios gus 'm fearann a rheiteach; faodaidh daoine toiseachadh air treabhadh 'n talmhainn agus barr a thoirt as gu 'n 'dail.

Tha sinn a cluintinn gu 'm bheil e rhùn air uachdranachd Mhanitoba fearann saor a chur air leith air son luchd iomruich, agus tha sinn a creidsinn gu 'n toir iad gach comhnadh agus misneach a ghabhas deanamh do dhaoine gu tighinn do 'n duthaich, ach tha sinn 'n dochas a bhi comasach air min-chunntas a thoirt mu'n chuis agus mu 'n duthaich, 'n uine ghoirid. Tha moran a dol air iomruich ann bhon chaidh 'n uachdranachd shuidhichte a chur air chois, agus tha sinn 'n dochas gu 'm faic sinn na milltean Ghaidheal a dol ann 'n uine nach bi fada, bho 'n Ghaidhealtachd 's gach aite eile anns nach eil fearann math aca dhoibh fhein.

Se naidheachd 's cudhtromaiche, 's a 's mo air am bheil de bhruidhinn aig 'n am so, gu h-araidh a measg nan Gaidheal, posadh tighearna òg Lhathuinn, a mac 's sine aig Diuc Earghael, ris a bhan-phrionnsa Louisa, ceathramh nighean na Ban-rìgh. Cha do thachair a lheidid so am Breatuinn bho chionn dà cheud bliana, se sin aon do theaghlach rìoghail Bhreatuinn posadh ri neach a bhuineadh da rìogheachd fhein; 's ann a b'abhaist do 'n chlainn rìoghail a bhi daonan a posadh ri fuil rìoghail eile bho gach cearna, agus thug e mor thoileachas do 'n rìoghachd air fad gu'm faca a Bhan-rìgh iomchuidh a lheidid a chleachdadh aimideach a thilgeadh bun o's cionn, le cead a thoirt do 'n bhan'-phrionnsa posadh ri tighearna Lhathuinn. Tha e gu h-araidh a toirt fìor aobhar gairdeachais dhuinne uile mar Ghaidheil gu'r ann 's a Ghaidhealtachd a fhuaradh 'n duine a thug a bhuaidh. Biodh naseanachaidhean a g'inns-eadh do 'n clainn linn-tìbh as deigh so, gu'r ann 's a Ghaidhealtachd a fhuair eadh duine do nighean na Banrìgh a ni nach d'fhuair eadh ann 'm Breatuinn air fad an ceudan bliana roimh sin.

Na 'm biodh a chlainn rìoghail air uiread aire a thoirt do 'n Ghaidhealtachd, 's thug a 'mathair urramach agus smuaineachadh air so an trath, dh'fhaodadh iad a bhi air moran trioblaid a shabhaladh dhoibh fhein a dol do 'n Ghearmailt, 's a dhuthchanan eile fada as, a shreidh dhaoine agus mhnathan, agus a thuilleadh air sin taghadh na b'fhearr fhaotainn. Ach 's math mar tha, dh'fhaodadh a chuis a bhi na bu mhiosa; tha triuir no ceathrar gun phosadh f'athasid. Biodh na Gaidheil a nise a sealtuinn suas mar a tha fìor aobhar aca bho 'n thainig Banrìgh Uictoria choir thun na cathrach. Chanadh sinne da taobhsa mar a thuirt am bard a thaobh neach eile:—

“Na faicear chaidh air t-oighreachd,
Ach oighre a bhios coltach riut.”

Agus anns a cho-dhunadh, olamaid uile mar Ghaidheil, leis gach urram, deoch slainte thighearna òg Lhathuinn agus a bhean rìoghail.

Is ioma ni a chailleas fear na h-imrich.

Is miann le trùphas a bhi' measg aodaich;
is mian leam fein a bhi measg mo dhaoine.

Tha coltas ath-bheothachadh a bhi thaobh na Gailig agus na Gaidhealtachd air a bhliana so. Tha budheann de dhaoine uasal urramach, aig Collaisd Dhuneideann, air a chur air leith gu feucain de 'ghabhas deanamh a thaobh caithir Ard Fhear Foghlum (no oid-oileann) Gailig a chur air chois anns a Chollaisd sin. Tha 'chuis a soirbheachadh leotha gu math, agus a reir coltais bitheadh a chaithir so air a suidheachadh an' uine ghoirid,—'ni a tha ro iomchaidh a bhi air a dheanamh. Tha aon Ghaidheal coir air gealtuinn mìle punnd Sasunnach dhoibh, ma 'ni iad 'n corr suas air dhoigh eile. The sinne 'm beachd nach tugadh sin fada uatha, na 'n gabhadh iad ni eigin de rìaghailtean suidhichte gus a chuis a thoirt mu choinneamh nan Gaidheal 's gach duthaich. De 'n doigh air 'm b'fhearr a b' urainn na Gaidheil, 'n gradh agus 'n dilseachd a thaisbeanadh do dhuthaich agus cainnt an aithrichean, na ni eigin a dheanamh air son an cuimhneachan maireannach agus feumail so a chur suas? Tha e ro iomchuidh gu 'm biodh a chuis air a cur air adhairt gu'n dail (gu'n leigeadh leis fuarachadh) fhad's bhiodheas 'n t-ard Fhoghlumiche uasal Mac-Ille-Dhuidh (*Prof. Blackie*) beo, gu gnais agus comhnadh a thoirt do 'n ghnòthuch; agus mar 'n ceudna 'n t-àird sgoileir foghainteach, an Dr. Mac-lachlain, 'n t-aon duine 's airidh 's aithne dhuinne air a chaithir so a bhionadh. Tha sinn an dochas gu 'n cluinn sinn bho na daoine uaisle aig 'm bheil an gnothuich 'n laimh, 'n uine ghoirid agus iansidh sinn barrachd mu'n chuis.

LEABHRAICHEAN UR GAILIG.

Tha moran de lhabhraichean ùr Gailig agus Gaidhealach a tighinn a mach mu 'n am so. 'Thuilleadh air na tha aig luchd-cur-a-mach a GHaidheil ann 'n cloth, (air 'm faighear cunntas 'n aite eile de 'n phaipeir so) tha sinn a cluinntinn gu 'm bheil Eachdraidh Eaglais na h-Alba agus leabhar no dhà eile a tighinn a mach ann an Glascho fo ughdaras 'n sgoileir urramaich agus ainmeil sin an Dr. Mac-Aoidh. Chuala sinn mar an ceudna, 'ni a thug fìor thoil-inntinn dhuinn gu 'n d'thainig, cloth-bhualadh ùr, maille ri eadartheangachadh ùr Beurla de dhanaibh Oisein a mach bho

chionn mios no dha, leis an Urramach Mr. Clare a Cillmaili. Cha 'n fhaca sinn 'n leabhar fhathasd gu beachd 's am bith a thoirt air; ach leis an duine uasal urramach a bha na ughdar dha, cha 'n eil teagamh againne nach eil e airidh air tìr nam Beann.

Tha mar an ceudna leabhar cheisd ur anns a Ghailig gu bhli air a chur mach an uine ghoirid, fo ughdaras an fhìor Urramaich uasail, Iain MacDhomhnuill, Lancaster an Canada.

Cha 'n eil so ro choltach ris a nì a chluinneas sinn gu minig bho chuid de dhaoine "gu 'm bheil a Ghailig a dol bàs," (gun iomradh gu 'm bheil iad fhein agus na 'bhuinneas dhoibh a dol bàs maran iad's luaithe na tha chainnt) agus le sin a bhli fìor mar gu 'm b' aobhar e nach biodh suim 's am bith aig neach da chainnt inhaithreil no do dhutbaich aithrichean. Cha mho a bhiodh suim aig 'n t-seorsa cheudna do 'mathair fhein; 's fìor mar thuirt am baird Gallda a bruidhinn air 'n t-seorsa so :

" * * * rach 's beachdaich air gu dluth,
Ri laoidh no ceol cha tog e shuil:
Ged bhiodh e ard an ainm 's an inbh',
'S a mhaoin cho mor 'sa dh'iarradh miann;
A dh'aindeoin 'airgid, 'ainm a's oir,
'S e'n t-umaidh truagh bhios ann r'a bheo,
Cha'n fhaigh e meas, no miagh, no cliu,
'S 'n uair thig am bas theid sìos do'n uir,
Gun chuimhn' no iomradh air am feasd,
'S cha chaoidhear air a shon gun cheisd."

Agus cha mhiosa am freagairt a chuala sinn bean choir 'toirt do fhear de'n t-seorsa cheudna bho chionn ghoirid, "gun eagal 's am bith a bhli airsan nach biodh 'n èis de 'n Ghailig 'n deigh a bhais, na sheinnacadh agus a chumadh air chuimhne a chliu agus gach gnìomh coir a lheig a chridhe beag leis a dheanamh re a bheatha."

Feuchaidh sinn ri min-chunntas a thoirt air na leabhraichean so' agus nithean eile a bhuinneas do 'na Gaidheil, 'o mhios gu mios, agus bhiodh sinn fada 'n comain ar cairdean thall 's a bhos, na 'n cuireadh iad da'r 'n ionnsuidh cunntas air ni 's am bith de 'n t-seorsa so a thigeadh nan rathad.

Is suarach an cairdeas a dh'fheumas a cheanach tric.

Is fhasadh deadh ainm a chall no choisneadh.

Is ann' t-am a thig an cruadal a dh'aithnichear na cairdean.

Is mòr a dh'ihaodar a dheanamh fuidh jaimh deadh-dhuine.

ORAN DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC
MHATHAIN, BART., LEOGHAS.

Air Fonn "Cabar Feidh."

Air 'n urramach Sir Seumas,
An aon s. eiseil 'tha airidh air;
Gu 'n deanainn luaidh ann seis,
'Reir mar chaidh aithris dhomh;
Chuid mhatheas agus bhuaidhean
Co 'n t-uasal bheir barrachd air;
Tha e na onair air a shluagh
Gach buaidh tha air aithris air.

Cha 'n aca mise an duine ceanail,
Nì tha mi meas na hochdain dhomh,
Ach dèanuse dh'hom le daoine dheasail,
Nach bu bheag an t-aochair e,
Dè 's eiseidich minig ri chuid gliocais,
'S caoin meud na cosrais sin
Rann e'n' chuid oighreachd,
Cuidh-loinn agus maisie orra.

'S a bhrìghd bochd 's teunn' ch,
Fhuair eideadh 's tasgadh,
Bho 'n dume so fìor-speil,
Tha chomhuidh 's a "chaisteal sin"
Tha na chliu dha mhor thighearnas,
Bha riamh gu'n tigh cosmhail ris,
Ach se gliair na haiteamh inhoir so,
A Lady choir 's am Mathonach.

Tha 's, an ionadsa dhe no chinneach,
'Tha fo mhoran comain dha,
Oir fhuair e 'nall iad air an tional,
'S phaidh e 'n cosrais togarrach.
Tha iad a nise 's 'n *New Dominion*,
Ann a' sìth, gun ghoinne orra;
'S cha leig iad a chaoidh air di-chuimhne,
A' fàchadh do 'n "urramach."

Cha d' rinn an saibheas ainmeal,
E ainmheinn, mar chunnaic sinn
Cuid air dhìobhail ceile,
Gun fheum' sirreadh urraman;
'S ann ghabh e air cruth iosal
Ri 'g' iarraidh mar 's urainn e
Bhli to'gail suas nan dìobarach,
Le inleachdhan fughantail.

Cha chofach idir ris na h-iomaidh,
Theid an eideadh Phaireasach,
Dheanamh aidmhaile leis an teanghaidh,
Air an nì nach dh' fhaireich iad;
Dol ma 'n cuairt le uail 's iomairt
Sirreadh glòir bho nheach 'egin
Cosmhail ri luchd deiric,
Na eisdibh ri 'n glagar'aich.

Tha tìghearnan ann 'tha ainmeal,
Le airgid 's tìodalann;
Fhuair iad 'nuas 'o sinnsear.
'Riamh nach do choisinn iad;
An inbh' a fhuair Sir Seumas,
E fhein bha lan airidh air.
'Choisinn' oighreachd Sheaforth
Le dìchioll ro onorach.

Meal 's caithe' re do bheatha,
An saibhreas f huair gu tre'dhireach,
B'idh glòir do thigh fo gach cleith'
Air an luaidh le moladh ort,
Suairceas glan do chaith'beatha
'Thug sud sith 's sonas dhuit,
Na faicear chaoidh air t-oighreachd
Ach oigre 'bhios col'ach riut.

Ghuidhinn saoghal buan,
Don 'n fhior uasal Sir Matheson,
Sonas, sith 's buaidh dha
Cha chuala sinn masladh air,
'Nuair a ghaiamear e chum talbh,
'S theid e 'o thigh thalmhaidh 'scarachdain,
Gu meal e oighreachd chuas
A bhios buan agus maireannach. D. G.
S.

RANNAN DO FHEAR-ULLACH- AIDH "A GHaidheil,"

Tha sgeul ur agam an traths,
Ri innse do chlann nan Gaidheal,
Paiper naigheachd anns a Ghailig;
'S mor an gradh a ghabh mi dheth.

'N uair a chuala mise an sgeul',
Lheum gach cuisle feadh mo chleibh,
'S chaidh mo chlarsach air ghleus;
'S na h-uile teud gu h-ealanta.

Air gheugan seilich 's ann 'bha,
Gach clarsach bh' aig clann nan Ga'l;
Gus 'n d'thanaig sgeula 'n aigh,
'N uas 'n traths gu carranthach.

'S e mo ghuidhe dhuit 's an uair,
U 'n thog thu a bhratach suas,
Gun teid a sgaoileadh deas as tuath
'S gur truagh a neach nach cuidich leat.

Gheibh sinn naigheachd as gach ait',
O Eirinn, Breatuinn 's tir a Ghail,
Tir nam Beann as Ghleann an aigh,
Do 'n d'thug mi gradh 'bhios maireannach.

'S ma f'hreagras tusa mo rhann,
Bheir mise dhutsa moran taing;
'S ni sinn bruidhinn leis a pheann,
O am gu am ma 's math leat e.

Ach gabh mo leithsgeul 's an uair,
Chan eil mo sgriobhadh ach truagh,
Cuirse deas na chi thu tual,
'S their mi gach uair a charaid riut.

Chan eil fios agam an trath's,
Nach duine thu 's am bheil moran straic,
Ni magadh, sgeig as iomadh tair,
Air gach facal blath a lhabair mi.

'S ma's duine thu de 'n fhasan ur
A bhios a bruidhinn mar bhi's Diuc.

G'ad f haicinn fheinn o's ceann gach cuis,
Mar theid mi 's ann a stadas mi.

Tha cuid de dhaoine an dochas mor,
Gun d' thig do lhabhar nan coir,
'S ma ni e riutha cord',
Gun d'thig moran tarring air.

Chan eil fios agam gu fìor,
Nach do rinn mi bruidhinn chli,
Anns an fhaoineas chuir mi sios,
'S nach eil mir de ghrannar ann.

Ach 's math a f'hreagras e dhuit fhein
'Nuair thig e 'n luib do sgeith',
Theid gach failinn agus beud
A th' ann gu leir a ghlanadh leat.
Sullivan, Ont. H. McC.

DAN SPIORADAIL.

Chlad ol'che de 'n bhliann' ur,
S mi air mo leabha'dh gun surd
Chuir an cadal ri'm cul 's cha teannadh e.
Chlad, olche, &c.

'Thainig smuaintean am cheann,
Ged bha 'n dorchadas ann,
'S cuiridh mi 'n calnt 's an seinnir iad.
Thainig, &c.

Bha mi tosdach mar bhalbh,
'S mi gabhall beachd air na dh'albh;
De bhlianaibh 's dh' ainmibh 'b'ailhne dhomh.
Bha mi, &c.

Cait 'nls bheil 'n tria',
Chaidh iad thairis mar nhal,
Ged tha 'n talamh 's a ghriana maireachdain?
Cait 'nls, &c.

Chaidh iad seachad gu leir,
Mar fhear dian-ruith na reis;
'S tha sinne air a cheum ga 'n leannachdain.
Chaidh, &c.

Ged thainig bliana as ur,
Thoir aogais nruadh air gach fur,
Cha tig air ala dhut 'n uin' chaidh seachad oirnn
Ged thainig, &c.

Ach 's ann tha laithe' ar cuairt,
'Sior dhol seachad gach uair,
Gus 'n duinear 's an uigh gun anail sinn
Ach 's ann, &c.

Ged tha na smuaintean so trom,
Cha d'fhag sud sinne gun bhonn,
Air an greimich ar long 's cha charaich i.
Ged tha, &c.

On a fhuair sinn an sgeul
Gun d'thainig Slanuighear o' Nheamh,
'S gun tug e 'n gath as an eug ge daigheann e.
On fhuair sinn, &c.

Se their an creid'mheach mu'n uigh
"Caithe 'nls bheil do bhuailg?"
'Nuair 'dhuilgear e suas chum breitheanna.
Se their, &c.

Nuair thig am Breitheamh 's mo',
'An dealradh a ghloir,
'S mor aobhneas na chodhail bheannuichte.
'Nuair thig &c.

'N sin their am Britheamh gu caomh,
Ris gach aon de na naomh,
"Thainig lanachd na saorsa a cheannuleh mi."
'N sin, &c.

Suidhibh suas ann am chuir,
Gus 'n cluinn sibh a chuis,
Eadar mise 's na dhiuit air thalamh mi.
Suidhibh suas, &c.

Their e mbluinnir gun chiall
Bha na 'l tralleann da 'r miann,
Bha sibh teicheadh bho Dha's o fhaithheans.
Their e, &c.

'S an-aobhinn dhuibh a chuis
Gun robh ar cridhe oho dur
'Nuair fhuair sibh taigse de chumhnant maith-
'San-obhinn, &c.

Nise tha 'm breitheanas ann,
Tha latha ghrais aig a cheann,
'S do-inneadh an call 'tha agalbhsé.
Nise tha, &c.

Stubhleabh namsa gu sìor,
Bha sibh 'n ar naimhdean do'm rìgh'ehd,
'S nar campar de 'm fhlòir lhuichd leanailt'se.
Stubhleabh namsa, &c.

Cha 'n eil ann 'n rìoghachd na glòir,
Na dheanadh duibhne nas leoir,
Tha ur 'n uamhar 's ur morehuis aithnichte.
Cha 'n eil, &c.

Tha ur peac'ain gu leir
Luidhe trom oirbh ibein
Stubhlilb sìos leo gu leirsgrìos mairinneach.
Tha ur peac'ain, &c.

'N sin their na Naomh and Amen,
'S ceart 's 's fìor a tha bhinn
'S bithidh Aleiula ga sheinn aig Ainghlilb.
An sin, &c.

'N sin tionndaidhidh e 'ghnuis,
Air luach fhòla le muirn, [raichta,
'S bithidh gradh gach part dhiubh dubailt bar-
'N sin, &c.

Ach tha iad a nise fòhlán,
Gaa chuir namhaid orr fhamh, [dhoibh.
'S bithidh cuisean 'bha dìomhair aithnichte-
Ach tha iad, &c.

Gheibh iad sealbh air a chrun,
'N aite bhi beathach air 'dhuil [ac'.
'S bithidh fìor sh-alla-th an sul 'n aite creidimh-
Gheibh iad, &c.

Bithidh an sonas cho mor,
'S nach uruin teangha na's leoir,
Chuir an ceill an ordugh athois air.
Bithidh an sonas, &c.

Fhir a chluinneas mo dhan,
Feuch 'n smuailich thu trath,
Mar tha 'm fìrean 's an t-aingidh 'dealachadh.
Fhir a chluinneas, &c.

Mar d'fhuair thu fhathas 'bhi saor,
Leis 'n fhìrinn tha naomh,
Gabh a t-ionnsuidh 'ris, 's leugh thu 'ris i.
Mar d'fhuair, &c.

Gabh sar-bheachd air a ghlaodh.
Tha ris gach neach 'tha ri saol', [nultche.
'S teich 'dhiònnsuidh 'n Fhìr-haoraidh 'bhean-
Gabh sar-bheachd, &c.

FREAGAIRTAN.

A measg iomadh ni eile 'bu mhàth linn a chur 'n
an aireamh so, agus a dh'èumar a lheilgeadh sea-
chad gus 'n ath aireamh; tha freagairtan do air-
eamh bhitrichean a fhuair sin bhochlann ghòird.
Tha aon dhiubh so bho Ghaidheal 's na Stèid-
ean, a feorach co tha na bhàistear 'n Eaglais Cha'm
Chille 'n Glascho an aite an Dr. Mhàlérid, nach
maireann, agus mar 'n ceudna co tha 'n Eaglais
Ghaidhealach Ghriosaig? Tha Gal'theal eile 'n
Canada Ar'ta feorach 'n bheil e fìor gun do bhas-
aich 'm Bard MacColla, mar a chula easan,—e
gabhalh iognadh ma bhas sin fìor nach tug sinn
iomradh air: Do 'n ehtad cheisd freaghruidh si n
gu 'm bheil diadhair co urramach, da 'n ainm
Blarach, a chaidh a shuidheachadh bho chionn da
bhilana, agus a reir coltais nach b' urainn na 'b
fhearr a bhàitir fhàitinn, gu aite 'Caraid nan
Gaidheal, 'a bhionach; 'n daraiceid cha 'n urainn
sinn a fheagairt, agus a thaobh na treas ceid, 's
math mar a smuailich 'n duine coir shein, dh'fh-
aodadh e 'bhi cinnteach an 'm biodh 'm Bard
MacColla air bassachadh gu 'm biodh sinn air
iomradh a thoirt air, agus tha sinn ro thollichte
innse dhanach ann mar sin a tha, ge bith co thu,
dha a lheilthid de sgeul, tha 'm Bard coir fhathas

beo, agus a reir coltais cha bhi aig a Ghaidheal
no aig Gaidheal eile, ri dol ann 'n cùlaidh bhr
air a shon, a chaid; da-ihà so, se sin tha e sin a
ain, 's a seim' cho bliun ceol'ar 's 'bha e riag
agus mur 'ell sinn air ar mealladh gheibh lu
leughaidh a 'Ghaidheal', dearbhadh na 's fha
air so 'n uine nach bi fada, na 's urainn sinn
thoirt dhoibh 'n traths.

Fhuair sin an t oran agus an litir a chuir iad
da 'r 'n ionnsuidh, ach bu choir do dh' iain ri
bhi aige nach buin a lheilthid do threallach kil
'n a phalpeirse. Tha e na 's leoir do 'n 'Gaidh-
so (mar 'tha e do iomadh Gaidheal eile, a thu
eairh air, gun dol seachad air iain fhein) s
tuinn as deigh a ghnòthich agus a pheacac
fhein. Falceadh iain uine sin gu 'm b
fhein sabhailt, agus na cuireadh beachdan a
creideamh dhaoine eile uread a dhruag.
Cumhnichedh e gu 'm bheil cinn, eanachain
tuigse agus fàireachain aig daoine eile cho m
ri'san agus 'o 'n tha e co deigh air aithris Ser-
turan, cha deamadh e coon dha, a cheud e
ralun de 'n 7mh Caibdel de Shoisgeul Mh
ionnsachadh air a theangaidh. Tha sinn da
an deigh air Dain, Laoidhean, Orain, no sgr
bhuidhean math eile fhaighinn, a dhuisgeas de
rùn agus ard smuaint e caitir duine agus du
no eadar duine agus a Chrulthear. 'Nuair a thac
ras a lheilthid sin riun gheibh e aite 's a GHAI
EAL, 's cha 'n fhaighinn 'sinn de 'n Eaglais
'n bhin an t-ughair no de 'm beachd creideamh
bhio's aige. Ach cumhnichedh iain D. ag
gach iain eile, nach eil sinn idir a g'iarra th
a-theorag a chuir easan da 'r 'n ionnsuidh, na
eil ach air son cron agus m'f-rùn eadar duine ag
a choimirsneach. Tha 'bheatha so rho ghoidid
son a bhi cail tim ri lheilthid.

Tha sinn 'n comair air cairdean air son na
sgrìobhaidhean a chuir iad da 'r 'n ionnsuidh, ag
'n gnomhara coimhnell eile a thaobh comhna
leis a "GHAIIDEAL". Tha moran de sgrìobhaidh
ean taiteach agallair air am fìghinn, ach 's eigi
a chuid mhor dhiubh a chur seachad gus 'n a
aireamh; a measg moran eile a thuilleadh air a
tha 's an aireamh so fhein, tha na lheanas a
dighinn gu 'r lèimh agus ghribhear iad 's an ath a
eamh de 'n G HAIIDEAL: "Marbh-rhann air
Urramach Padraig Mac Illealduin,"—Le Rual
Moirastan; "Dun-Bhrusgragh agus Iain,
I. McC.; "Forrwh nan Gaidheal,"—Bard Log
Allise; "Dan air Eas Niagara,"—D. B. B.; "Ma
Griogair 'O Ruairi,"—(rannan ur)—D. McI.; "J
ie the Flower" of Duablane" Eilrtheangailche
'n Bheurla,—P. C., &c., &c.

FACAL'S AN DEALACHADH

Tha 'm fear-ullachaidh ann 'm modh sonruidh
g' aitheachadh a thaingeachd, agus a chomai
fo 'm bheil e do na daoine coir uasal agus urr
mach a lheanas, air son an coimhnas agus c
cuideachadh air iomadh doigh.—D. F. McIlneal
m. Buid McColla, D. Mac-an-Ro'ch, (Steornabh
P. MacGriogair, an t-urramach Mr. McCullin, Du
bheagan agus Oid-oilean MacAoidh, Richmond
an t-urramach Mr. Blarach agus an t-urramach
Macledhain Sinclair, Nova Scotia; Iain B. Ma
Dhomhnuill, Loch Megantio; Iain MacNeil, Ellea
Phionnsa Edward; Lachlain Moirastan agu
Mr. MacDughall agus MacPhail Staid Mhichea
gan, am fìor Ghaidheal coir, an t-Onorach Iaf
Holm, Nova Scotia, agus an t-Onorach D. Gordan
M. L. C., Ellean a Phionnsa. Agus cha b'ann g
deireadh bu choir 'n t-àird uasal coir fhugal
an t-Onorach Iain Frisell de Berry, M. L. C
Ceann-cluinidh (roghnaichte) Clann Fhrisell, Mor
rhoinn Chuibec, agus run-cheireach do cho
munn Chlann Frisell America Thuath.

Tha sinn an dochas gu 'n cluin sinn an uin
ghòird, bho na sgrìobhaichean coir, Murcha Ma
ille Mhaol, (Geanagairidh, Sgrathach, Calun
Domhnallach agus Clannair nam Beann, le ni eigi
a bhios freagarrach air son a GHAIIDEAL, ma
b'abhist.

AN GAIDHEAL.

I. LEABH.] DARA MIOS AN FHOghAIR, 1871.

[2 AIR.

DO AR LUCHD LEUGHaidH.

Tha AN GAIDHEAL a nis a cur failte air a chairdean an dara 'uair, agus ag iarraidh maitheanas air son a bhi cho fadalach. Cha 'n eil teagamh nach robh cuid dhiubh a caoidh air a shon a cheana, a smuaineachadh gu'n deach e air chall anns a choille, no gun d' tha-chair aimlisg no dochann eile de 'n t-seorsa ris a chuir as an rathad e. Ach tha sinn rò thoilichte innse' do ar cairdean nach do thachair dad de 'n t-seorsa; cha 'n 'eil eu-slaime no eugailt sa 'm bith a cur air. An aite sin 's ann a tha e ga fhaighinn fhein moran na's treise agus na's misneachail gu gabhail air a thurus gu reith direach, na bha e roimh.

'N uair a thoisich sinn air a GHAIDHEAL, bha e rhùn oirnn a chur a mach gach mios; tha sinn duilich gu 'n deach' na raighailtean sin a thilgeadh bun o's ceann oirnn, le Mr. MacNeacail, 'am fear ullachaidh, a bhi air a chur a mach le uachdranachd Chanada, gu sealtainn as deigh gnothaichean luchd-iomruich, bho 'n Ghaidhealtachd agus ceann tuath Alba. Tha moran ullachaidh aige ri dheanamh air son a thuruis agus gun an uine ach goirid air son a dheanamh; tha e eu-comasach uime sin an Gaidheal a chur a mach ach gach dara mios, gu toiseach na bliadhna ùir. Cha bhi call 's am bith aig ar luchd leughaidh a thaobh na riaghailt so, oir gheibh iad da aireamh dheug air son pàidheadh na bliadhna; se sin aon air son gach mios sa bhliadhna.

Tha sinn a nis air cluintinn bho mhoran d' ar luchd-duthcha, as gach cearna bho Lhoch-na-Madadh an Uist, gu Australia agus Duthaich na h-Aimhne Deirg; agus gu dearbh ma bha teag-

amh s am bith againn 's a cheud dol a-much mu shoirbheachadh a GHAIDHEIL, tha e nis air fhuadach buileach air falbh. Tha sinn fo chomain agus a toirt moran taing dhoibh uile air son an gnìomhara agus am briathraibh caimhneil.

MU NA SEANN GHAIDHEIL.

II.

NA PICTI, NO DAITHTICH.

Roimh dheireadh na treas linne cha robh ainm sam bith eile ach *Caledonach* air luchd-aiteachaidh Ceann tuath Bhreatuinn aig na h-Eachdraichibh Romanach. Ach mu 'n bhliadhna 296 thugadh ainm nuadh orra, 'se sin "*Picti*," na Pictich, no Daithtich, no a mhuinntir Dhaithte. B'e *Eumenius* an Cainteair a chleachd an t-ainm so air tus anns an Oraid chliuthachaidh a rinn e do *Chonstantius Chlorus* air son na buaidh a thug e air an traoiteir Alectus. Air dha labhairt mu na Deas Bhreatunnaich thubhairt e "Os barr bha an cinneach aineolach aig an am sin, agus a chionn nach b'aithne do na Breatunnaich ach na *Picti* agus na h-Eirionnaich a mhaire, naimhdean leth-ruisgte, uime sin gheill iad gu furasda do airm agus do bhrataich nan Romanach." Gum b' iad na *Picti* so an t-aon sluagh ceudna ris na *Caledonach* tha *Eumenius* so fein a' nochdadh gu soilleur anns an oraid a rinn e air beulaobh an Impire *Constantin* mac *Chonstantius* anns a' bhliadhna A. D. 309. Nuair a mhol e *Constantius* d'a mhac thubhairt e, "Nach bu deoin leis coilltichean agus catharraich-mointich nan *Caledonach* agus nam *Pictich* eile a ghlacadh, no eadhon Eirinn a bha

fagus air laimh, no eilean Thula a bha fad as." Tha e dearbhadh gun robh cogadh aig na Deas Bhreatunnaich ris na *Picti* roimh theachd *Iulius Caesair*, agus a' feuchainn an dealachaidh a bha eadar Caesar agus Constantius. Agus nuair a tha e ag' radh gun robh na *Picti* leth-ruisgte freagraidh an t-iomradh so gu math do na Gaidhil sgeadaiche leis an fheile-bheag.

Tha e coltach gun d' thainig an t-ainm *Picti* o' n chleachdadh a bha coitcheann am measg seann luchd aiteachaidh Bhreatuinn, oir tha *Iulius Caesar* ag innseadh gun robh iad 'gan dath fein le dath lia-ghorm a chum an aogus a dheanamh na b' eagallaiche ann an am cogaidh; agus tha Herodian ag radh mar an ceudna gun robh na *Caledonaich* uile *Daithte* ri linn an Impire *Severus* nuair a chaidh e gu tuath sa' bhliadhna 207. Tha am Bard Claudian mar an ceudna ag radh "Nach ann cearr a bha an t-ainm *Picti*" (*Nec falso Nomine Picti*), a ciallachadh gun robh an t-ainm freagarrach dhoibh a chionn gun robh iad air an dath, oir tha am facal Laidin *Pictus* a 'ciallachadh "daithte." Tha e ro choltach gun do lean na Gaidhil Thuathach air a' chleachdadh so, a bhi 'gan dath fein sa' chogadh, an deigh dhoibh sgar dheth ann an ceann a Deas Bhreatuinn, ni a thachair co luath sa cheannsaicheadh an tir leis na Romanaich, agus gu h-àraid an uair a thainig an creideamh Criosduidh a steach do 'n Eilean. Os barr tha am Bard Claudian a' feuchainn dhuinn an doigh anns an robh an dath so air a dheanamh, eadhon le roinn bhioraich iarruinn leis an robh an craiceann air a tholladh agus an dath air a chur a steach anns na lotaibh, "*ferroque notatas perlegit exangues Picto moriente figuras.*" "Leugh e cruthan neofhinelteach air an dealbh le iarrunn, air corp marbh a' *Phictich*." Mu'r h-ann o' n chleachdadh so a fhuair iad an t-ainm cha-n eil e soilleur cia bhuaith e dh' eirich e, oir cha 'n 'eil focal sam bith cosmhuil ris anns a'

Ghailig Eirinnich no Albannaich o' m faodadh an t-ainm *Pictich* a bhi air a radh ris an t-sluagh. Agus chan 'eil dearbhadh sam bith gun robh an t-ainm so air a radh riutha leotha fein no leis a' chuid eile de mhuinntir dhuchasaich Bhreatuinn. D.B.B.

Gu bhi air a leanuinn.

MU IOMPAIREACHD SHINA.

Tha an treas cuid de'n chinne-daona gu leir 's an duthaich fharsuinn so. Eadar dhaoine, mhnathan as chloinn, tha mu dha cheud deug muillein pearsa 's an t-shaoghal; agus dhiu sin, tha corr a's ceithir cheud muillein an Sina amhain, moran tuille na tha 's an Eorpa gu leir. A reir coltais, bha na Sinich ainmeil bho cheann iomad linn; oir tha am Faidhe Isaiah ga'n ainmeachadh, (Caibdeil XL 12) am measg nan cinneach a thigeadh gu Criosd'a.

Bho cheann corr a's da cheud bliana, cheannsaich na Tatarach gu tuath orra na Sinich; agus chum iad fo smachd iad gus an latha 'n diugh. Is Tatarach an t-Iompaire 's a theaghlach, agus moran de na h-ard uaislibh. Tha saighdeirean diu, cuideachd, aig an Iompaire; agus tha pairt mhòr de thir nan Tatarach 's an iompaireachd aige. Ach is Sinich a chuid mhòr d' a shluagh.

Tha na Sinich uile coltach ri cheile, am pearsa 's an intinn. Tha am falt dubh dìreach, gun lùb gun dual, le feusag dhubbh, thana agus sùilean dubha. Tha an craiceann donn dorcha, le aghaidhibh plubach, agus car an aird an taobh amach na sùl. Cha'n eil iad am bitcheantas co mòr na co tròm ri Breiteannaich, na idir co laidir no co misneachail. Tha iad seachnach air bainne, im a's caise; ach ithidh iad coin, agus gach sorsa blianaich. 'S e cotain is aodach do n chuid mhòr dhiu, ged tha sìde aig na h-uaislibh: oir tha caoirich gann n' am measg.

Tha iad buileach modhail, n' an doigh fhèin; agus tha e mar fhasan aca

brògan beag iarainn a chuir air na baintighearnaibh oga, agus a cumail orra gus am fas iad suas. Tha so ro phianail do 'n chloinn; agus tha e a cumail an casan gun lùth gun neart; ach cha bhitheadh iad fasanta air dhoigh eile. Chan 'eil nigheanan dhaoine boohda 'g an cur fo 'n chràdh so; agus uime sin tha an casan mar a chuid eile de n' chinne daona.

Tha na Sinich deanadach, sìobhalta, agus grunn-dail; agus uime sin tha moran de na thainig do na Staidean diu a deanamh airgid. Ach tha iad oò rùnach mu 'n tìr fhein 's gum bheil iad a dol air ais co luath 's a gheibh iad an leoir. Air an laimh eile, tha iad carach, cealgach, an-ìochdar. Tha moran diu a tilgeadh amach an leanaban nighinn, gu bàsachadh am feadh 's a tha iad ro speiseil mu 'm pàrantaibh.

Tha iad co fein-speiseil 's gum bheil iad a sealltuinn sìos air a chuid eile de 'n t-shaoghal gu leir; ach fhuair iad dearbha laidir, bho cheann ghoirid, nach eil iad coimeas do dhaoine na h-Eorpa an coga'; oir chaidh an ruaig air am feachdaibh, roi aireamh bheag de naimhdebh. Tha iad buileach fiadhta ri coigrich, air dhoigh 's gum bheil e cunnartach do dhaoine fuireach 'n am measg; agus chan 'eil doigh air tearantachd ach eagal a chuir orra, le peanas trom, gach uair a ni iad aineart air coigrich. Bho cheann ghoirid, chreach agus mhort iad moran choigreach aig baile ris an abrar *Tien-tsin*. Bha Iarla Chlarendon gu mor ri choir-eachadh airson so. Oir b'e ard-fhear-comhairle na ban-rìgh mu chuisibh choigreach; agus sgrìobh e litir gu rìgh-theachdair Breiteann an Sina, nach dìonadh am feachd Breiteannach an luchd-teagasg Crìosdaidh an Sina. Co luath 's a chuala na Sinich so, ghabh iad misneach, gu droch run an cridhe a chuir an gnìomh.

Is cinnich dhall na Sinich; ach tha a nise iomad co-i-thional Crìosdaidh 'n am measg, a chaidh iompachadh bho cheann ghoirid; agus tha iomad min-

isteir a searmonachadh an t-shoiageil dhoibh. Chan eil iad idir ro eudair mu 'm baath-chreideamh fhein. Tha moran diu a deanamh aoradh do thaibhaibh an aithrichean, agus thaobh amach de sin, chan eil ach beag aoraidh air bith aca. Tha muilean urnaigh 's an duthaich; agus tha iadsan a creidinn gum bheil eifeachd, an tilgeadh urnaigh sgrìobhta air paipeir anns a mhuilean. Tha iad ag' radh gum bheil gach car de 'n phaipeir co math ri urnaigh air a toirt suas bho 'n bheil: agus gun teagamh tha sin fìor, thaobh urnaigh-ean ri diathaibh breige.

Tha sinn an dòchas gun cur luchd-riaghlaidh na h-Eorpa agus America. cag air ainneart nan Sìneach, air dhoigh 's gum bi gach coigreach 'n am measg sabbailte, agus gun sgaol an soisgeil dorchadas na tìre, gus am bi faisneachd Isaiah air a coilionadh, agus an tionndaidh na Sinich uile gu Crìosd.

NAIDHEACHDAN.

Tha a bhann-shìth eadar Breiteann agus na Staidean air a daineachadh, air dhoigh 's nach 'eil coltas gum bi cogadh na connasachd eadar an da dhuthaich car iomad linn, agus math dh' fheuta a chaidh. Reitich a bhann so gach connspaid a bha eatorra. A thaobh iasgach air cladaichibh Chanada, agus seoladh air amhainn Saint Larans, chan 'eil comas sin a dheanamh gu bhì aig sluagh nan Staidean mur aontaich Parlamaid Chanada ris. Agus mur faidh iadsan sin, cha toir iad comas do shluagh Chanada seoladh air cuid de 'n uisgeachaibhsan. Dh' aontaich Eilein Phrionnsa Eudard ri so a cheana; agus ged a tha cuid de mhuinntir Chanada an aghaidh aontachadh ris an ni so, 's e is coltaiche gun dean iad e. Oir bheir sin moran airgid do bhaile mor Mhon-treal.

Bha an Samhradh buileach tioram air feadh Chanada agus na Staidean mu thuath; ach tha am bar math am bithcheantas, agus an cruineachd sonr-

uichte math. Tha prìs mhath air feudail 's na duthchaibh sin, agus tha deagh àm aig luchd-ceird as tuarasdail.

Am Breiteann mhath a Bhann-rìgh, air comhairle a h-ard luchd riaghlaidh, an seann ghnath mu dhreuchdaibh 's an arm. Bho cheann dà cheud bliana, bha iad sin air an reiceadh ri daoine beirteach : oir cha b' urrainn daoine bochd' an ceannach,—Uime sin bha moran de na h-oifigich neo-fhreagarrach airson an dreuchd, on a tha e tric a tachairt gum bheil beirteas aig umaidh. Agus on a tha daoine glic, cruadalach agus tapaidh gle thrìch bochd, bha iad sin air an cumail fodha, agus daoine gun seagh os an ceann. Bha so ro mhi thaitneach do 'n duthaich gu leir ach na h-ard uaislean. Dh' oireapaich iad sin air an seann ghnath a chumail suas ; ach dh' fhairtlich orra ; agus a nis tha dochas gum faidh daoine air aghart 's an arm Bhreiteannach mar an armaibh eile na h-Eorpa—a reir an toilltinneis, 's chan ann a reir cothrom an sporain. Ni so an t-arm gu mor ni 's neartaire ; agus bithidh e n' as fhasa daoine freagarrach fhaidhinn.

Tha cuisean a dol air aghart 's an Fhraing n' as fhearr na bha duil aig moran. Ghlac feachd an luchd riaghlaidh Paris ; agus chaidh moran de 'n luchd-ceannaire a mharbhadh, agus ro mhoran diu a glacadh. Rinn na daoine coirbte sin moran dochainn do n bhaile-mhor, mus an do chuireadh sios iad. Mhort iad moran de 'n luchd aiteachaidh, agus thilg iad sios agus loisg iad iomad taigh-mor riomhach agus carn-cuimhne grinn. 'Na 'm measg bha cuid de luchairtibh seann rìghrean na Frainge, agus carragh ard a bha mar chuimhneachan air na buaidh-ibh a fhuair na Frangaich thair an naimhdeb an laithibh a cheud Bhonaparte, le iomhaigh fhein air a mhullach, 'Nuair a leag iad an carragh, chaidh an iomhaigh a bhriseadh, agus thilg cuid de na bha 's an lathair smugaidean oirre, oir rinn an t-Iompaire mu dheire a lheitid a dh' aintighearnas orra

s' gun robh iad lan feirg an aghaidh a luchd-dàimh gu leir, gun sgoinn do mhoralachd Bhonaparte 'nuair a bha e 'n aird a chumachd agus ionad rìgh fo a smachd. Tha na Frangaich a paidh-eadh an airgid do na Gearmailtich, a reir na bainn-shith eatorra, agus tha feachdan nan Gearmailteach a dol dachaidh agus a fagail na Frainge, uidh air uidh. Tha cairdean aig teaghlach nan sean rìgh agus aig Bonaparte 'n am measg ; ach a reir coltais tha a chuid mhor de 'n duthaich 'n an aghaidh ; agus fanaidh iad air fogradh, mar a tha iad : ach aig an Fhreasdal amhain tha fios ciod a thachaireas 's an Fhraing.

Cha robh an cogadh an aghaidh nam Frangach gun chall trom do na Gearmailtich ; agus tha gainne bìdh 'n am measg ; ach on a thug iad buaidh air na Frangaich, agus tha an tìr uile fo aon riaghladh, tha iad toilichte misneachail.

'S an Eadailt tha baile-mor na Roimhe a ris na cheann-bhaile air an tìr gu leir, ni nach robh e roimhe bho cheann corr as ceithir cheud deng bliana. Tha an rìgh, a luchd comhairle, agus na rìgh-theachdairean a nis a conuidh an sin. Tha am Papa fhathasd 'na sheann luchairt, air taobh tuath na h-aimehne Tiber ; agus a reir coltais tha e a runachadh fantuinn an sin. Tha an rìgh a tairgseadh sea ceud mìle dolar 's a bhliana dha.

Tha aithris gum bheil an canal mòr eadar amhainn na h-Eifeid agus a Mhuir Ruadh a lionadh suas le gaineamh na Fasaich a tha ghaoth a seideadh ann. Ma 's fìor so, theid an canal bho fheum an uine ghorrid, mur glanar amach a ghaineamh. Bithidh so ro chostail ; agus chan urrainn na Frangaich aig am bheil e an laimh an cosd a phaidheadh. Dh' iar iad air fear-rioghlaidh na tìre (ris an abrar an Khedive) gu conadh leotha ; ach dhiult esan ; agus is coltach gur eiginn do na Frangaich an canal a reiceadh eio no Sasunnaich, aig am bheil pailteas airgid. Tha an canal gu mor n' as feumail do na Breiteannaich na do na Frangaich,

de bhrìgh nan duthchan mòra an *Asia* air am bheil tighearnas aig Breiteann.

BEATHA-EACHDRAIDH CHOLUIM CHILLE

CAIB II.

Dheoninch a dha-dheug do na foghlumaich aig Colum Cille falbh maille ris a Eirinn. Is iad an ainmean Baithen (a Chlerach), Diarmid (a mhinistear) Mochonna, Cobthach, Ernaan, Rus, Fechno, Scandal, Eochoid, Tochannu Cairnaau agus Grillaau. Bha Colum Cille a toirt comhairle air Mochonna (mac Rìgh Ulster) gu'n a dhuthaich agus a pharantan fhagail. Ach dhiult e tilleadh, a freagairt "Is e thusa m' athair, 'an Eaglais mo mhathair, agus an aite anns an cruinnich mi an toradh as mo 'do Chrìosd, mo dhuthaich." Bha mar so intinn theachdairean-soisgeulach aig Colum Cille agus a chompanaich a fagail Eirinn. Sheol iad ann an currach, a bha na bàta laidir, agus rainig iad tìr aig Port-a-Churraich ann an Eilean I, (ris an abrar mar an ceudna Innis-nan-Druì'neachaig 's an àm sin). Dh'irich Colum Cille an cnoc a b'airde bha 's an eilean, 's chunnaic e gu robh e a sealladh Eirinn; oir bha do gradh aig da dhuthaich, 's nach bitheadh e toilichte a bhi ga faichinn gu'n bhi innte. Runaich e a chomhnaidh a dheanamh san eilean bheag sin oir chunnaic e gu' robh e so-ruigsinn do na h-eileanan mun cuairt, agus gun robh e na eilean a bha maith airson barr agus ionaltradh, agus mar sin ro fhreagarrach airson aite-taigh fhoghlumaich agus theachdairean. Bha so anns a bhliadhna A. D. 563. Chaidh carn a thogail air mullach a chnuic a dh'irich Colum Cille, ris an abrar fhathast *Carn-cul-ri-Eirinn*.

Thug Conal, Rìgh na Scuite (*Scots*), Eilean I, do Choluim Chille mar sheilbh, agus dhaingnich Bruidhe no Bride, Rìgh na Pìocuich (*Picts*) a choir, agus anns a bhliadhna 565, thog Colum Cille Cathair Chuldich anns an Eilean. Bha

a Chathair a co-shéasamh ann an eaglais, tigh do na coigrich, agus tighean do na ministearan agus na foghlumaich. Bha na tighean air an togail le fiodh agus slatan caoil.

Tha an t-Urramach Bede a sgrìobh Eachdraidh na-h-Eaglais ann an Sà-uinn, mu chiad bliadhna 'n deigh bas Choluim Chille, a toirt an cunntas a leanas air a theachdaireachd:—"Ann 'am bliadhna Chrìosd, cuig-ciad trì fich-ead agus a cuig, 'nuair a bha Iompair-eachd na Ròimhe fo riaghladh Justin a b'òige, thainig Colum Cille a bha na "Phreasbitair agus na Abba, agus a "bha ro chluicteach airson a shaothair agus a ghiulan agus sin gu fuighail, a "Eirinn do Bhreatuinn. Be a rùn ann a "bhi teachd,—focal Dhe a shearmon-achadh ann an duthchannan na Pìocuich Thuathach (*Northern Picts*) oir "bha 'n sluagh a bha mu Dheas dhiubh "sin air an iompachadh a chum a chreidimh le Nìnian ùine fhada roimhe "an àm sin. Thainig Colum Cille do "Bhreatuinn 'nuair a bha Bride, prionnsa ro chumhachdach a rioghachadh "osceann na Pìocuich, agus rinn cumh-achd teagasg an duine naoimh agus "buaidh eesamplair, an cinneach sin "iompachadh a chum a chreidimh."

Bha Colum Cille a thaobh a phearsa, a chumhachd inntinn, agus ionnsachadh ro fhreagarrach airson an obair mhor agus iongantach a thugadh dha ri dheanamh—

"Is fìor, nach faigh am focal buaidh
A dh' aindeoin achd an teid a luaidh
A dh' easbhuidh cumhachd Dhe nan sluagh,
A bhi, 's an nair' g a chuideachadh.

Ach far 'n do chuir e roimhe féin,
A bhi le 'shoisgeul deanamh teum,
'N sin bheir e deasachadh is gleus,
Do 'n, Inneal reir na h-oibre sin."

Bha e ard, tlachdmhor na phearsa, a shuil ro bheothail, agus a ghuth cumhachdach gidheadh binn. 'Nuair bhith-eadh e seinn nan Salm chluinnto mìle air astar e. Bha e air mhodh chorpóra treun agus foghainteach, air alt 's gu'm buntain e moran saothair

agus allaban a ghiulan. Ge d' bha e
duineal neo-sgàthach agus smachdail,
bha e làn do shumpidheachd, dilseachd
agus caomhalachd. Nuair a bha
na tiodhlacaidh nadurra so, air am
maiseachadh le gràs agus e air uidh-
eamachadh le " ulluchadh soisgeil na
aithe," bha buaidh shònruichte aig
" claidheamh an spioraid " na laimh.
(*Gu' bhi air a leantuin.*) A. C.

EIGH O CHREIG-EILEACHAIDH:*

(O'N BHEURLA).

Thir nam Beann, nan Gleann, 's nan Coire,
Nan sruth cas, 's nan tuiltean mòr,
Leinn cha d' shaoil gu'm faic' an càrambs'
Air do fhridhean àrd' r'ar beò.

Feuch a nis tha feachd a's tréine
Na feachd *Chromueil* nan geur-lann—
'S colgarra na feachd Dhùic Uilleim
'Teachd mar thuil air Tìr nam beann !

'Trasdadh Thatha, 'casgadh Theamhuill,
'Snaidheadh sto- le buillean dian
Glacan beithe Coille-Chragaidh,
'Magadh air an cliù o chian !

Ainmean caomh' ! Ach dh' fhalbh an druiddh-
eachd !
Cluinn 'g an éigheach gill' an Ròid,
Blàr-an-Adholl ! Dail-an-Spideil !
Feuch Dail-Chuinnidh ! Agaidh-mhòr !

Gairidh druidd' le tòrr 'us daingnich,
Steud sinn suas 'n ar deann r'a taobh,
'Fudachadh a chaoidh o 'lochan
Codal tosdach nan linn aosd'.

Bàideanach nan gaillinn fiadhaich,
Anns an lionmhor liath-chlach mhòr,
'S carragh-cuirmhne bhlàran fuilteach—
Uaigneach cha bhi 'cnuic ni's mò.

Ghluais sinn tosdachd chian nan àrd-bheann,
'Steudadh sìos an gleann le gaoir,
Air Srath-Spé 'us Ratamhurchuis—
Fridhean àrd' nan giuthas aosd'.

'Mhuc 's an Torc† theich as 'n an deann-ruith !
Beinn ri beinn gu teann a' stri !
Sgòrr, 'us creag, 'us sliabh a' ruidhleachd—
'S gann a " sheas Creag-Eileachaidh l'†

* *English by* PRINCIPAL SHARP, St. Andrews.

† Sow of Atholl and Boar of Badenoch, two con-
tiguous mountains, the one on the Atholl side, and
the other on the Badenoch side of the hill of Drum-
maisdair.

† "Stand fast Craigellaiche," is the war-cry of the
Clan Grant.

'S a' Ghleann-mhòr, 'n Gleann-Feiscidh uaigne-
nach,
Suas air fad an cluaintean glas',
C'uinnear sgàl an fheadain bhuaireant',
'S àirde fuaim na 'n casau cas'.

Carbaid iarunn ged is neònach,
'S neònaiche an luchd do shluagh—
Sràidean Lunnuinn air an taomadh
Mach air raointean an Taoibh-Tuath !

Sas'naich, Frangaich, spailp, 's luchd-turuis,
Ann an uidheam do gach lì !
Brigis fharsuinn, pòcan leathrach,
Brògan lainn'reach, 's osain shìod' !

'S anns 's gach uinneig carbaid, maighdean
'G ràdh, 's i 'sealltuinn suas gu dian :
" 'S ainmean neònach Carn-an-t-sabhail,
Beinn-mac-duibhe, || 's am Braidh'-ria'ch !"

'S beag an sgoinn's do'n bholtrach chùbhraidh
'Dh' èireas ùr o lus 's o chrann,
'S uillt a' ruith feadh ghleann gu fuaimneach,
'S tosdachd shòiluint' bhuan nam beann !

'S coma leò-san Loch-an-eilein,
Loch-nan-dorb, 's a dhaingneach liath,
'N Cuimeanach 'us 'euchdan gabhaidh,
'S Faol-chu Bhàideanaich o chian.

O Chùirn-ghuirm ! 'us thus, Bhràigh'-riabh-
aich !
Tilgibh sìos mu 'r creagan neòil,
Chum nach dean na daormuinn 'thruagha
Tarcuis air 'ur cruachan mòr'.

'Dian-ruith seach ! Cluinneadh Cuil-fhodair,
'N àir' gairm-chogaidh Threubh, an
fhuaim's ;
Crìohtnaicheadh gach coill' mu'n Mhan'-
chuinn—
Dhruim, mu'n iadh gach àille, gluais-a' !

'Sior-dhol tuath, a chaoidh cha srianar
Na h-eich iarunn 'n an steud dheirg,
Gus am bòdhrar le an srannail
Creagan geala Rudh' na-Feirg'.

'N fheudar buileach do na Gaidheil
Triall o 'n àrvis 'measg nan gleann !
'Chuid 's a chuid an saltair Sas'naich
Tur fo'n casan Tìr nam beann !

Fineachan a chean' air dibreadh,
Ceòl na plob' 'dol as gu luath ;
'M bàsaich tur & Tìr nan àrd-bheann
Gàidhlig àdhmhor aosd' nam buadh !

" 'S coma, 'deir thu, "ged a rachadh
Na seann chleachdaidhean air chùl,

|| Beinn-Mhuc-Duibbe (Ben-Maoduff) ; or, Beinn-
muc-duibbe (the mountain of the black sow).

Bheir an Triath gu buil tre 'n agrìos-san
Criocean ris mach 'eil do dhùil !"

Feudaidd sin 'bhi ; ach 'n toir Innleachd,
Le a h-ealdhain mhin 's a snas,
'Treun-laoidh cholgarran nan ard-bheann,
No 'n seann chàirdeas ris air ais !

Ni h-eadh ; ach ge mor am buannachd
Far an tig an cruaidh-ghaoir ghrann'd,
Dh' fhalbh gu tur a' bhuaidh 's an druidh-
eachd,
'S cha bhi 'Ghàidh'ltachd chaoidh mar bha !

Ach tha fathast glacan bruachach
'Dhùisgeas annam smuaintean àrd',
'S glinn gun àireamh nach do thruailleadh,
'S iomadh dìthreabh uamhalt, fhàs ;

Iomadh allt an coirean uaigneach,
O sheann fhuarain 'g éiridh suas,
'Taomadh 'n linnean dorch' an uisge,
'S caorann ruiteach air gach bruaich ;

Iomadh loch, le creagan cuairticht',
'Tàmh gun bhruailean 'measg nam beann,
Air nach d' thàinig slighe duine,
No fear-turuis fathast teann ;

Iomadh sgòrr, mar 'iolair mhara,
Suas fa chomhair laidhe gréin',
Gael-cheannach le stùchdan cruachach,
'Beachdach' 'chuain 's nan Eilean céin.

Fàilnicheadh iad sin, 'us théid mi
Gu creig éigin 'measg nan stuadh,
'Mhealtuinn saorsa, gus an crochar
Drochaidean os-ceann a' chuain !

EAD. LE A. C.

DUN BHRUSGRÌGH AGUS IAIN

Bha so air a chur r'a cheile 'nuair a
bha 'n t-ùghdar na oganach beag, air
da Ghaidealachd fhagail agus dol a
dh'fhuireach do bhaile mòr Dhùneidin.
Dà bhliadhna roimhe so chaill uach-
daran Ila an òghreachd. Bha 'n
t-uasal so ro chaoimhneil ris an tuath
agus bha dulichinn mhòr orra 'nuair a
bhrìst e. Bha oighreachd air a cur fo
cheileadair ris an abradh iad Brown,
agus maille ris bha seambarlair ris an
abradh iad Webster. Bha maoir aca
so deas aig an laimh ris an abradh iad
"am Boc," mar fhar ainm, agus thei-
readh iad "a Chaora" ris an fhear eile.

Bha 'n tuath air an cur thuige gu mor,
le riaghladh nan daoine so, dh' fhag
cuid mhòr dhiu an tìr, 's chaidh na
fearuinn aca chur fo chaorich 's crodh.
S' ann le cridheachan goirt a dh' fhag
cuid dhiu an dachaidhean, 's a chuir-
eadh air falbh-cuid eile dhiu as na
h-àiteachan ud far an d' rugadh 's
an do thogadh iad, far an do chaith
an athraichean 'us an sean-athraichean
an laithean gu toilichte. 'S iomad aite
dhuiling mar so anns a Ghaidheltachd,
agus b'ann diu gleann Chatadal far an
robh air an àm so dà bhaile dheug
fearuinn 's moran tuath agus gillean
treun a bha ghnàth ullamh gu coir na
dùthcha agus na Ban-Rìgh asheasamh.
Bha iad mar gu 'm b'ann air an
iomain air falbh agus treudan mòr
chaorach agus chruidh air an iomain
n'an aite, agus cha bu bheag sgeig na
muinntir ud 'nuair a bha so air a
dheanamh leo, gun smaointean idir aca
gu faod an latha tighinn 'nuair a
bhitheas gairm air a dheanamh a
measg nan gleann air son dion na
rioghachd, ach cha'n fhaigh iad do
fhreagairt ach meilich nan caorach
agus gèimnich a chruidh, a bhithis ag
ionaltradh a measag nan lathrichean
fasa, far 'm bheil dreasdan 's feandagan
a comharachadh a mach far am b'abh-
aist an teintean a bhi.

ARS IAIN.

"A Dhuin Bhrusgrigh nan cas chreag,
Ged bha mi tacan air falbh uat ;
Thainig smaointean fo m' aigne
Gu tighinn a shealltuinn do ghorm-bhrat,
'S gun gabhainn sealladh o'd chuirnan,
Air gleannan cubraidh nan tolman,
Far an d'fhuair thu do leaba,
'S Leac-an-darraich na colbh dhi,
'S cha'n 'eil i lag.

" 'S iomadh linn chuir thu tharad.
Is garbh 'char chuir an gnomh ort,
Cha'n e sin tha fui m' ahuing
Ach pairt de dh'eachdruidh na linn so.
Innis dhomh mu m' l'uchd duthcha
Ciod an curs' an do thriall iad,
Cha'n 'eil a h-aon dhiu ri f'haicinn
Ris a' leiginn mo bhriathran
Ged bhithinn lag.

"Tha mi faicinn nam bailtean
'S an tric robh aighear 's toillinntinn,
Na'n lathraichean farsuinn
Gun faagadh na dìon ann.
'N aite gleadhraich nan cairdean
Nan seisreach 's nan cliathan,
Anns an earrach cha'n fhaic mi
Ach cibear 's madadh r'a chliathaich
'N sa h-uile srath."

"Tha na h-innisean maiseach
'S an tric a thagail mi 'm oige,
Na lagain tha faagach
Le fuarainn 's biolair mu 'm poran.
Gach gleann, gach cnoc, 's glacag
Gach srath agus mointeach,
Tha iad uile mar b'abhaist,
Ach c'aic 'eil na cairdean 's na h-eolaich
A chai' chur as."

ARS AN DUN.

"Ma 's e Gall a tha labhairt
Gabh mo chomhairle trathail,
Cuir car ann a d' chasaig
'S thoir ort sìos chois na traghadh.
Ged tha sibh laidir 'san tìr so
'S air 'ur lìonadh le ardan,
Cha dean sibh amadan dhiomsa
Le cur a sìos air na Gaidheail
Nach d'rinn dhuibh cron."

IAIN.

"A Dhnin' aosda nan glas-chreag
'Se a th'annam fìor Ghaidheal,
A dh'fhag an tìr so car tamuil
'S tha measg nan Gallaibh a chomnaidh.
Thug mi 'n sgrìob so dh'amharc
Gun fanaid no morchuis,
Dh'fheuch am faighinn uat aegula
Mu gach eucoir 's dolom
Air lla bho chd."

AN DUN.

"S iomadh aon thig am amharc
A bhios ri fanaid 's ri morchuis,
Ach 's iad na Goill tha mi 'gradhtim
Oir tha iad laidir 'san doigh so.
Le 'n ada' spairte mu'n cluasan,
'S dreach an fhuasdh air an srointean,
Cha'n fhaic 's cha'n fhin leo a Ghaeltachd
Ged chuir i loinn air na agrabain
Fhuair innte blàs."

"Ach tha mi tuigsinn od' chanain
Gur ann sa ghleann fhuair thu d' fhol'um,
Ged tha thu giulan na h-ada'
Si bhonaid chochte bu choir dhuit.
Bha do chairdean gu socair
Anns a ghleannan 'n an comhnuidh,
Ach trid nan triochdan aig Webster
A port-as-Marg gun d' sheol iad
A null do'n Ross."

"Tha moran thus'nach 'san am so
Anns a ghleann cur an ordubh'
Dhol thar na h-Atlantic
Chum gun seachain iad foirneart;
Chionn tha Brown agus Webster
Mar mhadaidh-alluidh gun trocair,
A cur thuige nan truaghani
'Sa toirt uatha guch fìorlinn
A gheibh iad ac'."

"Sana leam is duilich r'a aithris
Gu bheil na mathsinich dhileas
Air an eur as na fearain
Le ainneart 's dimeas.
Na Goill a faotuin an uachdar,
Ga'n ruagadh 's ga'n diobairt,
Anns gach baile cha chluinn mi
Ach falbh thar tuinn gus an tìr sin
A tha ro mhath."

"Tha cuid dhiu fagail na duthcha,
'S cuid dhiu sgrudadh na miltan,
Cuid gun fhios ciod a ni iad,
A trusadh bidh do na paisdean.
Gach maor a faotuin lan chosnadh,
Gach Boc 's gach Caora',
Mar choin air eil 's iad ri sodan
A chum bhi 'm broilleach gach Gaidheal
O'n tha iad bochd."

"O'n dh'fhailnich ceanard an Eilain
Tha lla sgeith as a cuid Ghnel,
'S cha'n 'eil aogas an gradaig
Gun d'theid stad air an ni so.
Ach gabh mo leisgeul car tamuil
Oir tha mi'n cabhaig an trath-so,
'Nuair thig thu rithist an rathad,
Bidh agam naigheachd is fearr dhuit,
'S mo bheannachd leat."

(Ra theantuinn.)

ORAN, AIR FOGRADH NAN GAIDHEAL.

AIR FOKN—"Tha mise fo mhulad 's an am."

'S fìor airdh air beannachd nam Bard,
Deagh Chomunn' nan àrmuinn fial,
A bheothach gach cleachdadh 'us gnàths
A bha aig na Gaidheal riamh
O'n 's toilleach leo fhaicinn 'an dan,
Mar sgapadh 's gach ceòrn an siol,
Nìor mheal mi idir mo shlàint,
Mur cuir mi gun dàil e 'sìos."

Na Gaidheal bha ainmeil 's gach linn,
Gu seasamh an rìgh 's a choir,
'S tric dhearbh iad le 'n armaibh 's an strì,
Nach fàighe fo chis an seors',
'Nàra éiridh 'n an éideadh gu grinn,
Le torman nam piob fo shìol,
'S iad thilleadh mar bhuinne 'na still,
Na thigeadh le spid 'n an coir."

Na beathraichean sgaitheach 'an streup,
A choisneadh le 'n euchdan buaidh,
An caismeachd mar thorunn o'n speur,
'Nàra tarruing nan gear lann cruaidh,

*The Edinburgh Highland Society.

Gum b' aigeantach, sgairteil an ceum,
A leantunn 'an dèigh na ruig,
'S 'n uair philleadh iad, 'gathris an sgeul,
'E 'm fasan 'bhi éibhinn, suaire.

Béir nàduir 's e thainig m' an cuairt,
Gu-n thaisgeadh 's an uaign na suinn,
'S sha-n fhaicear, an sliochd far 'm bu dual,
Ach ainneamh 'meas sluaigh theid cruinn,
'S ann lionadh a' fearann a suas,
Le colgrich gun truas, gun suim,
'S gur annsa leo mèillich nan uan,
'Na caithream o thuath an fhuinn.

Ghluais acaid roghuineach a' m' chri,
'S gu-n d'fhalbh uam mo chli, 's mo shunnd
Ri dèachdadh na 's fhiosrach m' fhin,
Mu tharruing na sgrìobha cìofir,
Sliochd ghaisgeach le achdaibh 'g am binn',
'Cur aitheabh m' an cinn 'n an smùr,
'S gan cartadh a mach as an tìr,
'Gun chaidir, gun mi, gun fìl.

Ba tuisreach a mhuigh air a' raon,
A chunnaic mi 'n aois 's an oig,
'Us géiread an acair 's an gaolr,
Cha-n fhalbh mi o m' smaoin ri m' bheo,
Gun dachaidh, gun fhaigeadh o ghaolth,
Ach tionail 'an taobh nam fìog,
Gu-m b' éiginn bhi gabhail mu sgaol,
'S a' fàgail nan caol fo sheol.

A's furasd' a thuit sinn, 's gur cinnt,
Na th' agam ri linn' 'n am sgeul,
Gur lionmhor trioblaid 'us teinn,
A choinnich ri u' tìr bhi cèin;
Ged b' fheadar dhoibh dealach' ri 'n glinn,
Tha pàirt d'heath an cri 'na 'n dèigh,
S ged chàrnadh iad airgid 'n a mhill,
Cha leighis e m' d'heath 'n creuchd.

O'n thréig iad gach fìreach 'us gleann,
Cha-n fhaicear ach Gall 's gach cùil,
'Am fochair a chaoirach gu trann,
'E 'cleachdadh a chaint 'r a chù,
Le 'bhreacan air fhilleadh m' a cheann,
'Us caogad car càm 'n a rùn,
'S gur fhearr leis an t-anam a chall,
'Na ribeag bhi gann a rùg.

O'n dh'fhalbh na gaisgich thar chuan,
Cha-n éisdear leinn duan no ceol,
Cha chluinnear caomh chailin gusaire,
Ri linnneag alg buar mu chro,
Cha-n fhaicear na seasgaich bu dual,
A siubhal gu ruag fir chroc,
Am beagan dhiubh sud nach do ghluais,
'S e th'orra 'n diugh tuar a bhroin.

Gu-n d'fhagadh Mac-talla fo phràmh,
'S gach ionad 'n robh abhaist ri amh,
'S ann tha e air leabaidh ri bàs,
A cumha nan sàr fhear fial,
A chumadh e 'n cleachdadh gach là,
'S do 'n tug e a ghràdh 's a mhiadh,
Cha-u fhuil leis an dream tha 'n an àit,
'S nach toir e a 'n canran ciall.

Ged shiubhlainn o Ghearr-loch an fheotr,
Gu 'n ruigian an t-Oban ciar,
Cha-n fhaicinn Ceann-taighe air fhod,
A dh-fhuirich a phor nan Triath,
'An àite nan leomhann 'bha coir,
'S e th' ann an diugh seorsa fiat,
Air sòn drochait 'us airgid 'n a spoig,
A thilgeas a coir a' siad.

E' fasan 'us aiteas nan Triath,
'Bha barrachd' am miadh 's am mairn,

'Bhi fuileachdach, calgach, 'nan triall,
'A' leantunn nam fiadh 's an stùc,
'Bhi saodh'adh an gilleann le iasg,
'S toir bhradan air fìar gu dìth,
'Bhi oranach, corrach, gle f'hal,
'Nam tionail nan cleag gu 'n Dàin.

'S na 'm b' fheadar dhoibh tachart' s an àr,
Cha ghabhadh iad sgàth no gruaim,
Bha fìr ac a sheasadh an càs,
'S a rachadh 'n am pàirt le h-uail,
Na mìlidhean colgarra, dàn',
'A ruigeadh le 'n stràchdan smuais,
'S a ghleidheadh an reachdan o thair,
Le lomairt nan stàillinn fuar.

Ach 's mithich 'bhi crìochn'adh mo dhàin,
Le focal no dhà 'chur sìos;—
Moshoraidh le dùrachd mo ghràidh,
A dh-ionnsaidh gach Gàidheal fìor,
'S e m' aiteas gum bi iad fàs,
'An urram, 's an stà gach làl,
'S gu-n tionail iad fathas' gu 'n àit,
'S gusapar a' chàth roimh 'n t-sìol.

LOCH-AILLSE.

CAITHREAM DO RIGH TEARLACH II.

(O' BHEURLA AN RIDIRE SCOTT).

FONN.—“*Dean cadal gu sàmhach,
A chuilcan 's a ruin.*”

Nall a' chuach—còrn nam buadh,
Lian a suas i dèur-làn;
Slàint' an Rìgh a's ro-ionmhuinn,
'S a luchd-leannmhuinn 's gach àit';
Air ur bonnaibh, a ghaisgeach!—
Air ur n-ais sibh, a ghràisg!
Ged robh 'm bàs anns an smearsadh—
Slàinte Thèarlaich-a-Dhà!

Tha e 'n cunnart 's air fògradh,
'S e gun chomhnadh, 's fo thuinn;
Ged is coirich a 's uìdh dha,
Fad bho 'dhùthchas gun suim;
Dh' indeoin teanntachd us chisean—
Ged 's fos n-leal ri 'radh—
Sìod air onair 's air dillseachd
Slàint an Rìgh, fear mo gràidh!

Biodh gach urram iar 'locadh
Mar a dhìolas an t-àm;
Air an làr biodh an glùn,
Air lainn, le dùrachd, an làmh;
'S thig mu'n eusair an là sùgach,
An còisir Dhiùc, Iarla 's Shàr,
An seinn an tròmpaid le stèarsadh:
Slàinte Thèarlaich-a-Dhà.

“Tha 'bhriogais so tuille 's goirid air mo shona,” ars' fear a fhuair briogais o thailleur Eirionnach. “Cìod an agil a th' agad as air briogais, amandain?” arsa'n t-Eirionnach. “Cha'n eil a bhriogais tuille 's goirid ann a chuir thusa do spògan grànnda chas tuille 's fada troimhe.”

CANADA.

Tha 'm barr agus cuisean eile air tionndadh a mach ro fhabharach a thaobh Chanada bho cheann fhada. agus gu h-araidh air a bhliadhna so, agus da reir, tha sìth, sonas agus pailteas ri fhaicinn 's gach aite, 's ri aithneachadh air gach gnais; agus gu cinnteach cha 'n ioghnadh sin, oir tha 'n duthaich air a beannachadh leis an Fhreasdail air iomadh doigh: cha 'n eil cogadh, plaigh no gainne a cur dragh oirre, mar a tha air iomadh cearna eile de 'n domhainn. Uime sin faodaidh sinn a radh le firinn, agus ann am beagan fhacal, gum bheil Canada aig a cheart am so, cho sona agus riarachta le crannchur, agus cho saor bho gach euslaint agus amhghar, ri aon chearna de 'n t-saoghal. Le Canada innsidh sinn a rithisd gu 'm bheil sinn a ciallachadh na sia mor-roinnean sin: Canada Ard agus Iosal, (no mar a theirear riutha a nise, Ontario agus Cuibec) New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Manitoba, (Duthaich na h-Aimhne Deirg) agus British Columbia,—oir tha British Columbia a nis air aonadh ri Canada. Tha so a cur Chanada a thaobh farsuingeachd fearuinn, a measg nan duthchanan a's motha, 's a's farsuing 's an t-saoghal—morann a's motha na Staidean America fhein, ge ainmeil iad, agus mu 'n cuairt air an aon mheud ris an Roinn-Eorpa gu leir; agus cha 'n 'eil a nise a dhith oirre ach an luchd-aiteachaidh airson a cur a measg nan duthchanan 's cumachdaich 's a's beartaiche. Tha de dh'fhearann fàs eadar na mor-roinn so, ni nach teirig ann an aireamh mor bhliadhnachan, agus fearann cho math agus cho torach, 's a tha ri fhaighinn an aite 's am bith, agus cho fallainn ri aon chearna de 'n t-saoghal.

Cha d' rinn uachdranachd Chanada a bheag bho cheann fhada, gu luchd iomruich a chuireadh agus a stiùireadh do 'n duthaich so, ach tha iad a nise air beothachadh thun na cuis, agus a toirt gach misneach a ghabhas deanamh, do dhaoine stuama, dichìollach gu dachaidh a dheanamh dhoibh fhein 's an duthaich fharsuing, sheasgair so. Tha moran de dh'fhearann aig New Brunswick, Canada Ard agus Iosal, agus duthaich na h-Aimhne Deirg, air a chur air leith mar fhearann saor, air son luchd iomraich, agus gach misneach' agus comhnadh a ghabhas deanamh, aca ga thoirt dhaibh gu tighinn ga aiteach.

Anns an aireamh mu dheireadh, thug sinn beagan seachad mu 'n chuis so, bho *Chuairteir nan Gleann*, a bha air a chur mach bho cheann deich bliana thar fhichead, le fìor charaid nan Gaidheal, an Dr. Macleoid, nach maireann. Co-dhuinidh sinn so le bhi tarruing bho 'n aon cheudna, mu Chanada agus an t-sluagh 's freagarraiche air son tighinn ann, agus tha sinn a cur ar làn aontaris gach facal deth. Gheibhear na leanas ann an *Cuairteir nan Gleann*, 1841:

Cha 'n eil Canada fhathas ach 'na h-óige, ach tha i' g eiridh gu luath ann an luach agus ann an cumhachd, agus gu dearbh cha 'n iongantach so, oir tha iomad ni a' co' aontachadh chum soirbheachadh leis an duthaich mhòir so. Tha i air ioma doigh air a beannachadh le freasdail Dè; agus uair no uaireiginn bidh Canada 'na duthaich co mór 's cho-cumhachdach ri Breatunn fein.* Tha 'n tìr so anabharach tarbhach, agus nam biodh a' choill air a' gearradh agus an tìr air a h-aiteachadh, 's duilich a radh cia lionmhor an sluagh a dh' fhaodadh tamh ann le oothrom, agus ann am pailteas. Cha 'n eil slèibhteann arda lóm neo-thrach fo chreagan agus fo fhraoch ann mar th' ann an Gáidhealtachd Albainn, no bog-

* Bha e an so a ciallachadh Canada Ard amhain.

laichean agus móintichean farsuing nach urrainnear a chur gu feum mar th' ann an Eirinn; ach faodar an dùthaich uile chur fo bharr agus fo fheur coimhail ri machraiche na Gàldachd, no Shasunn. Am bitheantas tha'n dùthaich còmhnaidh isal, agus far a' bheil beanntan, ma dh'fhàodar beanntan a radh riutha, tha iad fo choille gu 'm mullaichean.

'Se ni a's iongataich' ann an Canada na lochan uisge tha ann; a thaobh am meud agus an doimhneachd, tha iad a' toirt barr air lochan-uisge 'n t-saoghail; tha gach loch dhiubh mar chuan mòr. Is mòr 'nar beachd-ne Loch-Odha, Loch-Laoimunn, Loch-Nis, Loch-tatha's Loch-Fireann, ach cha 'n fhearr iad na luban beaga 'n coimeas ris na lochan farusing tha san dùthaich m'a bheil sinn a' labhairt; cuid diubh mar tha *Lake-Superior*, tri cheud agus tri fichead mil' air fad, agus seachd fichead mil' air leud! Tha astar chòig-cheud-deug mile' ceithir thimchioll an loch-uisge so, agus tha daoine 'deanamh a mach gu bheil e dlùth air mìle troidh air doimhneachd. Tha tri no ceithir dhiubh so dlùth d'a chèile; agus a' tearbadh Chanada uachdrach o rìoghachd America the air an taobh eile. O loch gu loch dhiubh so tha aibhnichean a' ruith, a' meudachadh gu mòr mar tha iad a' dol air an aghaidh, gus a bheil an abhainn mhòr d' an ainm an *St. Lawrence* a tòiseachadh. Tha 'n abhainn so dlùth do cheud mil' air leud far a' bheil i ruigheachd a' chuain. Tha dà mhìle do mhìltean o'n àit' o'm bheil an abhainn mhòr so ag éiridh, 'ionnsuidh an àite 'bheil i 'coinneachadh na fairge. Tha eileanan àillidh luachmhor air na lochan-uisge so, cuid diubh tri fichead mìle air fad. Tha aon àit' air an abhainn mhòr so tha air ainmeachadh "loch nam mìle eilein"; chunndadh iad, agus tha seachd-cheud-deug eilean ann aon ruith air an abhainn so. Tha iad do gach cumadh agus meudachd, fo choille dhreachmhoir, agus uile gu lèir anabharach àillidh ri amharc orra 's ri seòladh 'nam measg. Anns na h-aiteacha sin far a' bheil loch a' tuiteam a stigh do loch eile mar tha iad a' tearradh le leathad chum a' chuain, tha aruthan brasa, agus leumannan uisge nach 'eil an coimeas ri fhaicinn anns an t-saoghail gu lèir.

Tha abhainn mhòr eile ris an abair iad an *Ottawa*; an dèigh dhi ruith ceithir cheud agus leth-cheud mìle troimh thir

cho tarbhach 's a tha r'a faotainn, agus troimh choille cho dosrach reachdmhor 's a tha 'cinntinn air' thalamh, a' tuiteam a stigh do'n abhainn *St. Lawrence*. Anns an àite far a' bheil iad a' còmhlaichadh a cheile, tha eileanan luachmhor, agus 'sann air a h-aon diubh sin a tha 'm baile mòr *Montreal* air a thogail.

Tha e soilleir o so gu bheil air na lochan-uisge so agus air na h-aibhnichean so slighe fad fichead ceud mìle, a' ruith suas o iochdar gu braighe na duthcha, air am faodar malairt agus marsantachd an t-saoghail a ghiulan. Anns na h-aiteachan sin far a' bheil aon loch a' tuiteam a stigh, agus le so leum-nisg ann nach leig le soitheach dfreadh no tearnadh, tha claisean-uisge, *canals*, air an deanamh, air a' bheil na soitheachan air an giulan air an aghaidh gun mhoille no grabadh air bith a' tachairt. Tha fearann na dùthcha so tarbhach, 's tha 'n duthaich fèin fallain, ged tha 'n t-sìd fuar. Ach ged tha 'n t-sìd fuar, tha i tioram, agus math-dh' fhaoidte nach 'eil ceatharnaich a' seasamh air bonn bròige cho calma, churanda, làidir ri Gàidheil *Chanada*.

Cha 'n eil pòr a chinneas an Sasunn nach fas san duthaich so; tha cuid do thalamh ann 's an cinn an tombac' agus cainb. Airson coille tha i 'n so do gach seòrsa; 'se saothair an t-sluaigh bhi 'ga gearradh chum a sgrìos, agus g'a losgadh. Tha 'chraobh-ubhall a' fas ann an Canada gu reachdmhor; tha iad a' beathachadh mhuc leis na h-ùbhallan, agus a' deanamh na thogras iad do dh-fhlòin (*Cyder*) dhoibh fèin diubh, deoch tha tainteach fionnar ri teas an t-samhraidh. Tha 'n geambradh, mar chi sinn 'na dhèigh so, anabarrach fadhaich agus fuar; ach aon uair 'n tig an reothadh gu math a stigh tha 'n t-sìd tioram fallain. Tha 'n sneachd an sin cho cruaidh 's gu 'n ruith eich le slaoid agus cuirn air 'uachdar 'nan làn luathas gun uiread a's lorg an coise fhagail.* So an t'am an abhaist doibh am barr a chur gu muileann 's gu cladach, am, chum na h-uile goireas fhaotainn o aiteachan fad' as; tairngidh aon each le carn no sload, barrachd air an àm so na dheanadh ceithir dhiubh air an rathad mhòr san t-samhradh. 'Se so an t-am a's cridhela 's a's aighearaich' air feadh na bliadhna; cairdean a' falbh 's a' tighinn,

* Bha e le so a ciallachadh na roidean, far an bi an sneachda air a stampadh cruaidh le cois-mheachd dheòine agus bheithichean.

sùgradh agus suilbhearrachd, taghall agus
ceilidh eadar bhalltean, pailteas r'a fhaod-
tainn 's r'a sheachnadh, agus tha 'n aoidh-
eachd agus an fhialaidheachd a's cair-
deala dol air aghaidh. Mur 'eil aite-codail
sna tighean-comhnuidh a dh' fhòghnas
doibh uile, tha ann na dh' fhòghnas do
na mnathan, agus tha "leaba mhòr na
h-àiridh" ann an sabhal fiodha airson nan
daoine; tha ceòl agus dannsa, orain agus
fheadhachas cairdeil a' dol air aghaidh;
agus mar so, le leughadh agus seanachas,
tha 'n oidhche gheamhraidh a' dol seachad.

(Gu ùhi air a leanuinn.)

NIAGARA.

A Thi mhoir a chruthaich na Duilean,
'Sa shocruch an Cruinne,
Le d'ghairdean cumbachdach neartmhor,
Air a bhunait;
'S gloirmhor an obair a rinn thu,
Niagra ainmeil,
An t-Eas mòr a rinn thu chumadh,
'S an t-sean almsir.
'Sud an t-Eas loghantach loghmhor,
Eas mor na garraich,
Eas ciotranach lughlais na smuldrich
'S na bùirich ghàbhaidh;
Eas fuaimnearra lobhar na beucail
A leum na steallaidh
Thar bhile' nan creagan àosmhar,
Na chaoiribh geala,
Gu sridagach, sradagach, sneachdghéal
'S a dhreach soilleir;
A tearnach 'o bhraigh gu lochdar,
Le dian bhoile;
Sruth uaine briseadh na mullach,
'S e ruith na dheannaibh,
Thar bharrach nan stocan airde,
Le gair' mhaireann;
Lealachdrich ghallbheach a' tuiteam,
An slugan domhath,
Gu linneachaibh du-ghorm doillear,
A goll mar chòire.
An t-aigéal ga thionndadh o'n lochdar,
Le fior ginneart,
'S an glais uisge 'bruchdadh an uachdar,
Le luatha saighd;
An linne ga sholstreadh 's ga maistreadh,
Troimhe chelle,
'S i fògladh a brollich-duibh,
Ris na speuraibh.
Fìogantach an sealladh bhi faicinn.
Deatach lath-ghlas,
Ag èirigh anns an athar,
Ri latha grianaich;
'Nuair shealladh tu fad air astar,
Air an lochnach.
'Se theireadh tu gur bata-toite,
A bh' ann le smuldrich:
Ach 'nuair thigeadh tu 'm fagus da
Ghabhail beachd air,
Throm-fhluachadh an cathadh caoir-ghéal
Le braonaibh deail thu.
'S chitheadh tu am bogha fois
Le dhathaidh aghlamhach,
Ged bhiodh sìde thòram sheagair,
Anns an iormailt.
Am min-lusge a tuiteam mu'n cuairt dhuit,
Air an ailean,
'San fhaiche gu h-urail uaine,
Mar a b'ail leat;
Nàcrachban a cinntinn dostrach,
'S lusan ùr-ghorm,
'A fas le feartaibh na greine,

Gu reith fo 'n drùchd ud.
Na liasan a tha mu d'fhìochtioll.
Cha'n iarr uisge,
Chan aithne dholbh idir tiormachd
Ri almsir iotagich,
Cha tuigear leo ciod a 's ciall do
Bhi gun fhìoch,
Ged thean 'fheadh gach aite mun cuairt doibh
Mar chruas cloiche.
Tha 'n t-athar gun ghoinne gun chomhnadh
A' taomadh feartan
A storas do-thraghadh na h-almhne
Gu saobhir beartaich;
Dh'fhag aghaidh an fhuinn ud
A dh'oidhche 's a latha
Gu h-urail uaine-fheurach aluinn,
A' fas gu fàlain,
Nuair theireadh tu sìos do 'n t-slugan
Gu oir an uisge.
Bhodhradh an tormanach uamhaidh,
Do chluasan buileach.
Nuair shealladh tu 'n sin mun cuairt duit,
Air a' chas-shruth
Chluieadh e do cheann 'na thuaineal,
'S tu 'nad bhreislilich;
Us nuair thigeadh tu 'm fagus do 'n
Phlaide lla-ghlais,
Tha 'n crochadh ri aghaidh na creige,
Bhiodh geilt us fiamh ort,
Nuair sheideadh a' ghaoth gu laidir
'S an t-uisge frasach.
'Ga chathaidh gu fadhaich a' d' aodunn,
Gach taobh g' an teich thu,
Mar latha gallbheach 'san fhaolteach
Le gaoth us uisge,
A fhluchadh am pròba na sul thu,
'S a dhruigheadh tur ort.
Mar oisig o inneal seididh,
Fuirneis iarunn,
'S amhluidh ghaath sgalanta chruaidh ud,
Thig le dian-neart,
Eadar a charrag agus a steall a tha
Nuas a' tuiteam:
An comdach a tha air do cheann
'S gann gu fuirich;
Shoilleadh tu gun d' èirich doinnionn
Anns an iarmailt;
Ach trian chan urainn mi aithris
De gach lochnadh,
A tha ri fhaicinn air an Eas ud,
An t-Eas cluieach;
Bu mhòrdhalach e gun teagamh:
Ma tha iongantas air an t-saoghal
'S aon diubh easan:
Milltean tunna gach mionaid
A' tuiteam comhladh
Thar bhile na creige do'n linne,
'Na aon mhòr shruth,
Us dluth air oehd fìhead troidhean
Anns an leum ud,
O bnaigh gu lochdar na creige
'Na seasamh dìreach;
'S a chreag ud gu h-ard aig a mullach
Air chumadh leith-chruinn,
Cosmhail ri cruith an eich charbaid
No leith cearcaill;
An t-uisge a sputadh 'na steallaibh
A mach gu fada;
O bhoun na creige san linne
Fìchedh siat uaisp;
Chluinneadh tu thorman seachd mille
Uailh air astar:
Mar thairn'each anns na speuraibh
Ri beucaich neartmhor.
'S nuair bhiodh tu 'nad sheasamh laimh ris
B' amhluidh thartar,
Us mille carbaid air cabsair
Nan deann dol seachad:
Gu'n èirthead an t-athar mun cuairt duit
Leis na buillibh,
Tha 'n t-uisge trom a' shìor bhuiladh
Air o'n mhuilach;

Us maoth-obhith air an talamh throma
Fo bhonn do ohasan;
Mar mhothaichear laitha-stoirmeil,
Tigh 'ga chrathadh;
Ach ged bhuodh mille teang' am bheul,
Chan innis an uille
Na h-iongantais a th'air an Eas ud,
Mar sin aigiream.

D. B. B.

AN LON-DUBH.

LE EOGHAN MACCOLLA.

[Rinneadh an dàn a leanas goirid an deigh
bás maighinn do 'n d'thug am bàrd mòr-speis,
agus air bhí dha son latha 'coimhead an ionaid
anns an tric a chum é còmhail rithe—badan
coille far a d' eisd e ri lon-dubh a' seinn 'óran.
tiamhaidh air geug am fagus do 'n áite 'san do
thachair dha bhí 'na shuidhe.]

A Lon-duibh, a Lon-duibh, O gur beag tha
thú 'm feum
Air teicheadh bhuam féin le do cheòl;
B'è 'n sealgair gun umhail a chuireadh 'nad
dhéidh
An luaidh' leis am faodadh do leòn.

A Lon-duibh, a Lon-duibh, 's leat-sa 'n diugh
thar gach sun
An ribheid is fearr thig air m' fhonn;
Cha n' eil mi gidheadh gun mhòr iogna' ciod é
Dh-fhag d' óran co dolasach, trom.

A Lon-duibh, 'bheil do leannan riut coimh-
each no dùr,
'S i gu proiseil a' diultadh leat tàmh?
O, 's cinnteach nach eil,—b' ias 'ghogaid gun
tùr
Nach mealladh 's nach maoth'cheadh do
dhàn!

A Lon-duibh, 'nè gu'n d' fhuair an druid
buaaidh ort ri ceòl
Dhùig buaireas 'us bròn ann ad-chrios?
No 'n d' fhuair thu an nead 's an robh d'
iseinean òg
Air an goid bhuait le gàrlach gun iochd!

A Lon-duibh, a Lon-duibh, tha mi 'cuimh-
neachadh nis!
Bha 'n clamhan an rathad so 'n dó:
'S mòr m' eagal gu' n d' réub é do chéile 'sa'
phreas,
'Gad fhàgail-sa dubhach 'na déigh.

A Lon-duibh, ma's fìor sud, tha mi dulich
do d' thaobh,
Le co-fhaireacain chaoinh, mar is dual
Do neach tha 'nad chor 'faicinn ceart a chor
féin:
Eisd, 'us innsidh aobhar mo ghruaim.

A Lon-duibh, 's dearbh gur cuimhne leat rìbh-
inn mo ghaoil,
An cailin a b' aobhaiche anuadh,

'S is tric a dhéid còmhla rium d' óran 's a,
chraoibh,
Ann an còill Bhaile-m-taoir an eud shuas.

A Lon-duibh, mar dhrùc Maighe fe bhàth-
shùil na gréin
Bho 'n talamh rinn m' eudail grad-thriall;
Bha h-ionmhaigh cho nòamhuidh 's nach seghn-
adh leam féin
Na h-ainglibh bhí 'n déigh air mo chiall.

A Lon-duibh, a Lon-duibh, nis 'an coille nam
blàdh—
Leig leam a bhí lèmh riut a' caoidh:
Cha 'n ann do na h-uille eun dhinnisinn fàth
Trom-ònsaidhean cràiteach mo-chri!

Ach etadem mo bhròn: 'S òk mo chòir air
bhí 'caoidh,
'Cur milleadh air aoibhneas mo ghràidh;
B' fhearr sealltain gu fòil air an dòigh anns
am faod
Mi bhí fathast 'na caoin-chaidreamh blà.

SEONAIÐ, FLUR BOIDHEACH A
GHLINN.

(O'N 'DHEURLA.)

Tha 'ghrian air dol sìos nis air cùla Bheinn-
Loimunn;
'Toirt áite do neulta is òr-bhuidhe loinn,
Smi 'n so fcasgar Ceitein a 'farsan 'n am aonar,
Dluth-smuainteach' air Seonaid, Flur bòidh-
each a Ghlinn.
Ged's millis an Earra-dhreas le 'dhearg-ghua-
cùbhraidh,
Ged's àillidh am Beithe 'na ghorm-thrus-
gan grunn,
Gur h-àille's gur milae, 's gur riomhaiche
dhò'-sa
Mo Sheonaid bhàn òg—Fìthran bòidheach a
Ghlinn.

Tha i modhail na gluasad—cùin, maiseach,
gun ghuaiseis,—
Do no-chiontas intinn fhuair m' annsachd
làn roinn:
O guma fad' uaispe an slaeiteir mi-shuairce
Air droch diol a dh' fhàgadh Fìthran Aluinn a'
Ghlinn!
A Smeòraich! cum suas do bhinn dhuanaig do
'n fheagar,
'S gle ehaouh le maetalla nan creag ud do
rann:
Ach 's caoimhe leam féin, gach deagh-bheus'
rinn mo thàladh
Ri Seonaid bhàn, òg—Fìthran bòidheach a'
Ghlinn.

Mu 'm faca mi Seonaid, b' fhaoin sòlas mo
làithean,
Cha robh aigh arr a bhaile 'nam aithre aoh
faoin;

Ni mò b'eol domh son nionag a theumadh gu gràdh mi

Gus an d' fhuair mi mo shùil air Flùr cùbhraidh a Ghlinn.

Ged bu leam-sa gun dàil staid co àrd 'sa tha mi dhùthaich,

Gun ise ri m' thaobh bhithinn sonarach, tinn,

'S mi cunntas mar neoni gach onoir 'us stòras A dh' easbhuidh mo Sheòsaid—Flùr boidheach a Ghlinn. EAD. LE P. C.

BATHURST, ONT.

NOTE. *Dumblane* is a corruption of *Dumblane*—the latter being in its turn *Dun-bhlathain* (i.e., the hill of flowers), Anglicised.

TUIREADH SEANN FHLEASGACA.

SHISD.

Tionndaidh nis is elsd,
Tionndaidh, tionndaidh, 's gabh gu feum,
'S na dean-sa mar a rinn mi fein,
Thoir te a measg na'n callegan.

'S tha mise 'n so an dlugh leam fhein,
Gun agam n' a ni dhomh feum;
Gun mhart, gun each, gun bheathach spreidh,
Gun chearc, gun gheadh, gun tunnagan.

'Sa 'nuair a bha mi a'm ghill' og,
Bha caoraich agam 's crodh gu leor;
Co thelreadh rium an sin ri'm bheo,
Gu'm faicinn la-cho uir easbhuidheach.

Mo mhallachd aig an fhear gu brath
Nach tagh a bhean 'nuair bhios e traigh',
Gun f'heilidh gus an tig an lan
No bithidh e bathte le cunnartan.

'S beag a shaoil mi 'n laithean m' oig,
Gu'm bithinn-se gun neart gun treoir;
Gun bhean, gun mhaic, gun neach am choir
A bheilreadh dhomhse comh-fhurtachd.

'Sa bhothan bhochd 'an so leam fhein,
Am dbragh do chach, 's mi fein gun fheum;
Gach la a dol ni's diuithe do'n eug,
'S gun neach n'am dheigh le n' duilich mi.

Is 'Tillean caoinichibh am fear,
Am feadh 's a bhitheas a ghrian a' dears';
Oir thig an aols au uine ghearr,
'S f'fhearr leibh gun robh bean agaibh.

Cha'n ioghna' clod a d'heilreadh dhomhsa',
'S an car a thoir a te le 'n' dheoin;
Oir dh'fhag mi n'ighean steidheil choir,
An toir air stòras amaideach.

Chall' mi 'n stòras, chall' mi 'n treud,
Cha d'fhuair mi 'n te bha mian deigh;
'S an te a gheibhinn, 's thug dhomh speis,
Thug mi le eacòr car aiste.

Tha ise 'n dlugh comath 'sa miann,
Tha aise fear is iomadh ceud;
Tha mise 'n so 'nam bhodach liath,
Thug iomadh bliadhna fo a'rsneal.

Is dh'innis mise nis mar bha,
'So gabhaibh rabhadh uamha tra;
'S ma's toigh leat 'te, thoir dhi do lamh,
Is gu brath na bi na d' *Bhathcheilear*.

J. C.

OISEIN: A 'LINN AGUS A BHARDACHD.

Faodaidh cairdean agus eascairdean an treun-bhaird Oisein an aidmheil so a thogail le cheile, gum bheil a radh fein araon firinneach agus freagarrach:

"Sgeul ri aithris air am o aois;
Gniomharan laithean nam bliadhnachan a dh'aom."

"An Seallama, an Taura no'n Tighmori,
Cha-n 'eil slige no oran no clarsach;
Tha iad uile nan tulaichean uaine,
'S an clachan nan cluainibh fein;
Cha'n fhaic aineal o'n lear no o'n fhasach
A h-aon diu 's a bharr ro neul."

Cha'n 'eil ni's mo oighean nan rosg
mall aig Morni a' bualadh clarsaich no
togail dain. Tha clarsach gun teud 'am
Morbheinn: cha'n 'eil guth no ceol an
Cona: thuit araon an triath 's am bard,
's cha'n 'eil cliu 'san aird ni's mo.
Cha'n 'eil lann a' bualadh beum-sgeithe.
Tha Fionnghal nan iomadh beus 'us
buaidh ann an stri nan lann, 'us Oisein,
bard milis caomh nam fonn, 'us Oscar
gaisgeach mòr meannach ard nam feart,
maile ri treun-laoich na Feinne a thog
oran 's a laimhsich claidheamh anns na
laithean a bha 's a dh'aom,—tha iad
uile, 'nan cainnt fein, nan ciar thalla a'
sealg feidh dhoilleir nan niall. Mhar-
caidh iad uile ann an laithean nam
bliadhnachan a dh'fhalbh, air iomall an
sgiathan le greadhnachas gu clann nam
Fionn, 'Am Morbheinn cluiteach nan
sruth gaireach 's nan aonaichean neul-
ach sprochdach, cha'n 'eil le siol nan sar-
ghaisgeach sgiath leathan g' a sgaoil-
eadh, no claidheamh geal g' a tharruing;
ni's mo cha chrathar craosnach agus cha
seinnear dan catha baoisge le laoch ard
dhuineil aiginneach Fhionnghail mhoir
nan sleagh, 'nuair a bhitheadh gach
suil air lann 'us tuar 'righ ard nam
beum 's nam beusan mòr.

Cha robh na linntean tearc anns an
robh bardach na Feinne—nan-orain
chaomha chiuin a b' abhaist do mhile
bard air mile clarsaich agus cruit chiul

a sheinn ann an talla fhial mac Chaomhail, air an giulan a nuas le beul aithris o ghinealach gu ginealach, gus fadheoidh an d'eirich buidheann de dhaoine foghlumte suaice, aig an robh mòr-mheas air na dain d' am bu nòs aighear agus sunnd a dhusgadh le 'm fuaim thiamhaidh fhonnmhor ann an luchairtean nam Mòrbheinn, an trath a bhiteadh an-t-slige 'dol mun cuairt, agus solàs 'us thusalachd air àm faireachduinn ann am bròn 's an tuireadh dian na sìthe. Mun rannsuich sinn na doighean trid an robh dain Oisein air àn gleidheadh air chuimhnè rè uine co fada agus co dorcha; 'us mun gabh sinn beachd air an am agus air a' mhodh a bha iad fadheoidh air àn cruinneachadh le Seumas Mac a' Phearsainn agus Gaidheil threun-inntinneach theochridheach agus ealanta eile, bithidh èiomchuidh dhuinn pilltinn air 'ur n' ais, agus feuchainn, le comhnadh nan agoilearan a rinn feum co maith de na gathannan faoin a tha 'nis agus a rithist a dearsadh anns an dorchadas, an dean sinn a mach suidheachadh nan Gaidheal bha tuineachadh ann an Albainn ann an ceud linntean a' chreidimh Chrìosduidh. Than comhdhunadh bunaiteach agus soilleir a dh'ionnnhuidh am bheil daoine teachd mu thiomchioll ceudshuidheachadh nan Gaidheal ann an iomadh cearna iomallach de'n Roinn Eorpa. Ghluaib iad gu moch air falbh bho'n aird an ear far an robh air tùs an cinne daoine uile' tuineachadh. Sgaòil iad gu deifireach thairis air comhnardan reamhar, thorrach na *Mòr-Roinn*, a' fagail 'an sùd agus 'an so—ann an ainm duthcha agus ann an cleachduinn aosmhor iongantach, cuimhneachan do na fineachan lionmhor a thainig 'nan deigh. Cha'n 'eil è furasda aig an àm so, an deigh do linntean co dorcha an cuairt a ruith, ceumannan nan Gaidheal 'nan ceud thuruis a lorgachadh. Thuinich iad anns an duthaich a tha 'nis air a-haiteachadh leis na Frangaich, agus thainig iad le beagan dragh thairis do Bhreatuinn. Dh' imich iad re uine mu

thuath, agus ann an eileannan cnocach lionmhor, ann an glinn 's an srathan fhasgach uaigneach Albainn, fhuisir na Gaidheal agus an canain fhoghainteach fardach, agus daighneach a choisinn doibh tearuinteachd 'us seasmhachd 'us soirbheachadh, am feadh a bha aghaidh nan duthchannan mun cuairt air a-hatharrachadh 's air a millidh gu minic le feachdan garg nan Romanach, nan Lochlinnich agus nam fineachan neo-oneasda alluidh aig an robh an ionad combnuidh fein am measg fuachd 'us reotha na-h-airde Tuath.

(*Gu bhi air a leantuinne.*) CONA.

RO' NA CHOMHRAIG.

(BHO 'NA BHEURLA.)

AIR FIONN:—"Just before the Battle, Mother."

A mhathair ghaol ro àm na còmhraig,
Tha mo smuaintean ort-sa 'mhàin;
Air an fhaiche rè an latha.
As ar n' eascaraid aig laimh.
Companaich dhaimheil tha mu'n cuairt
dhomh,
Le gradh Dhé a's fàrdaich làn,
'S fhios aca gur h-ioma' gaisgeach
'Bhios an ath-lath' 'n glaic a Bhaiss!

LUINNRAO.

*Soraidh leat a nis a mhathair,
Siubh laidh mi gu blàr nam beum;
Ach na dì-chuimhnich gu bràth mi
Ma bhios m' aireamh aig an 'Eug!*

'S fada leam gach latha 'mhathair,
Gus gu faic mi ghraidh thu-fhèin;
Ach gu bràth cha 'n fhàg mi bhratach.
'S pilleadh dhachaidh dh' easbhuidh euchd.
An luchd-brath a ta mu 'n cuairt duibh,
'S mòr an lochd iad ann ar càs—
Mheall ar gaisgeich anns gach baileal,
Le 'bhi caidreamhach ri 'r nàmh!

Soraidh leat a nis a mhathair, do,

Eisd! is cluinn an triumbaid cheolmhor
Tha g' ar seòladh dh' ionnsaidh 'chath;
Teasraig sinne 'Dhé na glòrach,
Buanaich dhuinn ar còr a's ceart.
Cluinn a nise guth na Saorsa
Air a ghaoth a tigh 'nn le seid;
Mar a buanaich sinn ma 'r brataich,
Gheibh sinn fàs gach reach 'san t-sreup!

Soraidh leat a nis a mhathair, do.

FILIDE NAM BEANN.

TUIRE FHINN AIRSON BAILE-CHLUAIDH.

LE OISEIR.

Ghlac Cumbhal, athair Fhinn, Baile-chluaidh, agus loisg se e. Bha am baile air craig Dhun-Breiteann, an uisge Chluaidh; agus sgrìos Cumbhal e, chum 's nach bitheadh e na chuingeach na aghaidh.

"Togaibh, bharda a 's caoin, am fonn,"
Thubhairt Fionnghal ard shonn nan sgiath;
"Togaibh cliu min Mhaona nan tonn,
A's i cadal am fonn nan sliabh."¹

"Gairmibh 'h-anam gu mall fo dhuan
Nall gu talamh nan stuadhan mor:
Biodh caoin astar osceann nan cruach
Air Mòr-bheinn a 's buadhach òigh—²
Gathan greine nan laithean a dh' aom,
Solais bhanail nan daoine bh' ann.

"Chunnam balla Bhail-chluaidh nan lann,
Air nach eirich ach gann guth slòigh:
'S an talla bha teine nach fann,
'N diugh gun chaidre measg chlann a's òigh.

"Dh aom Cluaidh;³ bha sruth eatrom air raon
Bho ard bhalla thuit claoon fo smùr.
'N sin bha cluaran gluasad fo ghaoith,
A's coineach a caoineadh fo 'n tùr.

"'N sionnach ruadh bha 'n a uinneig fein,
A's mall lhubadh an f'heir m' a chùl.
'S fàsach cònuidh Mhaona nan teud;
'S doilleir talla nan ceud 's an tàr.

"Togaibh, bharda, bròn caoin nam fonn
Mu ard thalla nan tonn a bh' ann:
Thuit a treuna fada fo thom,⁴
A's thig laithean nan sorn so nall.

"Cuim' thogadh leat talla nan corn,
A mhic aimsir nach mòthar sgiath,
Thu coimhead an diugh bho d' thùr mhòr,
A's ant ath-lath fo scòr nan sliabh?⁵

"Cha mhall bian'an 's camhachdach triall,
Le osaig nan ciar mhonadh fàs
A gairm ann an talla nan triath,
Nis' air tuiteam gu thrìan air làr.

"Chiar osag, thig bho mhonadh fàs;⁶
Bi'dh sinne sàr 'n ar laithibh féin;
Bi'dh comhar mòr mo lhaonn am blàr,
'S bi'dh m' ainm aig iomad bard an céin.

¹ An dualach nan sliabh.

² Bhiodh anaman nam marbh a slubhal air na neoil, a reir beachdan nan linn ud.

³ Bail-Chluaidh. ⁴ Dh' eug iad. ⁵ 'S an ualgh. ⁶ Tha am fonn a caochladh an se.

“Tog fonn, 's cuir slige ait m' an cuairt:
 Biodh sòlas ard ri lhuaidh a' m' chòir.
 Nuair dh' aomas tusa chi mi shuas,
 Ma thig thu nuas, a sholuis mhòir,
 “Ma ta 's air àm 's air àm gun tuar,
 Mar Fhionnghal òg a 's luaithe ceum,
 [B' dh' mis' mar thusa fad fo bhuaidh;]
 Is ceart co buan mo chliu 's tu féin.”

Mar sin a thog an rìgh am fonn,
 Air làith' nan sonn a b' airde clìth:
 Bha ceud fear-facail 'g eisdeachd shuas,
 Ag aomadh balbh gu luaidh an rìgh.
 Bu chosmhuil sin ri fuaim nan teud
 Nuair dh' eireas mall a ghaoth bho 'n fhrìth.

B' àillidh smuaintean uasal do chléibh;⁷
 Cuim' ta Oisein a' d' dheigh gun neart?
 Ach seasaidh tu, athair, leat fein;
 Co e coimeas rìgh treun nam feart?

MARBH-RHANN DO 'N URRAMACH PADRUIG MAC-ILLEADHAIN.

LE RUARI MOIRASTAN.

[Bha 'n duine uasal, Urramach so na fhear teagaisg ro mheasail agus ainmeil 's gach aite anns an robh e. Rugadh e ann an eilean Leoghais; bha e uair na mhinistir ann an Ceap Breatuinn, *Nova Scotia*, as a' sin chaidh e air ais do dh' Alba, agus bha e rè uine na mhinisteir na h-eaglais Saoir ann 'n Steornabhagh, far an do bhasaich e air mìos dheireannach an Earraich, 1868.]

Cha 'n urra' mi, cha 'n aithne dhomh,
 Do chliu gu ceart a luaidh,
 Ann am braithraibh comhnard falainn,
 A bhiedh airidh air do chuairt;
 Ach se do chliù gu h-araidh,
 Anns gach aite gu'n tug thu buaidh,
 'S tha thu nise sabhailt,
 Aig gairdean deas an Uain.

Cha bu gheug gun toradh thu,
 Ach maiseach a measg chaich,
 Suidhichte anns an fhìonan,
 Nach do chaill a riamh a bhlàth;

Ghlanadh mar an t-airgiod thu,
 'S mar an t-òr 's deirge gnath,
 'S bu shoitheach glan lan eifeachd
 thu;
 Le ageimh an tì tha 'n aird

Bha iorasalachd 's gradh,
 A tighinn 'n airde ruit 's gach ceum,
 Bha do phearsa maiseach aluinn,
 'S buaidh do naduir bha da reir,
 'S do chliù bidh aig na braithrean,
 Anns an fhasach's fad' an rèis,
 Oir chaill iad nis Faidhe,
 A bha gradhach ac' gu leir.

Cha 'n 'eil thu nise ga d' sharachadh,
 'Sa phailleann so air chuairt,
 Cha bhi trioblaid inntinn ort,
 'S cha bhi thu tinn car uair,
 Chaidh thu suas le òrdheareas,
 'S dhfhalbh na deoir 'o d' ghruaidh;
 A Dhia nan gràs gun deonaich dhuinn
 Bhi comhla riutsa shuas.

⁷ Tha am fonn an so a caochladh a r.s.

Feumaidh sinne a chairdean,
Thighinn a lathair 'Bhrìtheamh
mhoir,
Chi sinn 'n sin Padruig,
Measg an aireamh chaidh thoirt beo ;
'S cuiridh e' sa a sheula,
Ris a bhinn theid eigheachd cruaidh,
Na 'n aghaidh-san a dhìtear,
Leis an fhirinn bha e luaidh.

Guidbheam air mo chairdean,
A dheisd Padruig air a chuairt,
Gu 'm pilleadh sibh gu 'r Slanaighear,
Mu 'n tig am bàs gu luath ;
Mu 'n toir e sìos do dhoruinn sibh,
Gu staid eu-dochais bhàan,
Mu'n duinear dorus trocair oirbh,
O thigibh beò gu luath.

LAOIDH AIR COR AN DUINE.

LE EALASAIR RHUADH NI'N DONNACHAI,
E RAINEACH, A BHA THUINEADH, RI SEANN
LAITHIBH, AN CROIT LHAHBRAINN, OS-
CIONN LHEARAGAN.

O 's mithich dhuinn dùsgadh ;
Tha sinn fada neo-shurdail gun stà ;
Sinn gun omhail gun chàram
Gun tig sinn gu cunntas gu bràth.
Nam bu dheir duinn an gnothach,
Cha bu choir dhuinn bhi gabhail na dàil ;
Gum bi 'n obair ri fheuchainn
Nuair thigteachdair g'ard 'neigheachd bho 'n
bhàs.

Ciamar lhabhras sinn facal
Nuair a bheir an Ti Cheart sinn na làr
'S a lhiuthad lath agus bliana
A bhuillich sinn dìomhain mar thà ?
'S ann chum uile bha ar togadh ;
'S bha sinn leis a chum obair nan gras.
'S cruaidh an gnothach ri eisdeachd
Gach lochd tha ri lheughadh 'n ar làr

Nuair theid trompaid a sheideadh,
Theid an cruinne gu leir bun o-seann ;
Na bhios marbh ni iad dusgadh,
'S bheir an cuan an sin cunntas nach gann.
Thig crith-thalmhainn a dhuisgeas
Na h-uaisgean bha duinntè gu teann,
Nuair thig Breithe' na còrach
A thoirt breith air gach seors a bhios ann.

Is fath eagail a's curam
A bhi smuaineach ma 'n uine sin fhein.
Bith neul ruadh air a ghealaich,
'S culaidh bhroin a cur falach mu'n ghrein :

Theid an saoghal 'n a smùraich,
Agus leoghaidh gach dùthaich mar chéir
Nuair thig Buachaill' a Cheartais
'Ghabhail cunntas air fad anns an troid

Nuair thig Breithe' na Firinn,
'S beag t-ìoghnadh ar 'n inntinn bhi trom,
Ni ar cogais ar dteadh ;
Bithidh litir ar binn ann ar com.
Theid ar tearbadh bho cheile
Mar ni 'm buachaill' an spréidh air an tom—
Cuid gu subhachas sìorruidh,
'S a chuid eile gu diogh'ltasaibh trom.

Ach tha 'n saoghal so 'n cònaidh
'G ar cumail an dòchas gach làth
Gun toir esa dhuinn sòlas,
Sinn a gabhail a sheoil anns gach càs.
Ach nuair thaisgear 's an uir sinn,
A's a chuireas e cul ruinn gu bràth,
B' fhearr d'arn anamaibh bhi 'n sìochaint
Na na choisinn sinn rianh air a sgàth.

Ach ma sheallas tu cinnteach,
Chan 'eil moran toilinntinn fo'n ghrein
Ni is mò tha do dhuil ann,
S' ann is doch e chuir cùl riut gu leir :
'N aite aighir a's sugraidh
Gum bheil bròn agus curam 'n a dhèigh ;
A's air pailtead do stòrais
Cha toir thu fo'n fhòid ach thu fhein.

Ach 's e leigheas ar dochainn
Sinn a rhanasach an dornis 'n a thràth
A tha treoirach am fochair
Caithir Dhe a's a shochairan àillt,
A bhi 'g earbsadh le durachd
Gun do ghlan E ar cunntas 'n a làr,
A's gum meal sinn an reite
Choisinn Esa chaidh cheus' air ar sgàth.

Bha réisimeid ann an aon do dh-Inn-
sean na h-àirde 'n iar ; bha mòran do na
daoine 'basachadh, agus cha mhór gum
b'fhèarr na h-ìfigich. An dèigh do'n iar-
mad tighin dachaidh, bha duin'-uasal a
choinnich aon do na saighdearan, a feòr-
dhe ciod bu choireach ris na daoine bhi
'iubhal co lionmhor. "Se bhi 'g òl a
rum ùr a bha 'gam marbhadh," arsa'n
saighdear. "Creididh mi sin mu na
daoine," arsa'n duin'-uasal ; "ach cha'n
urrainn e bhith gu'n robh na h-oifigich
ag òl an rum ùr !" "Cha robh idir, le'r
cead," arsa'n saigheear ; "se 'n seann
rum a chuir as do na h-oifigich."

THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDER,

AN ENGLISH SUPPLEMENT TO "THE GAEL."

A GAELIC MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED BY NICHOLSON & CO., TORONTO, CANADA, AND GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

ON THE STRUCTURE AND AFFINITIES OF THE GAELIC LANGUAGE

By P. McGregor, M.A.

(Continued from No. 1.)

We had prepared a comparative list of words in all the parts of speech, but we find that our limits will compel us to omit the nouns, the common adjectives, and the verbs. We select these for exclusion, because they are the parts of speech which most easily pass from one language to another, and therefore they are a less reliable test of affinities than those words which yield only when the language to which they belong becomes extinct. Although the English contains myriads of words of Latin or Greek origin, yet the pronouns, the numeral adjectives below a million, and the indeclinable parts of speech, are nearly all of Germanic origin. We may, therefore, infer that the Gaelic words in the following list are original, even where similar words are found in contiguous languages, which is frequently not the case; the Gaelic often agreeing with the Greek or Sanscrit, where Latin, Welsh and German differ.

PRONOUNS.

GAELIC.	LATIN.	GREEK.	SANSKRIT.	WELSH.	GERMAN.	ENGLISH.
am, * inn,*	{ ego, me	{ egōn, iōn,	{ aham	{ av,* wn*	{ ich, mich	I, me
me, mi		ego	{ ma, me	{ mi, vi		
tu, thu	tu, te	tu, su, se	twam, twa	ti	du, dich	thou, thee
mē, ē	is	he	sa	ev, e	er	he, him
sī, ī	ea	hē	sā	hi	sie	she, her
(eadh)	id					it
amuid*	{ nos	{ hēmeis	{ vayam?	{ em,* om*	{ Go,† veis?	{ we, us
imis*		{ nō	{ nas	{ ni	{ uns	
(nus) sinn	vos	spho?	vas		Go yus?	ye, you
(bhuis) sibh						
siad, iad	te, ii, eae	{ spheis,	{ te, tas	{ hwynt,	{ sie	they, them
		{ sphas		{ hwy		
mo	me—	em—	me (of me)	(my) vy	mein	my
to, do	tu—	t—, s—	te (of thee)	dy	dein	thy
e, a	{ ejus (of him)	{ hos, hē		ei		his, her
	her					
nor, arn, ar	noster	nōiter			unser	our
bhur, 'ur	vester	sphōiter	vam (of you)		euer	your
so, sa			esha		Go, so, sa	this
and, 'nd, sin	ut (conj.)		tat	hwnw	das, jen	that, yon

* These forms are found only as nominatives affixed to verbs. The modes in which they are used prove that they are not oblique cases.

† The Go is for Moeso-gothic.

GAELIC.	LATIN.	GREEK.	SANSKRIT.	WELSH.	GERMAN.	ENGLISH.
cō, cē, a	qui, quae	hos, he	{ kas, kau yas, yau }	pa	{ Go, chwo* ei }	who, which, that
ciod, cat	quid, quod		kat, ke		Go, chwas	what
fein, hein	{ su—					
se. sa			swa	hun	eigin	own, self

NUMERAL ADJECTIVES.

aon	un	hen	un	ein, Go ain	one
dō, dā	duo	duo	dwi, dwa	Go twa	two
tri	tria	tria	tri	{ drei, Go thri }	{ three
ceathnir	{	tessar	chatur	pedwar	four
ceithir					
(cuing) coig		quinque	paneha	pump	five
(seia) sé		sex	shash	chwech	six
(secten)	{	hepta	saptan	sraith	sieben
seachd					seven
(octon) ochd	octo	okto	ashtan	wyth	{ acht, Go, achten }
(naoin) naoi	novem	ennea	navan	neun	{ eight nine
(decen) deich	decem	deka	dashan	naw dég	Go, taichan ten

PREPOSITIONS.

(uab) bho, o	ab, a	apo, ap	apa, vi	o	{ af, fon, Go, abu, ab, }	from
de	de					off, of
in, an	in	en		yn	in, an	in
(indir) eadar	inter		antar		unter	{ between among }
do, adh	ad			{ at, tua (towards) }	Go, du	to
chum, gu	{ cum (with) }	{ sun (with) }	sam (with)	can (with)	gen	{ up or on to }
thun	{ tenus	super	huper	upari	av	ueber
(uabhar) air						on, above
fo, aig	apud	hupo	upa (near)	ach	bei, Go uf	{ under, by at }
es, e						
as, a	{ ex, e	ex, ek		oc	aus	out of
(umba)						
uime, mu		amphi	abi (towards)	am	um	{ about, around }
tras, thair	trans			tros, trans		over, across
(froi) roi	prae	pro	puras, pra		for	before
(fris) ris		pros	prati			by, against
troi, tre	per ?			trwy	{ durch Go thairch }	through
caramh†	{ coram			cer (by)		{ close to, before }
coir						without
gun, aonaist	sine ?	aneu			ohne	{ with, even with }
cuide †		kata		cyda		past, along
seachad, seach	secus					

ADVERBS AND CONJUNCTIONS.

co, eadh	{	cen, ita	ke	so	so, thus
ciamar,		quam, qua	koië	Go, chwe	how
cia					

* The modern pronunciation of the Germanic dialects most closely allied to the Moeso-Gothic, shows that its *h* was guttural; and, like the Sanscrit, it had only one character for *v* and *w*. Only the radical part of adjectives is given, excluding the varying inflections.

† These are properly nouns, but they are used only prepositionally

GAELIC.	LATIN.	GREEK.	SANSKRIT.	WELSH.	GERMAN.	ENGLISH.
mar				mor, mal		as
ni na	{ non, ne	euk, eueh	ni, na	na	{ nicht, kein Go, ni, no	not
chan, cha						
nior, nach						
ro, ra, sár	nec, neu			nac, neu	noch	not, ner
figus		engus,		rhy	sehr	very, too
moch	mox			agos	Go, <i>facha</i> , (in	near
(tan) cuine	quando		kada		{ Go, than, ohwan	early, presently
far, caite, ca			kutra, kwa	owdd, cw	vo, Go, chwár	when
cuime			kim			where
nuise, nise	nunc	nuni, nan			nun, Go nu	why
ria, ais	re	aps				now
eadhon	etiam		yatha		eben ?	again, back
suas	sursum					{ even likewise
sior, riamh	semper				immer	upward
agus, (ceo)	atque, ac, que	kai	cha		Go yach	ever
acht, ach	at, at	atar		eithr	Go, ak, ith	and
nan, an	an	ean, an	nwan, nu		Go, an	but
						if, whether

PREFIXES.

GAELIC.	LATIN.	GREEK.	SANSKRIT.	WELSH.	GERMAN.	ENGLISH.
ana				en		<i>Signification</i> excess
an, ain,	{ in	an, a, ne	ana	an	un	un, not
so, neo						
maio, mi						
di, do	dis, di	dua, du	due (difficult)	dis, di, dos	mis	mis, not
ath		aute, au		ad		asunder, defect
comh, con	{ com, con, co	sun, sum		sym, cyn, cy		{ again, back
co						
so						
		su				together
						easily, well

AFFIXES.

GAELIC.	LATIN.	GREEK.	SANSKRIT.	WELSH.	GERMAN.	ENGLISH.
adas, eadas	{ itas, atus	{ asia, esia, tatos, tes os	{ is, as, us twa, ti tra, ta	{ edd, id ydd, ydd aeth, as	{ heit, ness	{ concrete state or quality
ad, ead						
as, cas						
acht, eacht	itia, itie					
muise*						
adair, eadair	{ ator	{ otes, itas, otes, er or ideo ades	{ ata, it	awdur, yr	er	{ agent, person
air, ear						
ap, † can	{	ion, isk		{ yn, an, en ig, og	{ chen, in	{ diminu- tives
ag, eag						
ach, each						
or, ar	{ ac, is or, er	{ ik, uk, er, ar, al, el	{ ak, ik, uk, ar, er, al, il, at, ma, may	{ wg, og ig, or, awr iol, awl	{	{ abstract station quality
ail, il						
aidh, idh						
ta, da	at, et	al, im,				
amh, eamh	ion	om		aid		
	av, iv					

* This is probably the noun *sec*, custom or habit.

† Gaelic masculine diminutives terminate in *a*, and females in *g*. The Welsh termination *yn* is masculine, *en* common, and *en, ty* and *og* feminine.

The rules of composition and derivation are the same in Gaelic as in Latin; but the collocation of words is somewhat different, the Gaelic always putting the verb before the nominative. The common adjectives generally follow, in stead of preceding the qualified nouns. Where, as sometimes happens, they may either follow or precede, the sense differs. Thus *an sean duine* is the old man, as distinguished from the young man, while *an duine sean* signifies simply the man who is old. So *sean dan* signifies a poem composed long ago, while *dan sean* would denote an aged poem, and therefore, this form would here be improper. The numeral adjectives immediately precede the qualified nouns, as in English. In the structure and collocation of words, Gaelic differs little or nothing from Old English or German. It admits of greater freedom in the arrangement of words than modern English or French, but much less than Welsh or the classic languages. The significations of words are also remarkably precise and definite. In what relates to the arts and sciences, it is of course very defective; but in everything that regards external nature and the mental feelings, it is quite copious. Owing to its precision and simplicity of structure, the meaning of a speaker is readily perceived, if he has any, and if he has not, that also is generally apparent. In several of these respects it is widely different from the Welsh. The words in this language are, on the whole, much less precise in their signification; and this, combined with its complex syntax and loose arrangement of words, renders the meaning of a speaker or writer not unfrequently obscure. Gaelic is also richer in primitive terms, and those expressive of emotions. Hence it is better adapted for poetical compositions and such as excite the passions.

Considering the comparatively small number of mankind who have ever spoken it, the amount of poetical compositions of merit which it contains, is surprisingly great; and we believe many will study it for these, long after it has ceased to be a living language. The extent of its poetical treasures is unknown to very many, even of those who speak it, while beyond its own limits, they are very little known.

In conclusion, we may be allowed to say a word regarding the affinity of the Gaelic to the Hebrew and the Syro-Arabian languages in general, a subject on which much has been written. We deny, then, that Gaelic shows any affinity with those languages much more marked than any other Aryan language. In fact, many of the resemblances pointed out hold equally true of Old English. At the same time we admit that the affinity is marked and striking. Though the languages differ widely in structure, yet many of the words and idioms are the same, both in form and signification, so that we cannot hesitate to conclude that the Gaelic has a common origin with the Hebrew. This, however, has been recognized as true of the Aryan and Syro-Arabian languages generally, by several eminent philologists. The Gaelic has preserved so many ancient forms as to show that it has changed surprisingly little for many long ages.

REMARKS ON GAELIC ORTHOGRAPHY.

Some of our readers having taken exception to our mode of spelling certain Gaelic words, a brief explanation becomes necessary. We may state at once that we are, and have long been, familiar with Gaelic orthography; but we do not feel bound to write every word precisely as those readers would. There are at this day many hundreds of words variously

written by English authors, although the English language has been extensively written for a much longer period than Gaelic. The fact is, that Gaelic orthography is by no means fixed; we could not reasonably expect that it should be. The language was not cultivated to any great extent till within the memory of persons still living; and there is no single authority that deserves to be implicitly followed.

The first Gaelic printed books resembled the English printed books of the same age in the spelling being very bad; there was nothing like uniformity, and there were several letters inserted that were better omitted. When the Bible was first published in what purported to be Scottish Gaelic, it in fact contained many forms exclusively Irish, evidently copied from the Irish Bible. A revised edition came out in 1816, in which some of the Irish forms were excluded. A second revised edition was published in 1826, in which more of the Hibernicisms disappeared. But many were still retained, such as confounding *de* and *do*, writing *luidh* for *laidh*, putting single vowels for diphthongs, and diphthongs for triphthongs, as *ugh* for *taigh*, or *taoigh*, and *coileach* for *caoileach*. We reject all Hibernicisms, and write Scottish Gaelic purely.

There is a glaring defect in Scottish Gaelic, from which the Irish Gaelic is free, as it does not distinguish the secondary from the primary initial sounds of *l*, *n* and *r*. The Irish distinguish all the secondary forms, by putting a dot or stroke over the initial consonants. In Scottish Gaelic, the distinction is shown in the case of the other consonants by writing an *h* immediately after them; but the three unlucky consonants *l*, *n*, and *r*, are left out in the cold, so to speak; and you cannot tell, when you read *chunnaig i a leannan air an fheill*, whether it was her own, or her lovers sweetheart that she saw. We obviate this defect by indicating the secondary

forms by simply writing an *h* after them, as in the case of all the other consonants, as was suggested long ago, by Dr. Alexander Stewart, in his Gaelic Grammar, and we know some other writers of Gaelic have done. The large Gaelic Bible of 1826 followed the Irish mode to distinguish the secondary forms of these three letters; but the other plan is better, as it dispenses with particular forms of letters, and makes the method uniform throughout.

We may add that no Gaelic writer of any note implicitly follows the Gaelic Bible in spelling; and some writers of note, such as Mr. James Munroe, a poet, and author of a good Gaelic Grammar, have departed from its forms more widely than we have.

It would detain us too long to give our reasons for every departure, but this is needless. We aim at writing pure Scottish Gaelic, rejecting both obsolete and Irish forms, and excluding quiescent consonants that should never have been admitted, such as *dh* in *oire* (Latin *haeres*,) an heir, and in *bliana* (Welsh *blynedd*) a year. So in all words compounded with *comh*, or *co*, we would reject the *mh* before consonants, and retain them before vowels, as is done in Latin. We think the few changes we have introduced are warranted by good reasons, and that they render a composition easier to read and understand, and make the language more adapted to the communication of thought accurately and rapidly.

We have thus given our views freely; but we are ready to listen to anything which any of our learned readers have to say on the subject; and if they convince us that our views are wrong, we will act accordingly.

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

A POSTAL telegraph office has been opened at Glencoe.

A GAELIC Society is about to be formed in Inverness.

THE HARVEST.—In spite of a good deal of rain and cloudy cold weather, harvest is now nearly over throughout the North. And to all appearance the result is not unsatisfactory. Turnips look remarkably well, but potatoes, we regret to learn, are showing symptoms of disease over a wide range of country.—*Inverness Courier*.

THE members of the Clan Campbell who subscribed to the gift presented to H. R. H. the Princess Louise are informed that the committee have sanctioned the publication of an interesting volume in connection with this event.

CALL.—At a meeting of the Free Church congregation, Kildalton, Islay, held on the 28th August, and presided over by the Rev. Mr. Pearson, Kilmeny, it was unanimously resolved to give a call to the Rev. Alexander McDonald, preacher, Stornoway.

WE learn by the newspapers, that a Lewis boat during the herring fishing, at Wick, hauled such a quantity of herrings, that with the moderate swell in the sea she filled and sunk, before assistance could be rendered. The crew, consisting of five men, were drowned.

SAD ACCIDENT IN SYKE.—Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, tenant of Kilmore, near Froadford, went out with a friend to shoot wild fowl, and while he was in the act of pushing aside a gun, which he observed to be in a dangerous position in the boat, it went off, and the charge passed through the fleshy part of his thigh. The wound did not appear to be serious, but lock-jaw unfortunately set in, and he gradually sank, and expired. Mr. Mackenzie was only about twenty-one years of age.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE regret very much that, owing to the absence of Mr. Nicholson on other business, the present number of *The Gael*, is so far behind. The next number, which is due in November, however, will be prompt on time, and after January 1st it will appear regularly every month.

WE have several communications to be answered under this head, which we have to lay over until our next.

J. McK., Glengarry—We are informed that Alex. Glen, of Edinburgh, is one of the best bag-pipe makers in Scotland. His cheapest set, made of ebony, costs \$40 or £8 sterling. He has published McKay's, McLoughlin's, Ross's and a few other works on pipe music. We are indebted for the above information to Mr. A. M. Oliphant, Pipe Major to the Caledonian Society of Toronto, who also informs us that he has a quantity of pipe music in manuscript. Parties requiring anything in that line would do well to communicate with Mr. O.

KIND WORDS FOR THE GAEL.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

AN GAIDAEAL; THE GAEL, a magazine and newspaper devoted to miscellaneous Gaelic literature, and to the interests of Scottish Highlanders generally. Edited by Angus Nicholson, late editor of the *Canada Scotsman*, Toronto, Canada; Nicholson & Co.

The Magazine is well printed in good readable type

The contents are very varied and interesting. The articles generally short and pointed.

The Nicholsons, of Toronto, seem to be a very enterprising firm, and have faith in the Gaelic. They are publishing a complete edition of the Gaelic Bards, forming a collection of Gaelic poetry from the earliest period to the present day, to be completed in 25 parts at one shilling each. They promise to begin with Ossian and end with the latest known bard.—*Paisley and Renfrewshire Gazette*.

The Gael—a magazine and newspaper devoted to miscellaneous Gaelic literature, and to the interests of Scottish Highlanders generally. Published by Nicholson & Co., Toronto, Canada.

WE have just received and perused the first number of this periodical, and cannot speak too highly of its contents. The articles are all first-rate, and do honor to the scholarship of its Gaelic editor; and though we differ a little from him with regard to some words, still we give him credit for style and purity of language. The magazine cannot fail to be appreciated by the Gaelic-speaking population of both America and Great Britain—"oir a's milis do 'n Ghaidheal canain a dhruha fein." The selections of Gaelic poetry are very happy, and the tone of the magazine healthy and characteristic of the hardy-headed Gael. We recommend the *Gael* to those who can read the language, as it cannot fail to interest, instruct and amuse. — *Sterling Journal and Advertiser*.

Our Celtic friends on the other side of the Atlantic have tripped up their brethren at home, for while the latter are only thinking of publishing a periodical devoted to the preservation of their ancient and time-honored vernacular, the Celts in the Dominion can already boast of such a work, the first part of which is now before us. It does honor to the energy and patriotism of the Celts in Canada, and is altogether worthy of a warm welcome on both sides of the "Great Sea."

WE have no hesitation in recommending its object to the favorable attention of our Highland readers, believing it will prove itself useful in cementing the bonds between the Celts separated by the ocean, in

promoting the desirable object of rescuing Celtic popular history from entire oblivion, and in supplying a medium, fully as much wanted here as in the colonies, for advocating Celtic rights and exposing Celtic wrongs, and in giving to the public those interesting memorials of Celtic customs and superstitions which are fast dying away.—*Northern Ensign, Wick.*

We are glad to see a copy of *the Gael*, which is published in Toronto, Canada.

The *Gael* deserves the support of every Highlander; it is expected to be read by all Gaelic readers throughout the world, for agents will be appointed to receive subscribers wherever Highlanders are located. The principal writers in the *Gael* being gentlemen who are well known for their classical abilities and moral worth, the reader cannot be disappointed.—*Oban Times.*

PHILCLOGICAL ENQUIRIES.

(Continued.)

NEGATIVE PARTICLES.

GAELIC.	HEBREW.	LATIN.	GREEK.	ENGLISH.
a, —ao, —ei, —eas,	e, ex,	a priv, ou, ouk, ..	in, —un,
ain,	ain,	in,	a, neu, an,	may, no,
na, ni, neo,	ne,	ne,	Mis,
mi,	nee, neque,	me,
nach,	di, dis,
do, —dith,	lo,
cha,	bal,	haud,
		nihil, = ne, ille,
		nullus, = ne, ullus,
		non, = ne, unus,
		nemo, = ne, homo,

With reference to the above observe—

1. How large a number of negative particles the survey of several languages brings into view.
2. How large a number are common to several languages.
3. That several particles have a variety of forms, even in one and the same language.
4. That some of those words, though used independently in one language, are used only in composition in some other language.
5. That several negatives are the result of composition—see examples—particularly in the Latin column.
6. That though Mr. Muller gives a different account of the Latin *nihil* from that given above, yet its derivation from *ne ille* receives countenance from the derivation given of other Latin negatives.
7. That the Gaelic *cha* seems the property exclusively of that one language, and that a similar thing is observable with reference to the Hebrew *lo* and *bal*, and to the Latin *haud*.
8. That whilst the Gaelic *a* and *ain* are represented on two different lines of the scheme, it is worth enquiring whether they are not different forms of one word, and whether they and all the other words which stand on the first two lines may not have a common origin,

C. M. R.

OSSIAN.

In the June number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, one of the best of the English monthlies, is a very ably written article on Ossian, by Principal Shairp of St. Andrews. We may give the article in full at an early date, but, in the meantime, we give the conclusions to which he has come to, in his own words:—

“The longer I have studied the question, the more I have been convinced that McPherson was a translator, and not an author; that he found and did not create his materials; that all the more important part of his “Ossian” is ancient, and had long existed in the Highlands, and that at the time he undertook his collection, the Highlands were a quarry out of which

many more Ossianic blocks and fragments might have been dug."

BURTON'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

In answer to some of our readers who are enquiring as to which is the best History of Scotland, we give the following extract from the *Edinburgh Review*, of July last, regarding *Burton's History of Scotland*, which is just completed. Burton's History is the latest, and, if we take the *Edinburgh Review's* opinion, (who is undoubtedly a good authority in such matters) it is the best. The following is what the *Review* says on the subject :—

"With all its faults and shortcomings, which we have not been slow to indicate, Mr. Burton's work is now, and will probably continue to be the best History of Scotland. So far as matters ecclesiastical are concerned, it has and need fear no rival. So far as regards the War of Independence, it holds the same position of superiority. If on minor points he has been less successful ; if his narrative sometimes fails to attract, or his argument to convince ; if we can mark omissions which mar the completeness of the work, we may yet be justly grateful to the historian who has, for the first time, placed before us in the light of truth, those aspects of Scottish history which are most worthy of study and best calculated to reward it."

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.

We see, from the accounts of recent meetings of this Society, that they are endeavoring to have the new education act of Scotland so modified, that no person shall be appointed a school-teacher in a Gaelic district unless he understood

Gaelic. The Society is making great exertions to have a Professor of Gaelic appointed in one of the Scottish Universities. For this and other similar labors, this Society is entitled to the acknowledgement of every true Gael. They have succeeded to the position left vacant by the Highland and Agricultural Society having wholly turned away from everything pertaining to learning and literature, and confined their attention to such matters as raising turnips and fattening wethers and bullocks. In fact the word "Highland," still retained with the title of this old Society, has now become a misnomer, as there is now nothing peculiarly "Highland" about it. It is, fortunately, under these circumstances that this new Society has stepped in to occupy the vacant ground, and to advocate and uphold, in the capital of the British Empire, the claims of those who live a great distance from it. May their success equal their deserts.

The present issue of "THE GAEL" is two pages larger than the last, and it is our intention to enlarge it still further after January.

No. 1 OF THE GAEL.

We cannot dispose of any more copies of No. 1, of *The Gael*, except to regular yearly Subscribers, as all we have on hand are required to fill up sets. Subscribers who have not already received it can be supplied on application, and also a limited number of new subscribers. Parties who may have copies of that number which they can part with, would greatly oblige by sending them to us ; we are particularly anxious to get copies of the "English Supplement," which accompanied No. 1, as we are entirely out of it.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.
OFFICE OF "THE GAEL."

Toronto, September 20th.

In explanation of the delay in issuing the second number of *THE GAEL*, we would say, that it has been occasioned by circumstances which are scarcely to be regretted, inasmuch as they are likely to be instrumental in promoting largely the very object of the establishment of our periodical.

The first number of *THE GAEL* was issued early in June, (the SUPPLEMENT having been printed some time before and dated June,) but was intended for July, and dated accordingly, "*Dara Mios an t-Samhraidh*," "Second month of Summer," according to the American division of the seasons, which makes March the first month of Spring, June the first month of Summer, &c. We soon discovered, however, that a majority of our readers understood the old country division of the seasons better, and took our first number as being for June instead of July. We shall in future conform to the latter arrangement, and it will be understood therefore that, "*Ceud Mios an Earraich*" means February, "*Ceud Mios t-Samhraidh*," May, &c.

It was our intention to have issued *THE GAEL* every month, but Mr. Angus Nicholson, the Editor, having been unexpectedly appointed Dominion Emigration Agent for the North of Scotland, and having to leave shortly, he finds it impossible to accomplish this, together with the preparations necessary for his mission. The issue will therefore be *every other month* for the remainder of this year, or until the first of January next, from which date arrangements will be made to have *THE GAEL* appear regularly every month, as at first intended. No injustice will be done to subscribers, however, by this arrangement, as the subscription will still pay for twelve numbers,—the difference being merely that the end of the first year will be placed three months further on. Mr. Nicholson, before leaving for Scotland, intends to take a few weeks to make a tour of the Provinces from Prince Edward Island to Thunder Bay, and perhaps to Red River, if time permits, in order to visit the various Highland settlements, also such districts as may be considered best for new settlements of his countrymen, his plan of operation is first to establish in this way communication with Scotchmen, and settlements of Scotchmen already in Canada, with a view to the promotion of emigration here from the old land; next to spend the winter in Scotland, promoting the object in view, and thus giving time for the most complete preparations for emigrants to leave early in the Spring for their new homes in Canada. People here having friends still "at home," whom they desire to bring out, would do well to communicate with him; every commission of this kind entrusted to him will be diligently attended to. Having ample time for the work, he intends to visit every part of the country, to the Butt of Lewis and John O'Groats House, and not a few principal towns only, he will therefore be able to attend to the wishes of his friends, even in the smallest detail, if connected with the object of his mission. With such facilities of communication as he will establish, matters may be arranged in advance, and emigrants may be advantageously placed at once on their arrival, thus obviating most of the difficulties which new comers have to encounter. Letters addressed to him at this office will receive prompt attention. As he must leave for Scotland about the latter end of November, friends desirous of communicating with him, should do so at once.

NICHOLSON & COMPANY.

P.S.—The same circumstances has operated to delay the issue of "*THE GAELIC BARDS*," but that work is now in a forward state, and arrangements are being made to commence its publication immediately, so that we expect to have the first parts in the hands of subscribers on or about the first of January.

DOMINION OF CANADA.



EMIGRATION TO THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

To Capitalists, Tenant Farmers, Agricultural Labourers, Mechanics, Day Labourers, and all parties desirous of improving their Circumstances by Emigrating to a New Country.

The attention of intending Emigrants is invited to the great advantages presented by the Province of Ontario. Persons living on the Interest of their Money can easily get EIGHT PER CENT. on first-class security.

TENANT FARMERS WITH LIMITED CAPITAL,

Can buy and stock a Freehold Estate with the money needed to carry on a small farm in Britain. Good Cleared Land, with a Dwelling and good Barn and out-houses upon it, can be purchased in desirable localities, at from £4 to £10 sterling per acre.

Farm Hands can readily obtain work at GOOD WAGES.

Among the inducements offered to intending Emigrants, by Government, is

A FREE GRANT OF LAND!

WITHOUT ANY CHARGE WHATEVER.

Every Head of a Family can obtain, on condition of settlement, a Free Grant of TWO HUNDRED ACRES of Land for himself, and ONE HUNDRED ACRES additional for each member of his family, male or female, over 18 years of age.

All persons over eighteen years of age can obtain a Free Grant of ONE HUNDRED ACRES.

The Free Grants are protected by a Homestead Exemption Act, and are not liable to seizure for any debt incurred before the issue of the patent, or for twenty years after its issue. They are within easy access of the front settlements, and are supplied with regular postal communication.

REGISTERS OF THE LABOUR MARKET

And of Improved Farms for sale, are kept at the Immigration Agencies in the Province, and arrangements are made for directing immigrants to those points where employment can be most readily obtained. Several new lines of Railway and other Public Works are in course of construction, or about being commenced, which will afford employment to an almost unlimited number of labourers.

Persons desiring fuller information respecting the Province of Ontario

are invited to apply personally, or by letter, to the Canadian Government Emigration Agents in Europe, viz : WM. DIXON, 11, Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.; J. G. MOYLAN, 14 South Frederick St., Dublin; CHARLES FOY, 11 Claremont St., Belfast; and DAVID SHAW, 24 Oswald St., Glasgow.

Also to the Immigration Agents in Canada, viz :—JOHN A. DONALDSON, Toronto; R. H. RAE, Hamilton; WM. J. WILLS, Ottawa; RICH. MACPHERSON, Kingston; L. STAFFORD, Quebec; J. J. DALEY, Montreal; E. CLAY, Halifax, Nova Scotia; ROBT. SHIVES, St. John, and J. G. GLAYTON, Miramichi, New Brunswick,—from whom pamphlets, issued under the authority of the Government of Ontario, containing full particulars in relation to the character and resources of, and the cost of living, wages, &c., in the Province, can be obtained.

JOHN CARLING,

*Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works,
for the Province of Ontario.*

DEPARTMENT OF IMMIGRATION,
Toronto, February, 1871.

AN GAIDHEAL.

I. LEABH.]

DARA MIOS A GHEAMHRAIDH, 1871.

[3 AIR.

MU NA SEANN GHAIÐHEIL.

III.

O na nithibh a dh'ainmieheadh faodar a thuigsinn gum b'e an t-aon sluagh ceudna a bha air an ciallachadh leis na Romanaich nuair a sgrìobh iad mu na *Picti* agus na *Caledonich*: oir nuair a tha *Dion* ag radh Caledonaich riutha mu 'n bhliadhna 230, agus *Eumenius* ag radh an ainm *Picti* riutha mu 'n bhliadhna 296, chan 'eil e cosmhuiil no idir comasach ann an uine shea bliadhna agus tri fichead (66) gum biodh an sluagh sin a chog ri *Agricola* aig a' *Mhonadh Gharbh* agus a thug dulan do armaitibh nan Impirean Romanach *Hadrian*, *Antoninus Commodus*, *Septimius Severus* agus *Caracalla* fad corr agus ceud bliadhna—air an gearradh as gu h-obunn no air am fuadach as an tir le sluagh ur a thainig a stigh nan ait ris an abradh na Romanaich *Picti* mar ainm. Tha e soilleur gum b' iad na seann Chaledonaich fein a bha ann, agus nach robh ni ur sam bith 'nam measg no mu 'n timchioll ach an t-ainm nuadh ud a thugadh orra o'n aobhar a chaidh airis. Agus tha *Eumenius* a' dearbhadh so dhuinn nuair a tha e ag radh "*Caledonich* agus *Pictich eile*," oir tha e a' ciallachadh gun robh na *Caledonaich* nam *Pictich* maille ris gach dream eile a bha air am filleadh a stigh fo'n ainm sin. Tha e cosmhuiil gum b'e an t-ainm leis an robh iad air an comharradh a mach leis na seanchaidhibh Eirionnach. "*Cruithnich*," oir tha iad ag radh gun robh a' chuid bu mho dhe Albainn air a h-aiteachadh leis na "*Cruithnich*" agus air a riaghladh leo. Agus tha na *Welshich* ag radh "*Gwyd-*

dyl Ffichti" riutha, se sin *Gaidhil Phic-teach*, no *Gaidhil Dhaithte*, a' ciallachadh gun robh iadsan a' tuigsinn gum bu *Gaidhil* na *Pictich*, agus a reir colais thug iad an earrann mu dheireadh de 'n ainm o'n *Laidinn* a chum an dealachadh o na *Gaidhil* eile nach robh air an dath.

Mu thimchioll na bliadhna 360 tha ainm nuadh air a thoirt air cuid do na fineachaibh Gaelach ann an Ceann Tuath Bhreatuinn. B'e an t-ainm sin "*Scoti*," agus is e an t-Eachdraiche Romanach, *Ammianus Marcellinus*, a' cheud ughdar leis am bheil an sluagh ud air an ainmeachadh mar so. B' i Eirinn tir an dachais, agus thainig iad a nall a sin do thaobh an iar na h-Alba ann an Earraghael, a chuideachadh le 'm braithribh, na *Gaidhil Albannach* anns a' chogadh ris na Romanaich mu 'n bhliadhna 363, ri linn nan Impirean *Julian* agus *Iovian*. Agus a reir colais dh' fhuirich cuid diubh ann an Erraghael far an d' fhuair iad tuineachas am measg nan Gael, an uair a phill a' chuid eile dhiubh dhachaidh do Eirinn an deigh a' chogaidh; oir tha *Gildas*, seann eachdraiche Breatainnach a sgrìobh mu'n bhliadhna 550, ag radh gun "do phill na *Cresachadairean Iadurna Eirionnach* dhachaidh." Agus tha *Iisdore* a sgrìobh mu'n bhliadhna 600 a' dearbhadh gum b'e Eirinn fearann dachais nan "*Scoti*," oir tha e ag radh "*Scotia, eadem et Hibernia*," &c. Se sin an *Gailig*, "*Scotia* an aon tir cheudna ri *Hibernia*, agus fhuair i an t-ainm so do bhrìgh gu bheil i air a h-aiteachadh le fineachaibh nan "*Scoti*," chan 'eil e soilleur cia bhuaithe thainig an t-ainm so; tha cuid ag radh gur

h-ann o'n fhacal "*Scuite*" a thainig e, a tha ciallachadh sa' Ghailig Eirionnaich, "Na Falbhanaich no siubhlanaich, no na Fudanaich." Tha cuid eile a' radh gun d' eirich e bho 'n fhacal *Sgaoth* agus gun abairteadh *Sgaothaich* riutha do bhrìgh gun robh iad a falbh còmhla mar *Sgaoth* bheachan. No faodaidh gun d' thainig e o'n fhacal "*sgiot*" a tha ciallachadh sgap, agus gun abairteadh "*Sgiotaich*" riutha a chionn gun robh iad air an sgìotadh no air an sgapadh thall 's a bhos. Ach ciamar sam bith a fhuair iad an t-ainm so tha e soilleur gum bu Ghaidhil iad agus gum b'i Eirinn tir an dachais; agus nach robh dealachadh sam bith eadar iad fein agus "*na Picti*," ach 'an dealachadh còdna a tha an diugh ri fhaicinn eadar na Gaidhil Eirionnach agus na Gaidhil Albannach. Agus tha Adhamhan asgriobh Beath-cachdraidh Chalum-chille a' nochdadh so gu soilleur nuair a ta e a' radh gun d' thainig Calum-Cille à *Scotia* do Bhreatainn, so sin à Eirinn gu taobh tuath na h-Alba. Tha an t-Eachdraiche *Bede* mar an còdna a' daingneachadh an ni so; oir tha e a' radh "Si Eirinn gu h-àraidh Duthaich nan Scoti," Leabh. I. Caib. 1.

Mu 'n bhliadhna 506, thainig trì Buidhnichean de na "*Scoti*," a nall a Eirinn fo thri cheannardaibh agus ghabh iad comhnuidh ann an Earragh-ael. B'iad na Cinn-fheadhna ud Fearghus, Aonghus agus Lathurna. Ghabh Fearghus seilbh air Cinntire, ghlac Aonghus Eilean Ile, agus rinn Lathurna greim air an fhearann sin a dh' ainmichadh Lathurna as a dheigh fein. Chaidh Fearghus a chrùnadh na Rìgh air na "*Scoti*" agus is ann uaithe-san a thainig a nuas teachlach rioghail na h-Alba anns na linnibh an deigh sin.

(Ri leantuinne.) D. B. B.

Cha'n urrainn mi ulag ithe 's an teine 'Sneideadh.

C'mh' h'urtachd an duine dhona, duin' eile co dola 's ris féin.

OISEIN: A 'LINN AGUS A BHARDACHD.

(AIR A LEANTUINN.)

Tha barantas 'us dearbh-bheachd againn gun robh bho aimsir fad air-chùl luchd-stiuraidh 'us riaghluidh thairis air na Gaidheil, da'n robh iad a' geilleachduinn le mòr iriosalachd 'us urram. B' iad so na Druidhean. Bha iad foghlumte ann an seadh ard: bha iad fileanta ann am feallsanachd agus comharraichte airson an dealas 'us an durachd leis an robh iad a' cur an gnìomh na seirbhis a bhuineadh doibh. Cosmhuil re moran de sheana chinnich na talmhainn, cha b' fhiu leò am beachdan no an riaghailtean a sgrìobadh. Is ann air chuimhne a bha gach foghlum 'us sgil 'us ealdhainn air an gleidheadh 'nam measg, air chor 's gun gabhadh na h-oigfhir, a dh' fhaodadh na Druidhean a roghnuchadh air sgath an tapaiddh, 's an eireachdais, fichead-bliadhna mu'n ionnsuicheadh iad teagsgan nan Druidhean uile. Is è cuis bhronach, mhuladach a tha an so nach d'fhag daoine, aig an robh ughdaras co mòr agus tighearnas co farsuing, am beachdan agus an cleachduinnean aos-mhor féin ann an sgrìobhadh, a chum 's gu'n tairgneadh na ginealaich a thainig 'nan deigh, maith 'us bu annachd uatha; agus. mar an ceudnè, gum bitheadh è comasach dhuinn ceannardan nan Gaidheal ann an samhchair na sìth, agus an comhairleachan ann an comhraig nan geur lann, a mheas le solus grianach an briathran fein. Is ann bho'n bhuidheann chumbachdach so a fhuair sinn na facail: "Bliadhna, Bealtuinn, Samhuinn, Citein;" agus tha mi saòilsinn gu'm bheil *Flathinnis*. no *Innis nam Flath*, agus *I na freòine*, (Ifrionn) no *I nam fuanfhoim* a ruigh-eachd air an ais gu linn nan Druidhean.

Bha dream eile ann a bha comharraichte 'am measg nan Gaidheal le noir 'us speis, 'us measalachd. B' iad so na Baird. Bha iad na b' isle ann an inbhe na na Druidhean, gidheadh bha 'n

dreuchd a bha iad a' lionadh, urramach, air chor 's gun robh clann nan treun-laoich, 's nan sàr ghaigseach 's nan ceannardan air am faotainn gu minic 'a measg nam filidhean urlabhrach, ard chuimnteach, cheolmhor Ghaidhealach. Dh' fhimiridh na Baird orain fhada 'us dain molaiddh an sinnsearan fein ionnsuchadh gu pongail, mionaid-each. Thigeadh è dhoibh a bhi min-eolach air gach buaidh a thug agus gach euchd a rinn, seoid ainmeal an cinnich fein anns na laithean a dh' aom, a chum 's gum bitheadh iad comasach air feachd an dutcha a bhrosnuchadh agus a mhisneachadh ann an glas-chiabhan a bhlairst agus ann an spairn nan sleagh. Bha na Baird de gnath a' cumail cuideachd ris na Gaidheal ann an truscan ciar a' chomhraig, agus a' doirteadh treoir us treubhantas 'nan cridheachan le bhi 'seinn ann an rannan taitneach gr'inn, gniomharan mora nan laoch a dh' fhalbh. Chi sinn, mar so, nach b' ann gun aobhar sonruichte a bha *Bardachd* a' sealbhachadh staid co proiseil, statail 'am measg nan seana Gaidheal. Cha robh meadhan eile ann trid am faodadh an sluagh eolas fhao-tainn air deanadais euchdach, fhuilteach nam bliadhnachan a dh'eug; agus cha'n ioghnadh ged a mhothuchaidh gach sonn 'us curaiddh anam fein a' blaitheachadh le eud 'us cruadal, an uair a bha fuaim nan oran a' gleidheadh companais riu agus iad ag intreachduinn ann an Cath nan treun. Bha fos, iarrtuis mòr 'an measg nam Bard le bhi dìochiollach, deothasach, ionad measail a chosnadh 'am measg nan Druidhean a bha fadaos an ceann fein ann an cumhachd. Dh' inich an da chuideachd cheanalta, charthannach—na Druidhean agus na Baird iomadh linn ann an cairdeas dluth, 's ann an daimh laidir le cheile; agus, gun teagamh, feudaidd sinn a chreidsinn nach robh na h-uairean anaminic anns am fac iad sgiath 'us sleagh 'us clogaid 'us curaiddh 'us taifeid iuthair a' beumadh, a' bristeadh 's a' ruith gu siubhlach air machair, 's faiche

an air. Thainig fadheoidh crìoch air an dluth-chuirdadh so: Sgaoileadh na ceanglaichean graidh a chum na Druidhean agus na Baird ann an aonachd co fìor agus co fada ann an Albainn as a cheile air a mhodh so:

Bhuingeadh è do na Druidhean ceannard no ceannfeadhna a thaghadh a chum 's gun treoruicheadh è arnailtan dutcha gu cogadh a chur ann an aghaidh an naimhdean. B'e ainm an duine a bha air a roghnuchadh air an doigh so: *Vergobretus* no "Fear gu breith." Tha é air innseadh dhuinn gu'n deachaidh Tràthal, sar cheannard nan saoi, agus seanair Fhionnghail, rìgh Mhoirbheinn nan gleann, a chur air leth leis na Druidhean a chum feachd nan Gaidheal a threoirachadh anns a' chomhraig gharbh a chuir iad an aghaidh nan Romanach, siol nan coigreach. An deigh do mhac Threunmhoir nan tor-runn ard, ruaig a chur air naimhdean nan Gaidheal 's na Feinne, dhiult è a chumbachd a threigsinn air iarrtuis nan Druidhean uaibhreach. Rinn iadsan oidheirp laidir air a chumbachd a bha aca rè linntean co lionmhor aig air ais; ach sheas Tràthal, b' fhuaimear-beum air sliabh nam blar, gu dalma dulanach nan aghaidh. Chaill na Druidhean coir mar so air seasamh ann an tir 's an comhairle nan Gaidheal, agus ghabh iad comhnuidh 'an còs nan creag 's 'an ionadan foluichte na dutcha. Cha robh am beusan fann no faoin, no'n cumhachd failleasach 'an carraid nan sgiath, 's air sliabh nan cruach. "Bi gu sugach, geaninuidh, mochair-each;" "thoir umhlachd 'us aoradh do Dhia;" "Cum thu fein o ole 's o cheilg;" "bi gaisgèil mileanta, curanta ann an cath nan lann;" "bitheadh d' anam 'an spionnadh le solas 'nuair dh-éireas a' chomhstri mún cuairt:"—b' iad so teagasgan araidh nan Druidhean. Tha cromleac, clachan sleuchdaidd, clachan brath 'us cuirn, fathast a' toirt laithean nan Druidhean a nall; ach tha cluarain a' gluasad fo ghaoith mu thiomchioll nan aitean coinneamh aosda: tha còin-

neach a' comhdachadh nan carn, 'us a' caoineadh ann an Talla nan Druidhean, Dh'fhalbh iad fein 's gach euchd a rinn iad.

Thog na Baird rè iomadh linn na dheigh so, guth le binneas theud agus sheinn iad ceol uasal nan caoin dhàn. Thainig clarsaich gu minic a nuas on bhalla an nan Cona nan sian, agus le 'guthaibh shoillsich i gu grad na dh'fhalbh, a' togail samhla nan laoch nach robh lag air chiall a' chaidh fada null. Ged dhealuich na Druidhean agus na Baird, cha do lughdaich so meas 'us muirn nan filidhean.

(Gu bhi air a leantuinn.)

CONA.

NAIDHEACHDAN.

Se ceisd chumanda am measg nan Gaidheal, gu h-àraidh, an Alba; "Cia mar tha 'm bar!" Cha 'n eil a cheisd sin ga cur cho cumanda 's an duthaich so, tha sinn a smuaineachadh do brigh 's gu 'm bheil am barr daonan gu math agus pailt. Ma thachras air uairean gu 'm bi seorsachan dheith nach bi cho math, bithidh an conaidh pailteas de ni eigin air dhoigh agus nach bi cunnart acras fhulang—an ni a tha sinn a creidsinn a dh' aobharaich a cheisd so co cumanta 's an t-seann duthaich. Se 's doch iad fhaoighneachd 's an duthaich so, "Cia mar a tha na *Grits* no *Iain A.* agus *Iain Sandfield* a faighinn air adhart?" no "Ciod an coltas a tha air an fhear ud agus air an fhear ud eile faighinn a steach do 'n Pharlamaid aig an ath àm tionail; agus ciod e barail nam paipeiran naigheachd mu gach cuis," &c., &c. Cha 'n eil an duthaich so an earbsa ri aon seorsa de bharr, cho mor 's a tha 'n t-seann duthaich; agus cha 'n eil neart de na tuatha anaich fo mhàl. Ma theid am buntata air ais, bithidh pailteas cruithneachd, coire no eorna aca. Uime sin cha bhi iargainn mu 'n chuis. Tha nise barr na bliadhna so air a thional agus a chuid mhor dheith air a bhualadh, air

feadh Chanada; agus 's fhada bho nach robh e na b' fhearr. Cha mhor gu 'n urrainn duinn seorsa ainmeachadh na's fhearr na seorsa eile. Tha 'm buntata gu h-àraidh an barrach math agus pailt, agus faodaidh sinn an ni ceudna a radh mu 'n chruithneachd, eorn' agus choire.

Tha 'n Geamlradh a nis air tighinn a steach gu math; ach tha side bhri-
agha, thioram, sheasgair againn fhathas an Canada, cha chuala sinn ach gle bheag de shneachda a bhi air tuiteam an aite 's am bith de 'n duthaich.

Cha 'n eil sinn a cluintinn naidheachd araidh 's am bith bho 'n Ghaidhealtachd, bho cheann ghoidir; tha 'm barr agus an t-iasgach air tionndadh a mach cho math, mur eil na's fhearr na 'n abbaist.

Air an t-seachdamh latha de 'n mhios so chaidhe, bha teine uamhasach ann am baile mor Chicago, 's na Staidean, leis an deachaidh earann mhor de 'n bhaile sin a mhilleadh, agus call mor a dheanamh air cuid agus beatha dhaoine. Leis an ùpraid a bha na lorg, tha e duilich cunntas cinnteach fhaighinn air aireamh nan daoine a chaidh a dhith leis an teine so,—tha cuid ga aireamh mu 'n cuairt air mila anam. Ach tha cunntas cinnteach againn gu 'n deachaidh, mu cheud mìle pearsa fhagail gun taigh gun fhasgadh. Tha moran airgid air a chur cruinn 's' gach cearna, air son cobhair leis na daoine bochd a chaill an cuid 's an dachaidh leis an teine eagallach so; agus tha sinn an deochas uime sin nach bi moran fulaing nam measg. Tha cunntas againn gu 'm bheil an sluagh mar a tha gu sgairteil air toiseachadh ri togail a bhaile as ùr.

Tha 'm baile mòr beartach so, a leigeadh ris dhuinn cia mar a tha 'n sluagh agus an duthaich a tighinn air an adhart, air an taobh so de 'n fhainge. Cha 'n eil ach mu 'n cuairt air da-fhichead bliadhna bho 'n bha choille a fas gu reachdmhor na làrach agus gun a tuineadh ann ach Innseanaich agus beathaichean fiadhaich. Aig an am a chaidh a losgadh bha e moran na bu

motha na Dun-eideann, le corr a's tri-cheud mìle a shluaigh a tuineadh ann, agus gach malairt agus obair a dol air adhart da reir.

Bha mar an ceudna mòran theintean an aiteachan eile air feadh nan Staidean air a mhìos a chaidh seachad, a rinn call mor air beatha agus cuid dhaoine. Se 'n tiormachd neo-chumanta a bha air feadh na duthcha, gu h-àraidh na Staidean an Iar air an Fhoghar so, a reir coltais, a b' aobhar air a chuid mhor de na teintean so.

Tha moran bruidhinn aig an am so mu aonachadh a bhi air a dheanamh eadar Eaglaisean Clèireach Chanada, —an ni a tha sinne a faicinn ro iom-chuidh a bhi air a dheanamh; oir cha 'n eil eaglais shuidhichte 's am bith an Canada a nise; agus tha gach eaglais a th' ann *saer*. A thuilleadh air sin bhiodh an t-aonachadh so feumail, agus freagarrach air iomadh dòigh nach urrainn, sinn an so ainmeachadh. Bha Cleir na Eaglais Saoire cruinn 's a bhaile so air toiseach a mhìos, agus leis a cho-dhùnadh gu 's an d' thainig iad, cha 'n eil teagamh againn nach tig an gnothaich mu 'n cuairt mar bu choir an uine ghoird.

Tha Parlamaid Chuibec air cruinneachadh, agus tha Iain Sandfield agus a chairdean gu coinneachadh a cheile an Canada uachdrach air an t-seachdamh latha de 'n ath mhìos,—tha cuid a gradh nach bi uiread de chairdean aige 's a tha e 'n dùil,—ach “ge be 's fhaide a bhitheas beo s' e 's motha a chi—”

Bha moran gainne air feadh na duthcha a thaobh luchd oibreach air a bhliana so—gu h-àraidh luchd-oibreach fearsinn agus roidean-iarainn, agus searbhantan taighe. Bha aon duine (Mr. Willis) a tha sealtuinn as deigh gnothuichean luchd iomruich an Ottawa ag innseadh dhuinn gu 'm b' urrainn easan aiteachan comaidh agus tuarasdal math fhaighinn do chòr agus mìle. Tha seirbheisich a fhaighinn bho dheich

gu fichead dolar anns a mhìos agus am bord, a reir an agil a bhios aca air obair; agus tha searbhantan taighe air an dòigh cheudna a fhaighinn bho cheithir gu deich dolar anns a mhìos.

DUN BHRUSGRIGH AGUS IAIN

II. EARANN.

Tha na leanas air tighinn eadar Iain agus an Dun cuig bliadhna deug an deigh a cho-labhairt mu dheireadh a bha eatorra, agus Iain air falbh ann 'n Canada :

ARS IAIN.

“Mo mhile failte ort Dhuin Bhrusgraigh,
'S an thugad tha m' aigne ag' eirigh,
Le d' riomhail uaine co lusrach,
Gu cruinn uchdach le 'm feuraibh;
Tha do chreagan cas gorm-bhàn,
Gu corrach foirmeil, gu 'n bheud oirr',
A cumail dìon ort mu d' aodann,
'S cha dean aois moran meirg ort.
No sìontan bras.

Tha cuig bliadhna deug air dol seachad,
'O 'n rinn mi tagal mu d' chorsan,
Thug thu aegul dhomh mu'n ghlanann,
Mu 'n tuath 's mu dhachaidh m' oige;
Mu dhaoine mi runach Gallta,
Nach tuig ar baint no ar comhradh,
'S mu 'n eilean Ileach 's mu 'm chairdean,
Do 'm b' aunsa ghnath bhi 'n comhnuidh,
A measg nan glac.”

AN DUN.

“Cìod e so a tha mi cluinntinn,
No cìod e chainnt tha 'm chluasan?
Gu cinnt' cha 'n eil mi 'm chadal,
Le srann agam 's mi brudader;
Air leam gu 'n cuala mi 'n guth so
Gu tric a muigh air mo ghuaillibh,
Ach easan rinn e ar fagail,
'S thar 'n t-saile mhoir ghluais e.
Gu tìr Chuibec.

An thusa Iain nan cluanach,
A 's tric thug fuaim air mo chreagan,
Le d' phìob mhoir air do ghualainn,
Toirt agalan cruaidh as an fheadan?
Ma 's thu cha 'n aithne dhomh t-aogas
Tha 'n ad' mhaol sin gad' chleith orm,
'S dosan buis mu d' lib' uachdrach,
A falach snuadh do dheud shnaighte.
Mar earball cait.

Tha do chota beag cutach
A cumail cruil ort mu d' ghuaillibh

Agus briogaisean cumhann,
 Le Bann ga 'n cumail mu d' chruachain ;
 Imich 'uam cha tu lain,
 Mac mo chridhe 'bha stuamail,
 Mar eil ea-an air aomadh,
 Gu cleachdan faoin 's air fas uaibhreach,
 Mar neach gu 'n rath."

IAIN.

"A rìgh gur bochd leam mar thachair,
 'N am tighinn fagasg 's mi saraichte,
 'Bheil thusa a Dhuin a cur eul rium,
 O 'n dh'fhag mi 'n duthaich 's mo chairdean ?
 O ! 's iomadh oiche 'bha mi brúadar,
 An crìochaibh fuar na coill arda,
 Gu 'n robh mi cleasachd mu d' ghlaicibh,
 'S mo chridhe a piosgairt mar b' abhaist.
 Re d' chreagan glas."

AN DUN.

"Fhir mo ghraidh gabh mo leithsgeul,
 Na gabh spreisg 'chuireas naire orm,
 Ged a bha mi ri geadas,
 Mud ad, mud aodann 's mud fhiasaig ;
 Nach iomad uair ann am chablaig,
 Thug mi sgailleag do 'm laimh dhuit,
 Ach au sin bha thu d' bhallach,
 Gun mhaoim, gun spagloinn, gun bhreimsgais,
 'S do nadur math."

Ach ma tha thu air tionndadh,
 Mar a mhuinntir tha straicel,
 Nach fhuil leo comhairl' no barail,
 A ghabhail ceart 'o an cairdean ;
 Cha 'n iognadh leam e ri aithris,
 Gu 'm bheil garraich 's an aite sin,
 Nach d' fhuair teagasg nan oige,
 Ma 's fìor na sgeoil thig gach trath, oirnn,
 A nall le Post."

IAIN.

"Cha 'n eil mi son chuid am ghurrach,
 No tionndaidht' thairis am thrail d' aibh ;
 Mar 's fìosrach gu math dhuit,
 Cha b' e chleachd mi 'o m' mhathair,
 Ged tha moran 's an tìr ud,
 Nach dean strìochdadh do 'n aithne,
 Cha do leig mi air dichuimhn',
 An teagasg fhìor fhuair mi lamh riut,
 'S mi 'm mhagran beag."

AN DUN.

"'S ann leam 's toillichte ra fhaicinn,
 Gu 'm bheil do chleachdadh mar b' abhaist,
 Ged tha d' aogasg a cleith orm,
 Gu 'm bheil cneasdachd a' d nadur ;
 A nis an thuig sinn a cheile,
 Tionndaidh fein, 's taghail lamh rium,
 S cha ghair' mi tuilleadh mu d' ada',
 Mu d' chota goirid 's mu d' fhiasaig,
 On am so mach."

Mo mhile failte ort 'o m' chridhe,
 A 'm bheil do mhisneach gun mhucadh ?
 'Bheil do shlainge gun bhristeadh
 'O n' dh'fhag thu do dhùthaich ;
 Innis dhomh 's na dean ceiltinn,
 Oir tha mi leantuinne mo rùin dhuit,
 'S shada a feitheamh ri d' sgeul mi
 Mu'n tìr chein sin tha cliùiteach,
 Do 'n ghabh thu tlachd."

IAIN.

"Tha mi slàn gu 'n char cear orm,
 'O na dh'fhag mi mo dhuthaich,
 Ach bha deuchainnean làitheil,
 A cur phramh air mo ghnuis-sa ;
 Chaochail 'm athair 's mo mhathair
 'S chaidh an carann fo'n uir 'uam
 An Cill-a-Rudha nan tolmán,
 Measg na marbh nach dean dusgadh,
 Ged ni mi gal."

AN DUN.

"Tha mi faicinn gu fìor-ghlan,
 Measg gach tìr agus canain
 Gu 'm bheil trioblaid a strì riur',
 Co dhiu' 's iosal no aird iad ;
 'S ma tha mi faotainn na fìrinn,
 Tha 'r tìr sin buileach neo-shlaingeil,
 Le cuilg 's fiabhras tha oillteil,
 A cumail sgoinn agus anradh,
 Air cuid an so."

IAIN.

"Co, fad 's a's beo an cinne-daona,
 Co fad 's a tha aog auns a nadur,
 Na measg bith trioblaid ra fhaotainn,
 A chionn tha 'n t-aobhar a ghnath leo ;
 Tha cuid do dhaoine gu spideil,
 A cur sìos air an aite ud,
 A chionn tha aineolas inntinn,
 Gu rò chinnteach ga 'n caradh
 Air staidh neo-cheart."

Cha 'n eil fiabhras no crìtheach,
 A cur tiomachd no càs oirnn ;
 'S ged bhiodh so an car' tiotailh,
 Cha 'n eil innealachd bàis ann ;
 Tha cuideachd oigeil 's seannta
 Ma ri leanbaibh ri na gran
 Cur moran bhliadhnachan seachad,
 Gu'n chrith, gu'n chasad, gu'n sgar' n'each,
 Gun tinneas bras."

Na toir feart air gach gurrach,
 A bhios ri gulag 's ri drannan,
 Mu gach beitheach 's cuileag,
 A tharruingas fuil no ni srannan ;
 'Ch 'n fheum sinn cumhachd nan ulas,
 No cailleach bhuitseachais aingidh,
 A chum ar tearradh 'o 'm builleam,
 No 'n gob guinneach tha ainmeil,
 Air piocadh goirt."

Tha 'n tìr ud math agus falainn,
 Tha 'n tìr na dachaidh do 'n Ghaidheal,
 'S math dhoibh fhein mar a thachair,
 Ged bha carraid car trath orra :
 Fhuair iad dachaidh 's a choille,
 Le 'n tìsigh chaidh taigh chur 'n aird' leo,
 'S shuidh iad sìos mar theaghlach,
 Fo fhàileas chraobh nan dos arda',
 Tha ann gu pailt.

Ged tha 'n obair car trom oirre,
 'S ann le fonn theid iad uime,
 Mac-talla 'n breislich 's gach tom leo,
 Ga fhreagairt lom leis gach buile ;
 Tha farum faobhar an tuiaghean,
 Mar thrompaid bhùadhach cur thuige,
 Gu 'm bheil fàsach nan cual chruinn,
 Air toirt suas do gach duine,
 Ni innte stad.

Tha 'n eunlaith fhiadhaich air mosgladh,
 Bha gnath gu socair le 'n seorsa,
 Na daoine ruadha ri osnaich
 A cumail fois air na *squa-ibh* ;
 Tha 'n eilid luath le geur chuinnean,
 'S math-ghamhainn dubh le a spogan,
 Uile fiamhach gu'n furas,
 Air faicinn duine 's na coraan,
 Le crann 's le beart.

Tha daimh le cuing thar 'm muineil
 'S fear guthach laimh riutha a glaothaich
 '*Come, jee : ham*,' agus tuilleadh
 Nach dean mi thuigsinn mi ri 'm shaoghal ;
 Tha teine laidir dubh, lasrach,
 A losgadh grad salann chraobhan,
 'S Gach fear 's aodann 'n deataich,
 Le fallas bras air gach taobh dheith
 'S e paiteach teith.

Iadsan uile a tha falainn,
 Ged bhios beagan na 'm poca,
 Iadsan uile a tha agairteil,
 Gu 'n leisg ag' agairt a choir oirre ;
 Iadsan uile tha ri saothair,
 Le maoir 's madaidh ga 'n toireachd,
 Na biodh eagal no cas oirre
 Gu iomeachd trath do 'n tìr mhor ud,
 Le inntinn cheart.

B' fhearr gu 'n robh gach fear teaghlach.
 Tha criomadh raoin anns a Ghaidhealtachd,
 Fo chuibhreach 's chuillbheartan dhaoine,
 Do 'n dia 'n caoirich 's 'n spreidh ac' ;
 A glanadh fearuinn 's an taobh ud,
 'S a gearradh chraobhan 's gan spealgadh,
 A chur 's gu 'n coisneadh iad saorsainn,
 Nach 'eil ri fhaotainn 'n Albainn,
 Ged tha i math."

A Dhuin Bhrusgragh ro ghradhach,
 Gu 'm slàn anns gach tìr iad,
 A chuibhrianna bhochd de na Gaidheil,

Bha paidheadh mail anns a chrìch so ;
 Chaidh cuid dhiubh iomain air falbh uat,
 Mar dhròbh gu margaidh fo chuibair,
 'S anns an tìr ud fhuair fasgadh
 'O cholg 's bho spraisg an luchd clise,
 Bha stri ri 'n creach.

Oakville, May 30, 1870.

J. McC.

ORAN DO CHOMUNN GAIDHEALACH GHLEANNGARRAIDH, CANADA.

LE DOMENULL GRANND.

Gu baile mor na sgìreachd so,
 Gu 'n d' ghiarr iad gu mo 'dhinnear mi,
 'S ann sin bha 'n comunn sìobhalta.
 Bha grinn 's a h-uile doigh.

Mo bheannachd do n' phairtidh ud,
 Chaidh cruinn aig Alexandria,
 Thoir onair do na Gaidheil,
 'S do Naomh Aindra mar bu choir.

Bha fìneachan na duthcha ac' ann,
 Dòmhnallaich 's Dughallaich,
 Grandaich agus Stiubhartaich,
 'S clann Ionnuhuinn mhor an t-Srath.

Bha Mac-a-Phearsain Chlunnaidh ann,
 Bha Caimbealach 's clann Uraig ann,
 Bha Griogaraich 'o Ruadh-Shruth ann,
 'S daoine uaisle 'o chlann Mhic-Rath.

Bha Sìosalach Srath-ghlais aca,
 Bha Mac-Leoid 's Mac-Artair ann,
 Mac-Ille-Mhaoil 's 'n Catanach,
 'S na h-Alpanaich bho t-shean.

Bha Fìoslaach na h-Airde aca,
 'S Mac-Coinnich mor Chiantaile ac' ann ;
 Shuidh Clann-a-Linnean lamh' ris,
 'S Mac-Ille-Brà' 's iad sin.

Bha Camroinich 'o Locaidh ann,
 Clann-Ille-Iosa a Mòrair ann,
 Mac-Aoidh 's Mac-an-toisich ann,
 'S Mac-Neacail mor 's a mhac.

Bha Mac-ant-Saoir 's Mac-Luchlainn ann,
 Mac-Ruairi 's Mac-Bheathain ann,
 Fearghusaich pailteas ann,
 'S Mac-Labhrainn, 's Mac-an-Ab.

'S gann a tha do thim agam,
 Na fìneachan uile innse' dhuibh,
 Ach bruidhnidh sinn mu 'n dinnear,
 'S mu 'n a h-uile ni a bh' ac'.

Na 'm faicadh sibhs' am bord a bh' ann,
 Bha *turkies* air 'n rostadh ann,
 Bha muilt-fheoil agus geòidh ac',
 'S gu leoir a dh' fheoil a mhart.

Bha cearran air 'n còcaireachd,
 Bha *haggies* ann bha sònraichte,

'S bha miosan beaga boidheach ann,
De sheorsachan *nic naz*.

Bha cofe agus tea ac',
'S bha siucar geal na mhill innte,
'S bha mnathan oga 's nìonagan,
Ga shineadh gu gach fear.

Se Mac-a-Phle, a Callasaic,
A rinn an diinnear ainmeil ud,
'S ged chosg i moran airgid dha,
Gu dearbha' bha i math.

'S an fheadhainn rinn a chocaireachd,
Gu 'm fada beò bhios iad,
Gu'm foghnadh i do 'n Ghòbhairnair,
Do rìgh Deors' no da mhas.

'Nis bruidhnidh sinn mu 'n òl a bh' ann,
Bha braundaidh, 's rum, s' beòr aca,
Bha fion 's gin bho 'n Olaind ac'
'S broinean "mac-na-brach."

'S e piobaireachd 'n ceòl a bh'ann
Bha toirteachan, 's bh oranen,
Bha 'm *president* toirt ordugh dhoibh,
"Hurro! come—fill your glass."

Bha deoch air slainte na Ban'-righ ann,
'S air na prionnsachan a thainig 'uaip,
Air Craig 's air Domhnall Sandfield,
'S air a Pharlamaid bho 's leith.

Ach sguridh mi dheith 'n dàn tha so,
'S bruidhnidh mi mu 'n Ghailig ribh,
'S innsidh mi mar thainig i,
Bho 'n t-im a bh' ann o 't-shean.

A thaobh 's i cainnt 's naduraich,
Gu oranachd 's gu m'aranachd,
Gu 'r b-i a bh' anns an aire ac',
'S aig Adhamh 's aig a bhean.

A cheud fhacal a thuir Adhamh rithe,
'Nuair chunnaic e 's a gharadh i,
Chaidh e 's rug' e air laimh oirre,
"N thu th' ann a ghraidh na 'm bean."

'S mor 'n t-aobhar naire dhoibh,
Do phairt de dhaoine 'n aite so,
Nach ionnsuich iad a Ghailig,
Do 'n cuid phaisdean 's do 'n cuid mhas.

ORAN GAOIL,

LE SOMHAIRLE CAMSHRON, E RAINEACH.

Air fonn "Coire-cheathaich."

Mi m' shuidhe 'n' onar, air tulaich bhoidhich
'S mi gabhail orain, cha teid e leam;
Mo chridhe 'n cònaidh mar chloich air moir-
tich,

As moran seòil aig air dol gu grùnd.
Gu grùnd cha teid e gun fhios do 'n Eucaig;
'S ma ni i rèite gur fheaird a chùis;

'S mur taogh i fein mi, gur leis an Eug mi,
Le shaighdibh geura tigh 'nn orm es ùr.

A shaighdean geur' annam taobh ri chèile,
A dh' fhaig mi reubta le iomad lot:
Gur tuirseach m' eislein gach latha 'g eiridh;
Gur tric mo lheine co fhuich ri lòn.
Mar ghaoith bho thuath a thig bharr nan
cuaintean,
A dh' fha' bhas bhuaninne mar chi sibh ceò,
'S e samhladh fhuair mi de ghaol na gruag-
aich,
A roinn mo bhuaireadh air iomad seòl.

Ochoin! a ghruagaich, nach gabh thu truas
rium;
Do ghaol a bhuaireadh mi gun fhios do 'nt shloigh.
'S mur faidh mi fuarach bho 'n ghaol so bhuaire
mi,
Gu dearbh cha dual domh bhi fada beò:
Mo chridhe luaineach gach lath' air luasgan,
Mar lhuing air chuan agus i gun seòl;
Na tuinn le buaireas ag eiridh suas ri;
'S mur eirich buaidh leth' cha teid gu seòl.

Gu seòl cha teid i; 's gur beag mo speis di,
Mur faidh mi 'n Eucag a 's gile dreach,
Do shlios an gle gheal mar shneac air gheug-
aibh;
'S gur tuirseach m' eiridh gun laidhe' leat.
Tha m' inntinn cianail, gach lath' 'g a riabadh,
'S mi 'n toir air t' iarraidh le cogais cheart.
Do nadur còuard a chlaoidh es m' oig mi;
'S cha b' e do stòras a bh' ann mo bheachd.

Stòr no feudail ged 's mòr an speis diu,
An diugh cha leir leam a bhi 'g an dìth;
A's stoc no airneis chan iad a b' fhearr leam;
'S cha bhraid na meir' air am bheil mi 'n ti,
Cha chrodh air bhuailltibh 's cha ghreigh air
fuaran

A chuir an buaireas so ann mo chridh;
Ach eala bhuaidheach 's i snamh nan cusin-
tean,
'S me lhiòn mu 'n cuairt di g' a toirt gu tìr.

'S ma 's tusa an eala tha air a chuan sin,
Gur mise 'nt uan a tha air an tràigh,
'S na meangain bhuaidheach a fàs mu n cuairt
domh,
Mur tuit mi 'm buair' air do shon, a ghràidh;
Cha dibheil ceille thug miad mo speis dut;
'S ma ni thu reite cha deigh dhomh e.
On 's tu mo cheud ghradh, s gun lhub thu
fein mi,
Gum bi mi eibhinn deth fad mo rhèidh.

Do chuach-fhalt boidheach, air dhath an neo-
nain
'S e fàs gu mòthar 'n a dhualaibh grinn,
'N a chioibhan òr-bhuaidh mar shithein òrna,
Gu bann do chòta bho chùl do chinn,—
Gu lùbach, dualach—gu clearach, cuachach,
A's car mu 'n cuairt anns gach fuiltein min,

'S e truiste suas ann an slde buaidheach,
An leadan dualach nach dochainn cir.

Do shlios mar chanach, no breid de 'n anart,
No sneac air barraich, gun dol gu làr;
Do ghruaidh dhearg thana mar chaoran
meangain,
Fo d' shuil ghorm mheallaich, gun ghiomb,
gun agath.

Tha mais a' t' aodainn thair clann nan daoine;
'S e dh' fhaig mi daonnan co fad a' d' ghradh;
Ach thig le d' ghaol, 's thoir e glacaibh 'n
Aoig mi,
Neo dh' aindheoin dhaoine gum faidh mi bàs.

'S ma gheobhtar bàs lheim air-ion do ghraidhe.

Cha bheag an t-amail e m' chairidibh mòr,
'S na craoinn bho 'n d' fhas mi co math ri d'
phairtse

Ged iar thu nàird iad gu ruig na meoir.
Bho linn gu linn, iar amach mo shinnse,
'S ma gheobh thu mìo-mhodh do dhuin' nt
shloigh,

Grad chù do chinn ris gach geug a chinn diu;
'S cha robh do thiom dhiu ach gear gu leoir.

'S ma chumthar bhuam thu le gnìomh ant
shluaigh sin,

A thogas thuaisle le cainnt am beòil,
Tha cairdean dileas mu 'n cuairt os n' léal,
A thogas mìo-thìac, 's nach strìoehd do 'n
choir.

Luchd bhreug as thuaisle do 'n gnàth bhi
buaireadh

Tha m' fhuil air fuathachadh riu, as m' fheoil,
Gum buin an treud ud do Mhamon deisneach,
Le 'n teangaibh èisgeil toirt beum do 'n choir.

Tha naimhdean fallsail, fo agaille cairdeis,
A togail fann-geulan oirn le chèil',
Luchd mìo-ruin teanga a pioca tainge,
A dealbh an aithleir 's a deanamh bhreug.
Tha ceig mar lòn agus nimh ri òl daidh,
As e an cùaidh gu searbh 'n am beul.
Luchd dhealbhadh droch sgeoil buinidh iad do
dhoruinn,
A's iads gu sonruicht' bhios deanamh bhreug;

Ma chi sibh neach bhios a cur ri chèile,
Mar phioghaid threubhaich 's i deanamh nid
Bidh son a cuartachadh staigh le h-eiginn,
A's aon a reiteachadh cuairt an nid;—
Ma thig gaath lhuaineach thair bharr nan cu-
aintean,

A chuireas luasgan air meoir a phris;
Grad ghalbhaidh uapadh an nead 's a chuair-
teag.

As faic an truaighe cia mòr a nis.

Mar sin, mo bhanndag, na gabhsa anntlachd,
Ged their do chairdean gum bheil mi bochd;

As tuig Rìgh Daibhidh, 's an staid am b'
air e,

Bha chridh' gun ailgheas mar neach gun tois
Cha d' fhuair an rìgh sin ach beag toil-
inntinn

'S a chaithir rhioghail, le mòran sprochd;

'S ma luegh thu m' Bioball tha part de 'g
innseadh

Gun d' rhoinn e ilseach mar dhuine bochd.

Bha mise a' m' òige car tamull gòrach;

Nis tha mi deoinach air cinntinn glic;

Tha am gu bròn agus am gu sòlas:

'S e 'n dara seol air 'n do chaochail mis.

Nis glacam seolta mo rhibheid cheòlar,

On tha mo shòlas a ris air teachd;

As theid mi chonuidh gu tulaich bhoidhich

'S bidh mi mar smeoraich a seinn gu beachd.

ORAN DO 'N NIGHINN GHÀIDH- EALACH.

LE EOGHAN MAC LEOD.

[Bha 'n t-ughdar a lathair aig cuirm araidh,
ann 'm fear de bhailtean mor Shasuinn; thug
e 'n aire do nighinn a bha ro aluinn, agus
modhail na gluasad, air dhoigh 's gu'n d' thug
i bàrr air cach uile. Air dha fhaighinn a
mach gu 'm bu Ghaidheal i, rinn e na rainn a
leanas dhi.]

'Se bhi gleusadh mo chiuil air cliù na maisè

Tha 'r bho thalamh na 'm Beann,

A bheothaich mo shunnd, 's dhùraich 'm
aigneadh,

Mar dhritich air lusan nan gleann,

A dhaisig dhomh oige, 's pois is mire,

Cuir orain mhilis am bheil;

A dhugadh le sòlas ceòl mo chridhe,

Do 'n òg-bhean 's ceanalta beus.

Do bheatha do 'n tir so, ribhinn bhanail,

Tha t-intinn tairis is rè,

Do nadur cho ciuin, 's do ghnuis cho maisèil,

Do shuil mar dhearcag an t-sleibh,

Do bhroilleach geal min, a' sìde a' falach,

Tha ligh mar eala air a chuan,

Do ghruaidh mar 'n ròs 's boi'che sealladh,

'S oigh' 's mhaduinn ga bhuain.

Gur fortanach dhà'san, thàr, na fearaibh,

Do 'n dain am meangan a bhuain

'Nuair bheireadh na prìounsas, 's diucan
fearann

An cruin na 'm faigheadh iad buaidh,

Gu 'm tighinn air baird' a's airde barail,

Air ailleachd pearsa agus snuadh,

Bith' eachdraidh do chliu an cunntas maireann

A muirn aig deas agus tuath.

CANADA.

(AIR A LEANTUINN, BHO *Chuairteir nam Gleann.*)

Tha do dh'fhearann fàs anns an duthaich so uiread 's a ghabhadh ceud mìle pearsa 'n ceann gach bliadhna fad leth cheud bliadhna ri teachd, agus 'na dheigh sin bhiodh fearann fàs ann le cion dhaoine chum aiteachaidh. Cha 'n eil ceann san t-saoghal d'a bheil imrich do'n Ghaidheal cho nàdurra; cha 'n eil iad a' dol am measg dhoinne borbha fiadhaich, ach am measg an luchd-duthcha fein, fo na h-aon laghauna bhia thairis orra bho 'n uige; tha mìltean rompha 'sineadh a mach an lamhan riutha 's a' smaideadh orra dol a nùll, agus a' feitheamh gu failte shuilibhearra chur orra. Cha 'n eil teagamh nach bi 'Ghailig ann an uine ghoirid air a labhairt ann an *America* mu-thuath le barrachd dhaoine na th' ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba. Tha ministerean ann tha 'searmonachadh na Gailig — ministerean dileas teò-chridheach, durachdach; agus ge goirt leinn gu bheil òiginn agus cruaidh-chas a' bagradh na Gaidheil bhochda fhuaich o'n duthaich fein, 's oil leinn nach robh na mìltean diubh air an suidheachadh ann an *America*, dluth d'a chèile, far an suidheachadh gach aon fo sgìl a chraoibh figis féin gun eagal bàirlinn no maoir.

Gun teagamh air bith 'si so an duthaich a's freagariche do Ghaidheil dol, a tha 'cur rompha tìr an athraichean fhagail. Cha 'n eil cosnaiche slàn fallain tha eolach air obair, agus toileach obair a dheanamh, nach faod fearann saor a bhi aige dha féin ann am fìor bheagn bhliadhnach, agus a bhi cho cothromach, socrach 's bu mhiann leis, ged nach robh peighinn air a shiubhal, ma bheir e'n aire dha fein; 's na tha e glic grunnail, faodaidh e chur cùl a laimhe an ceann trì no ceithir a bhliadhnach na chuireas 'na chomas aite seasgair fhaotainn da féin agus a radh: "Tha mi nis air mo dhùnadh féin agus feuch cò dhuirers dheth mi!"

'Se 'n t-àm a's fearr gu falbh do *Chanada* no do chearn air bith ann an *America* mu thuath, deireadh an earraich, agus gun bhi moran na's anmeiche no mu laithean na Bealltuinn. Tha leis a so ùin' aca san tha dol a mach amharc mu'n timcheall agus aiteachan freagarach fhaotainn. Iadsan a bheir beagan airgid leò tha ùin' aca le dol a mach tràth sa'

bhliadhna air cruineach a chur, tighean a thogail agus uidheamachadh agus fearas-tighe dheanamh, airson a' gheamhraidh. Tha tuarasdail ar do ghnàth airson agalagan agus dhaoine tha eolach air gnothuichean dùthcha; gheibh iadsan ceithir dolara-deug sa' mhìos — os ceann deich-puinnd-fhichead shasunnach sa' bhliadhna.

Bu chòir dhoibhsan tha 'cur rompha falbh, co beag nithe 's a 's urrainn iad a thoirt leò, oir tha cosdas mòr 'na ghiulan o àite gu àite.

Tha iadsan tha dol thairis do na dùthchanna sa an cunnart a bhi air am mealadh le daoine cealgach sanndach a choinnicheas iad an deigh dhoibh 'ruigheachd; mholamaid dhoibh a bhi 'nan earalas, agus a chuimhneachadh gu bheil luchd-comhairleachadh aig an nach-dranchadh auns gach àit air an suidheachadh agus air am pàigheadh chum coigriche a stiùradh do guch àite 's freagariche dhoibh. Faodaidh iad lan earaba chàranh annta so, agus 's e 'n teurainteachd a bhi air an comhairleachadh leo, cia dhiubh 's e comradh tha dhith orra no fearann a cheannach dhoibh fein.

Iadsan aig nach 'eil airgid r'a thoirt leò, ach a tha dol a mach mar luchd-cosnaidh, chomhairlicheamaid iad a dh' fhalbh tràth sa' bhliadhna, a' cheud chosnadh math a thachras orra 'ghabhail, iad a bhi foighidneach seasamhach, fuir-each 'nan luchd-oibre 's 'nan agalagan gus an tuig iad gu math nàdur an fhuin, nàdur na dùthcha 's an dòigh a's fearr gu cinneachadh, agus gu àite fhaotainn doibh fein. Mar thuir sin a cheana, gheibh fear-oibre math laidir, ceithir dolara-deug sa' mhìos, agus a bhord; agus an ceann trì bliadhna faodaidh e àit fhaotainn da féin.

Tha sinn 'ga innseadh mar fhirinn gu gu bheil daoine san dùthaich sin aig nach robh aona pheighinn an latha chaidh iad air tìr gun sgòil gun ionnsachadh; ach stuma, riaghailteach, seasamhach, saothaireach, agus ann an ceann trì bliadhna, aig an robh leth-dusan mart, mucan, eunlaith agus na h-uile goireas a b' urrainn doibh iarraidh. Ma thogras duin, air bith an ainm fhebraich, bheir sinn doibh an ainm 's an sloinneadh agus an t-àit as an d' fhalbh iad.

Gu bhi air a leantuin.

MRS. CAIPTÉIN THOMAS.

Cha 'n eil teagamh nach faoighnich iomadh neach d' ar luchd-leughaidh :
 "Co i Mrs. Thomas, no ciod a chuir a h-ainm an so seach iomadh bean usal eile 's an duthaich?" 'Sann air son sin a fhreagairt a thoisich sinne air so a sgrìobhadh, agus tha sinn rò dhuilich nach 'eil sinn ach gle chearbach air a shon, a thaobh 's nach eil min eolas againn air a bhoirinneach usal cheanalta so. Cha 'n aithne dhuinn a bheag mu deimhinn, ach gu 'm bheil sinn a cluintinn gur bean Caiptéin mara i, agus gu 'm bheil i a tuinneadh an Dun-eileann. Ach chunnaic agus chuala sinn mu gnìomhara fiachail agus caomhneil bho cheann ghoirid, a thaobh cuideachadh agus leasachadh le Gaidheil bhochd, ni a bhiteas na chuimhneachan maireann dhi ann an cridhe gach Gaidheil aig am bheil spèis 's am bith de dhùthaich aithrichean, agus math a luchd-aiteachaidh. Tha i nise bho cheann aireamh bhliadhnachan, air a chuid mhòr d' a tim a chaitheamh a deanamh na's urrainn i air son cor dhaoine bochd a leasachadh air feadh na Gaidhealtachd, gu h-àraidh 's na h-eileanan an Iar. Chod i moran de cuid airgid fhein, agus thionail moran airgid bho dhaoine coireile air son comh-nadh ri Gaidheil bhochd a chur do Chanada agus aiteachan eile 's am biodh an cor na b' fhearr na bha e 'n duthaich am breith; agus tha i fhathas a lean-tuinn air an obair cheudna. Cha 'n eil cairdean de 'n t-seorsa so ach ainneamh aig na Gaidheil 's an latha 'n diugh. Uime sin 's ann le 'r 'n uile chridhe a tha sinn a guidhe "buaidh 'us piseach le Mrs. CAIPTÉIN THOMAS, fìor bhan'-charaid nan Gaidheal." Innsidh sinn barrachd mu deimhinn an nìne ghoirid.

Cha robh coille riamh gun chrìonach.

Cha'n 'eil eadar an t-amadan 's an duine glic, ach gu'n ceil an duine glic a rùn agus gu'n innis an t-amadan e.

COMHAIRLE DO NA GAIDHEIL A THA FUIREACH AN ALBAINN.

A chlànn' nan Gaidheal nach tig sibh a nall, 'S na bith'bhna'r trallèan aig garlichean Ghall, Tha Canada fàruinn a's beartach gu leoir, 'S ma ni sibh ann obair gu'n togar leibh lon.

Togaidh sinn cruin'eachd ma'r i eorn' agus core, Fèisair' buntata agus seupan gu puil; Na measan is bol'ci e tha na' eoir an do ghnà 'S cha churam do dhùine ma chumas e shlàint.

Tha cuid ann's n'ait' 's tha beartach, 's cuid bochd Mar a bhith's gu bràth anns gach aite gu beachd; Ach ean ni dìchioll gu fìrinneach, ce-rì, Bith' dachaich 'us àit' aige, 's tardach gu'n airc.

Se tha sinn' ag' lonndrain a mhuinntir tha ceart Cha mhisgear no lundair no fongair gun rath, Ach daoine tha grunnaidh le intinnean math Bhi's leir'neach 's ni du'ich's 'n aull air gach car.

Tha milltean 's an aite's a th' inig a nall, Gun agillinn na 'm pòca, bha bronach 's an àm, Tha nìs aca fearainn, 's tha taighean ac' suas, Eich, crodh agus caoirich, 's cha 'n fhaoinas 'n luach.

Tha steldheachd 's 'n dùthaich's. 'tha clùtiteach do 'n t-sluagh; Cha'n 'eil iad ga'n sarach' aig garraich dhaoine' uaisl; De'm feum iad bhi lùbadh mar dhiùidhidh gun talrbbh; 'S an eilgionna ac' ruigte 'n àm clùine no stòirm.

Cha b' ionann sa n t-àit ud a dh-fhàg m' am dhéidh,— Tha cuid de na Gaidheil mar thrallèan gun fheum, Air seilteach tha'n clarsaich, 's an dèinteangun seinn; Na "Pharohs" toirt buadhach, 's muir ruadh thar 'n cinnc.

Tha morchuis 's uabhar 's truailleadh romhor, M' aag oighreachan fearainn, gu tionail an oir; A choet theid an geallachd, an dannsa 's an ol, 'S an luchd'rain air faontragun aodach gun lon.

An t-er 'ud cha chod aig 'n dachaichd gu seim; Do n Fhraing no do Lunainn mar ghurraich gun teid; Ach tìllidh iad dhachaichd 's Bann-tasgaidh' nan dèidh, 'S na màll theid an àrdach' gu pairt deth chuir rèidh.

'N am trasadh a màll sin bith' emaladh air tuath 'S gu eile mar a pàidh iad, theid Bairlinn mu'n cuairt, Na Factors mar f'hitich a criomadh na s'muins No lèis air nan somal tha 'n gaoil air na h-uain!

A gabhail gach cothram gu solar an oir; An oir no an eueoir an sprèidh bheil iad leo, Le maolr tha mar mhal'-choin, air liallan nan dorn— A sineadh aig agtamhail ag' iarraidh gu lon!

Bheir mise dhuibh comhairl', ma ghabhas sibh ris, Gu fìor 's ann le cairdeas a tha mi ga inn'e: "Gach aon de na Gaidheil gu'n deanadh iad deas 'S tighinn thairis do Chanada, 's gheibheadh iad meas."

'S mi chunnac mor chruaid' thall a's a bhor, 'S sheas mi air uairibh mor fhuachd agus teas,

• Mortgage.

'S iomadaich alaban fada leam fhein,
'S bu neoni sud uile seach fuir each 's an Eiph't'

Cha 'n eil mi our tualleas a suas anns an am,
Ach innaidh mi 'n uair so mu bhoas agus thail,
'S an t-aon a bhithas grumach 'n deigh cluas
thoir do'm rann,
Duineadh e chluasan 's cha bhualrear a cheann

Mise thugaibh an aire, gar mealladh cha bhl',
Ma thig no ma dh'fhanas, na coirichibh mi,
Tha cuid anns an ait's gun fhardach gun ni,
Ach 's mi-fhortan mor e, no ol's milleadh tim.

Tha sean-'fhocal dìreach, 's e fìor air a lhuaid,
'Nach airidh airsochair am fear nach cuir suas,
Le beagan de'n dochair, 's a singheibh e dhuais,
Dha fein 's dha chuid phisdean, 's a bhairlìnn
cha ghluais."

Mis sguridh mi 'na ranndachd, 's mo pheann
leigidh sìos,
Their cùid bhith's ag' eisdeachd, ri 'm sgeul
"tha e fìor,"
Cuid eile, "cha'n eisd mi ri breugan gun bhrìgh,"
Mar sud tha na daoine 's an t-saoghal gach linn.
Sullivan, Ont. Sept. 1871. H. McC.

ORAN GAOIL.

§ EOGHAN MAC-COLLA.

AIR FÒNN—"Hì ri ri 's hò ra il ò, mo nighean
donn is bòidheche."

Co'-SHEIRM.

Thogainn cliù na h-ùr-bhean mhìn
Fhuair 'san Réilig gaol mo chri:
'S beag an t-ioghnadh tuille 's mi
Bhi bristeadh 'n cridhe 'n tòir oirr'.

'S binn 'an seòmar ceòl nan teud,
'S binn 'san fhàs-choill àl nan geug;
'S binn na iad uile 'n beul
Bu mhiann leam fèin bhi pògadh.
Thogainn cliù, &c.

Thug an t-ùr-ros, fìr nam buadh,
A dhath gaolach fèin d'a gruaidh;
'S faile caoin subh-craobh nam bruch
A h-anail fhuair gun fhòtus.
Thogainn cliù, &c.

'S geal an lilidh tim a' Mhàigh,
'S gile no sud cneas mo ghràidh,
Còmhnuidh chaoin a' chridhe bhàth,
B'è 'n trusdar dh' fhàgadh breòit è.
Thogainn cliù, &c.

Ciod an stà bhi 'cur an géill
Dreach a blàth-shuil làn de ghaol?
Cha 'n eil shùil a' chalmain fèin
A' leth co maoth-ghorm bhòidhaich.
Thogainn cliù, &c.

Cha 'n eil mil an t-seillein chiar
Idir milis làmh r'a bial;
'S shaoileadh tu gur ann bho 'n ghrian
A fhuair i fiamh a h-òr-fhalt!
Thogainn cliù, &c.

LITIR BHO ASTRALIA.

Macartair, Astralia,
Ceud Mios, an Fhoghair 14, 1871.

A Mhr. Deasaiche,—

Chunnaic mi sealladh de bhu'r paiper
luachmhor bho cheann ghoirid, agus gu cinn-
teach thug e mor thoil-intinn dhomh fhaicinn
gu 'n robh a leithid ri fhaotainn 's a Ghailig.
Gu 'm fada beo sibh, agus gu 'm buadhaicheadh
leibh. Faogaidh mi innseadh dhuibh gu 'm
bheil moran Ghaidheal anns na cearnaibh so
de 'n chruinne. Cha 'n eil baile 's fhiach
ainmeachadh nach 'eil comunn Gaidhealach
eteidhichte ann, airson cumail suas luth-
chleasan neo-lochdach nan Gaidheal. Bha
mar 'n ceudna paiper Gailig againn 'n Tas
mania 's a bhliadhna, 1857; ach bhàsaich e
air a bhliadhna sin fhein. Bha moran conn-
sachaidh eadar na Gaidheil agus na Goill ann
a Hamilton 's an duthaich so bho cheann
ghoirid; agus 'se 'n t-aobhar a bh' aca:—
Mu'n cuairt air 1857, thogadh eaglais eatorra,
air chumhnant gu 'm feumadh an ministear
ac' a bhith comasach air searmonachadh 's
an dà chainnt. Fo 'n chumhnant so, chaidh
an t-urramach Aonghas Domhnallach, a shuid-
dheachadh mar mhinistear thairis air a choi-
thional. Fhuair iad air 'n adhairt gu rèith
car uine; bha searmoin Ghailig aca 's a
mhaduinn agus searmoin Bheurla 'n deigh
meadhan latha, gach Sabaid. Dh'eug Mr.
Domhnallach bho cheann ghoirid; ach greis
roimh a na bhàis, cha robh searmoin Ghailig
aca, ach aon uair 's a mhios; agus am fear a
thainig na aite cha searmonaicheadh e dig
idir 's a Ghailig. Chuir na Gaidheil an
aghaidh so, a reir a chumhnant a bha eatorra,
agus scar iad iad fein bho na Goill buileach.
Tha na Gaidheil a nis air eaglais ùr a thogail
dhaibh fhein'a tha na onoir dhaibh, agus tha
iad an drasd a feitheamh ri ministear a Al-
bainn; agus ma dheibh iad fear a bhithas
measail air a lhuachd ducha agus 'n canain,
agus na sheirbhiseach dileas an aobhar an
Tighearna, cha 'n eil teagamh nach soirbhich
leis.

Creid gu 'r mise le mor mheas,
'Ur seirbhiseach dileas,
Victoria, Astralia. D. B.

Thachair do mhinistear stòlda, agus
oifigeach dg coinneachadh, agus a bhi
'seanchas; agus mu dheireadh, thanig an
seanchas gu car beag connsuchaidh.
Bha'n t-oifigeach agat le feirg; agus mar
thàmailt do'n mhinistear, thuir e ris—
"Nam biodh do mhi-fhortan orm gu'm
biodh ùmpaidh mic agam nach b'urrainn
ni eile dheanamh, gu cinnteach dheanain
ministear dhe." "Cha robh t'athair-sa
sa' bhàrail riut," arsa 'n ministear, gu
socrach.

GEARAIN.

Chuala sinn bho cheann ghoidid gu 'n d' thainig gearain a nall a' Albainn, a thaobh aireamh de Ghaidheil bho chd a thainig a nall bho cheann ochd bliadhna, bho aon de na h-eileanan an Iar, le airgiod iosaid, bho dhaoine uasal timchioll (hlascu agus Dhuneideann, air chumhnant gu'n cuireadh iad an t-airgiod air ais gun dail, cho luath 's a gheibheadh iad e, a chum 's gu 'm faigheadh daoine bochd eill e, gu tighinn air an doigh cheudna. Tha na daoine so 'a gearain (ged nach eil teagamh nach d' fhuair na daoine do 'n tug iad e, an t-airgiod uair 's uair bho 'n thainig iad), nach deach' sgillinn a chur air ais dheith fhathasd, mar a gheall iad. Cha 'n eil e furasd dhuinne a chreidsinn gu 'm bheil facal firinn ann; uime sin cha'n abair sinn a bheag mu 'n chuis, gus an lorgaich sinn a mach gu min e. Ach ma tha a leithid de dhaoine air tighinn n' ar measg fo ainm Ghaidheal, a bhioth cionntach air a leithid, tha sinn an dòchas gu 'n teid am fuadachadh a mach as an duthaich gun dàil, air neo do n' choille, am measg nan Innseanach, far 'n ionnsuich iad a chainnt Innseanach, Fraingis, no canain eile de 'n t-seorsa. Cha bhuin a leithid idir do Ghaidheil Chanada.

NA TIGHEARNAN GAIDHEALACH.

Tha duine Urramach araidh, nach 'eil e fhein a tuineadh fada bho sgàil a "chaisteil mhòir," a sgrìobhadh thugainn; "gun a bhi ri mìodal nan tighearnan Gaidhealach, daoine 's miosa a tha ri fhaiginn, &c."; a ciallachadh, a reir coltais, an orain a bha 's a cheud aireamh de 'n GHaidheal, do Shir Seumas Mac-Mhathain. Gu'n a leigeadh ris co sgrìobh an t-oran sin, tha sinn ag' aontachadh ris gach facal dheith, a thaobh molaidd agus geannmath an duine uasail sin; agus ged nach eil sinn a tuineadh cho faisg air "baile mor a chaisteal" 's a tha easan, cha 'n aidich sinn idir a bhi

tur aineolach air mar a tha gnothuch-ean a dol air adhairt timchioll air; agus 's math dh fhaoidte gu 'm bheil sinn ann an suidheachadh a cheart cho math ris fhein gu breith neo-chlaonach a thoirt 's a chuis. Aidicheamid gu 'm bheil cuid de na tighearnan Gaidhealach cho dona 's a dheanadh easan a mach iad,—an fheirde a chuis am beagan nach 'eil mar sin a bhi air 'n cur 's an aon phoca riutha? 'Nuair a thachras droch dhaoine an-ìochdmhor rinn am measg nan tighearnan Gaidhealach, cha 'n fhaigh iad sòradh bho 'n Ghaidheal so; agus an uair a thachras daoine coir ìochdmhor rinn, coltach ri Sir Seumas MacMhathain, innsidh sinn e mar 'n ceudna—a dhaindeoin co chuireadh na aghaidh. 'S math dh' fhaoidte gu 'm bi tuilleadh againn ri radh mu 'n chuis so 'n uine ghoidid.

COMUNN GAILIG LHUNAINN.

Se so an diugh da rìreamh "Comunn nam fìor Ghaidheal, cia bith co aige tha 'n t-ainm 's ann acasan a tha 'n tairbhe. Se gu 'n teagamh an diugh an comunn a 's feumail 's as beothail a bhuineas do na Gaidheil. Tha crìoch araidh aca 's an amharc, se sin a bhi sealtuinn as deigh gean-math na Gailig, nan Gaidheal agus na Gaidhealtachd, agus a reir coltais cha 'n eil a chrìoch sin a dol as an amharc. Cha mhor gu 'm bheil gluasad a chuala sinn bho cheann fhada, a thaobh Aird Fhear Foghlun Gailig, agus nithean eile de 'n t-seorsa, nach 'eil a fhreumh ri lorgachadh a mach thun a Chomuinn so. Am measg iomadh nì math eile a chuala sinn 'uapa bho cheann ghoidid, tha cunntas gu 'm bheil iad gu mìnistear Gailig a shuidheachadh an Lunainn. A reir a chunntais a tha againn mu 'n deimhinn, tha 'n Comunn a dol cruinn an Lunainn bho cheann cor 's deich-bliana thar fhichead; agus iad gun allsadh bho 'n uair sin a deanamh na's urrainn iad, gus na gnothaichean so a chur air adhairt, ged nach cluinn sinn

a leith uiread mu 'n deimhinn 's a chluinneas sinn mu iomadh Comunn eile nach eil an deicheadh uiread cho feumail riutha, agus sin do bhrìgh 's nach do chroch iad iad fein mar ghliogairean gun fheum ri crios Dhiuc, Phrionnsa agus Thighearnan, mar a rinn moran de chach. Buaidh 's puseach leotha,—'s ann oirrasan da rìreamh a laidheadh briathran a bhaireadh 's an aireamh mu dheireadh de 'n Ghaidheal.

"S fìor airidh air beannachd nam Bard,
Deagh Chomunn nan armunn fial,
A bheothaich gach cleachdadh 's gnath,
A bha aig na Gaidheil riamh."

EACHDRAIDH NA H-ALBA.

Tha Eachdraidh na H-Alba air a sgrìobhadh ann an Gailig, agus air a cur a mach leis an urramach Aonghas Mac Choinnich. Mholamaid do ar càirdibh Gaidhealach uile, agus do ar luchd dacha leis an ionmhuinn cainnt am mathar agus eachdraidh duthaich an aithrichean an leabhar fhaotainn agus a leughadh gu curamach durachdach; agus ma ni iad sin geallaidh sinn dhaibh gum bi fiach an saothreach aca. Le mor dhìchioll chuir an t-ughdar ri cheile eachdraidh ghrinn shnasmhor, fhirinneach, agus chruinnich e *moran ann am beagan* de euchdaibh nan seann laoch agus de ghnìomharaibh treubh-antais ghaigeach rioghachd na h-Alba. Ma tha Gaidheal sam bith toileach a bhi mion eolach air eachdraidh a dhu-ucha chomhairlicheamaid dha gun dail an leabhar so a cheannach, agus theid sinn an urras nach gabh e aithreachas air son sin.

FAILTE NA BAN'-PHRIONNSA.

Mor tha fios aig ar luchd-leughaidh chuir sinn failte cho cridheil 's a b' urrainn sinn, air a Bhan'-Phrionnsa, 's a cheud aireamh de 'n *Gaidheal*. Bho 'n uair sin, fhuair sinn mu 'n cuairt air dusan litir làn de ranndaichean air "Failte na Ban'-Phrionnsa," agus tha iad a tighinn fhathasd. Tha sinn a

cheart cho dileas, agus cha strìochd sinn ann an dùrachd do 'n Bhan'-Phrionnsa', do neach 's am bith; ach an ainm an aigh, a chairdean, mar tha 'n seann-fhacal ag' radh: "foghnaidh na dh' fhoghnas, ge b' ann de dh' aran 's de dh' im." A Theagamb nach tuig mòran de 'r luchd leughaidh an America, an seann-fhacal so; tha e reir coltais a ciallachadh nach robh 'r t-aran 's an t'im, aig na seann daoine coir cho pailt 's a tha e aig muinntir Chanada.

FREAGAIRTAN.

Tha sinn duilich gu 'm feum sinn moran de na bha air ullachadh againn air son an aireamh so, a chur seachad gus an ath aireamh.

Mar fhreagairt do 'n cheist a tha gu minig air fhaighneachd dhinn: "Am bheil na h-uachdranaibh, no neach 's am bith eile a paidheadh farradh luchd-iomruigh gu tighinn do Chanada? Innsidh sinn an so nach eil cho fad 's aithne dhuinne. Tha uachdranaibh Chanada a toirt seachd fearann saor, agus gach comhnadh eile 's urrainn iad airson dhaoine bochd, a chuideachadh gu dachaidh a dheanamh dhoibh fein 's an duthaich so. Cha'n eil teagamb againn nach luthaigeadh iad 'mar 'n ceudna farradh dhaoine a phaidh-adh, ach cha 'n eil e rèidh dhoibh sin a dheanamh aig an am so.

NITHE NUADH AGUS SEAN.

COMHAIRLEAN AITHGHEARR.—Eisd rium car tiota beag,—cha'n eil ach fìor bheagan ngam ri ràdh riut—labhairidh mi e ann am facal no dhà; ach 's làn-airidh iad air suim agus mothuchadh.

Tha trì nithe anabharrach fèumail do mhaor an duine san t-saoghal—'s iad so, BIADH, AODACH, agus CADAL. Nam bu mhian leat do lòn ithe le taitneasach, agus blas math a bhi air, saothrich chum a chosnadh; nam bu mhian leat tlachd a bhi agad ann an aodach, pàigh e mun cuir thu umad e; agus nam bu mhian leat cadal math fhaotainn, thoir deagh choguis leat do d' leaba dh'. Dean na nithe so, agus bidh tu a'd dhuine cothromach, subhach, a thaobh an t-saoghail so, agus a thaobh an t-saoghail eile. Ma's miann leat a shealbhadh ann an glòir, lean Easan a thubhairt, "Is mise an t-slighe." Earb 'na iobairt-rèite, gluais 'na cheumannaibh, gràdh-aiche e; agus an sin-bidh tu sona san t-saoghail so, agus anns an t-saoghal a tha ri teachd.—*Cuirteir nan Gleann.*

A GAILIG AGUS AN EABHRA.—'S aithne dhomsa duine araidh Gaidhealach 'tha posda

ri bean uasal Ghallda. Bithidh an duine so air uairibh a seinn dha fhein rannan dheth chaintn mbaithreil. Thuirte a bhean ris aon là araidh agus e ris a ghnothuch so. "B' fhearr leam fein gu'n tugadh thu thairis a bhi ris a chaintn mhosaich sin." Cha robh sud a cordadh ri cridhe a Ghaidheil, agus 's ann a thuirte a ris fein: "Bheir mise ort a bhean Ghallda, gu 'n aidich thusa air doigh eile thaobh mo chaintn uasal-sa." Agus mar sin, an deigh dha a freagairt, egradh nach robh miosaich 's am bith co-cheanghalte ris a chaintn aige-san. Dh' fheoraich e dhi "An euala thu riamh dad de 'n a chaintn Eabhrach, agus ciod e 'm beachd, a th' agad oirre?" "Thoir dhomh (ars ise) earrann dhi, agus innsidh mi dhuit cia mar 's eomh leam i?" Chunnacas a nis gu 'n robh gu teuiteam anns an rib a shuidhicheadh air a ion; agus thug e dhi le guth cho glan, 's chosuidhichte 's a b'urainn da na briathran a leanas:

"Bha mi 'n dè 'm Beinn Dorainn,
S na coir cha robh mi aineolach;
Chunnaic mi na gleannan,
'S na beanntan a b' aithne dhomh."

"Sin agad a nis (ars ise) caintn ris an airidh caintn a adh!"

C. D.

A DEANAMH A TRI AS NA DHA.—Tha e air aithris air duine araidh aig nach robh agoil, 's am bith e fhein, gu 'n d' chuir e mhac do 'n Chollaisd gu ard fhoghlum a thoirt da; agus air do 'n ghille tighinn dhachaidh aig am araidh, dh' fhaoidh nach athair dheit agus iad a suidhe gu 'n biadh: "Cia mar a bha e faighinn air athair sa Chollaisd, no 'm b' urrainn e dearbhadh 's am bith a thoirt seachad air ard sgolairachd, a thuigeadh daoine gu 'n fhoghlum oltach ris fhein agus ri mhathair?" (agus amhaus air 'n t-seann duine nach robh 'n gille a toirt uiread aire do 'n sgoil 's bu choir ha). Ars an gille 's e sealtuinn mu'n cuairt da, 's a faicim da thunnaig rosta air a bhord: "Nan dearbhaidd dhuibh gu 'm bheil tri eoin 'n sin an aib na dha a tha sibhs' a faicinn, nach biodh sibh riaraichte?" "Bhithadh gu 'n teagamh" ars athair. Chuir an gille an 'sin aon do na leuin an dara taobh; "sin agad aon," ars esan "Ceart" ars athair. Chuir e 'n sin na dha maille ri cheile rithid: "Tha dha 'n sin," (ars esan) agus nach e aon agus a dha a tri: "Se gu'n teagamh ars athair, 's math a fhuaras thu. Goidid an deigh sin thoisich a mhathair air na h-eoin a roinn. Chaisg athair i agradh: "Cha leig thusa leas a bhean choir na h-eoin a roinn, agus gu'n againn ach triur; rinn sgolairachd do mhac na h-uiread sin a dh' fheum dhuit mar tha; bheir mise leam am fear so (agus a toirt leis 'n dara fear), agus bioth 'm fear beag sin agad fhein, agus fagamid an tritheamh fear aigean slàn air son a sgolairachd. Cha

dh' fheuch an gille 'n doigh cunntaidh so a riamh na dheigh timchioil air a bhord.

DEAS FHEAGAIRTAN.

Tha e air aithris gu 'n robh dithis bhraithran, agus an dara fear da 'm b' ainm Iain no Eoin fo'n ruaig air son ni eigin a rinn e as an rathad. Cha robh neach a lathair a dh' aith-nicheadh e ach a brathair fhein; agus bha 'm brathair sin air a mhionnachadh gu 'n a iunseadh e air, no gu 'n comharraicheadh e mach a bhrathair do 'n luchd torachd nan tigeadh e 's an rathad. Air dha 'bhrathair fhaicinn a tarsuinn air falbh ann an eathar, sheinn e an rann a leanas; oir bha e air son a mhionnan a choimhlionadh gu 'n a bhrathair a bhrath: Agus air dhoibhsan smuaineachadh gu 'n robh e faicinn fhaoleagan no eoin eile de 'n t-seorsa, cha d' chuir iad umhal 's am bith:

"Chi mi e 's cha cheil mi e,
'S air mhile bonn cha bhrath me e,
Chi mi Eoin a snamh air sruth,
Sud agaibh e, 's beiribh air."

Bha duine a bha rò theoma air guidheachdan a falbh an rothaid ann 'n carbad. Chuir clach a bha 's an rathad, maille air a charbad aige. Ghlaoth e ri seann duine a bha goirid uaithe; "e thogail na cloiche, 's a tilgeil a dh' ifrinn." "Cha tilg" ars an seann duine, gu socair, 's e ga togail 's ga tilgeil a leith-thaobh, "air neo nan tilgeadh, dh' fhaodadh i hith rithid na do rathad."

Cha mhiosa na cuid dhiubh so, am freagairt a chuala sinn Domhnall MacR. coir, a toirt do dhuine araidh, air 'n robh e g' iarraidh "AN GAIDHEAL," a ghalhail airson bliadhna; "N ann aig ceann na bliadhna (ars an duine) 's a bhi' thas e ri phaidheadh? 'S ann (ars Domhnall) aig a cheud cheann dhi."

TOIMHSEACHAIN.

Bha moran thoinmhseachain de 'n t-seorsa so air feadh na Gaidhealtachd, cuid dhiu' a bha fìor theoma agus thaitneach; ach ma' ri iomadh ni eile de 'n t-seorsa tha iad a nis a dol air chall. Bhiothadh sinn fada 'n comain ar cairdean aig 'm bheil cuimhne air cuid diu' so na 'n cuireadh iad da 'r n' ionnsuidh an an drasd 's a rithid iad. Tha sin a cumail na freagairtan do na toimhseachain a leanas air ais gus an ath aireamh, a chum 's gu 'm bi tim acasan nach cuala roimh so iad, feuchainn an dean iad a mach na freagairtan ceart:

1. An rude nach eil, nach robh, 's nach bi;
Sin do lamh as chi thu e.
2. Cha mhotha e na grainea eorna,
'S comhdaichidh e bord an righ.

3. Togaidh 'n leineabh beag na dhorn e
'S cha tog dà dhuine dheug le róp' e.
4. Diddleman, daddleman, gille beag dubh,
[Tri chasan fodha, agus bonaide de 'n fhiodh.
5. Fear beag sporsail, a falbh na mointeach,
Le spuir 's botainn 's beul adhaire air.
6. "Chunnaic fear gun suilean
Ubhlán air a chraoibh,
Cha d'thug e ubhlán di,
'S cha d'fhag e ubhlán oirre."
7. Chi mi, chi mi fada 'uam,
Tri mìle thar a chuain,
Fear gun fhuil, gun fheoil, gun anail,
'G imeachd air an talamh bhuam.
8. Chaidh biadh gu dithis.
Gu ceann Loch Maree;
Dh'ith am biadh 'n dithis,
'S thàinig am biadh dhachaidh a rìs.
9. Chaidh mi le biadh triur,
A null thar lochan an fhéidh,
Dhith am beadh an triuir
'S thàinig e dhachaidh leis fhein.
10. Tha Mogan mollach, mollach,
Sior shiubhal a mhonaidh;
Cha dath gobhair, no caoire,
No dath d'aoine th' air Mogan mollach.
11. Ceithir na ruith, ceithir air chrith,
Dithis a coimhead 'n aghaidh 'n adhair,
'S fear eile a g' eigheachd.
12. Bha duine araidh air son faighinn thairis
air loch; bha madadh-ruadh, giadh agus adag
eorna aige ri thoirt thairis leis,—dhithheadh
am madadh-ruadh an giadh agus dhithheadh
an giadh an t-eorna, 's bha 'n tuigheam aig
cho beag 's nach b' urainn e ach aon diubh a
thoirt leis comhladh. Cia mar a fhuair e
thairis iad?
13. AISEAG NAN CEARDAN.—Bha aig sea'nar
cheardan, triuir fhear agus 'n triuir mhnathan,
ri faighinn thairis air caolas le eathar beag,
nach tugadh leatha ach dithis comhladh.
Bha na fir ag' iadach ri cheile, agus cha 'n
fhaodadh aon de na mnathan dol thairis ach
le fear fhein; ni mo a dh' fhaodadh i bhi
lathair air taobh seach taobh maille ris na fir
eile, gu 'n a fear fhein a bhi comhladh ri the.
Dh' fhaodadh na mnathan a dhol a null no
'nall le cheile, ach gu'n aon de na fir eile a
bhi maille riutha. Cia mar a fhuair iad
thairis?

FREAGAIET do na cheud tri toimseachain,
a bha 's a cheud aireamh de 'n *Ghaidheal*.

1. Bior a chaidh na chois.
2. Dà shoitheach uisge a bha e giulain.
3. A bhliadhna, na raithean, na seachduin-
ean, na leithean, agus na h-uairean.

CUMHA LE MAIGHDION OG UASAL
AIRSON A LEANNAIN, AIR DHA
'BHI 'N TIR CHEIN.

AIR FOWN—"Fear a dhàta."

Luinneag.

Air fail ill ò rò, 's na h-ò-ro éile,
Air fail ill ò rò 's na h-ò-ro éile,
Air fail ill ò rò 's na h-ò-ro éile,
Tha mise brònach bho Thriall mo cheud ghaol.
Cha 'n iognadh mise 'bhi tuirseach brònach
'S mo Rothach fhin gun 'bhi so a chòmhnuidh,
'E 'm Baile Dha'idh* toirt iùl do 'n ògradh,
A's mise 'g acain 'sa sìleadh dheòran.

Air fail ill ò rò, &c.

Tha mise cianail bho thriall mo shàr bhuam,
An t-òg-laoch gaisgeant' 'bha math 's na
blàraibh;

A bha na fhòghlumach aams gach cànsin,
Bho Bheurla Shasunn gu Gailig Adhamh.

Air fail ill ò rò, &c.

Tha mi làn airtneal—tha m' aigne cianail,
Mo chòm na lasair—le gaol air lionadh;
Tha gach uair dhomh cho fad ri bliadhna
'S mar d' thig e dhachaidh, bi'dh m' fhait air
liathadh.

Air fail ill ò rò, &c.

Mar gam faiceadh sibh fiadh air m'cinteach,
'S e sìle fola an d'èise a leònadh,
Aon bheathach eile cha teid e 'n còr da—
Mar sin tha mise bho thriall an toigear!

Air fail ill ò rò, &c.

Mar gam faiceadh sibh long air ruaintean,
'S na tonnan beacach a streup nu 'n cuairt di,
A ghaoth a seideadh, 's na speuran gruamach,
Mar sin tha mise bho thriall m'cluaidh bhuam.

Air fail ill ò rò, &c.

A' laidhe 'm anamoch, tha mi làn airtneal,
Air uirigh fhùir 's beag moshùrd ri cadal;
Ma gheibh mi dròb dheth bith tu na 'm aising
'S an àm dhomh dùsgadh 's tu m' ùrnaigh
mhaduinn.

Air fail ill ò rò, &c.

Ach bithidh mi fhathast ann an dòchas,
Gun tig thu dhachaidh le pailteas stòrais,
Gu Sraid-a-Chaisteil† f' m' beil mi chòmhnuidh,
'S gun tig am parson gu grad g'ar pòsadh!

Air fail ill ò rò, &c.

Es-an gu freagairt.

A Shàra eudail tha mise brònach
Bho rinn mi d' fhàgall a reul nan oighean;
Ach thèid mi dhachaidh m'ar goird beò mi—
'S b' e neamh air thalamh 'bhi riutsa pòsadh!

Air fail ill ò-rò, 's na h-ò-ro éile,
Air fail ill ò-rò, 's na h-ò-ro éile,
Air fail ill ò-rò, 's na h-ò-ro éile,
Tha mise brònach bhodh' fhàg mi m' eiteig

FILIDH NAM BRANN.

Inbherneis, 1871.

* 'Sa Bheurla David's-ton, baile beag a th' aig
Crompa.

† Sraid-a-Chaisteil ann an Inbherneis.

BLAR MAGH LEUNA,

EADAR CUCHILLINN, FEAR-RIAGHLAIDH EIRINN, AGUS SUARAN,
RÌGH LOCHLAIN.

LE OISEIN.

Bha Cuchuillinn 'n a fhear-riaghlaidh air Eireann, am feadh 's a bha an rìgh, Cormac Mac-Airt, 'n a òige. Anns an am sin thainig Suaran, rìgh Lochlain, le feachd laidir, an aghaidh Eirinn, agus chaidh e air tìr fàisg air Tura, far an robh Cuchuillinn a tuineadh Chunnacas cabhlach Shuarain roimhe sin, agus chuir Cuchuillinn fios gu Fionn, air son conaidh. Ach chaidh Cuchuillinn an aghaidh nan Lochlannach, mus an d' thainig Fionn; agus chath e ri Suaran air Magh-Leuna, an Ulainn.

Mar stoirm fhaoghair 'ruith bho dha bheinn,
Gu chéile ghrad tharruinn na trein;
Mar shruth làidir cas bho dha chraig,
Ag aomadh 's a taomadh air faich,

Fuaimear, dorch a's garg 's a bhlàr
Thachair feachd Innis-fail¹ a's Lhochlain.
Gach ceannard a spealt-chleas ri sàr,
A's a dhaoine ri lhaimeh a cosgairt.

Bha gach cruaidh a screadan air cruaidh,
Agus clogaidean shuas 'g an sgoltadh,
Fuil a dortadh gu dlùth mu 'n cuairt,
[A's air talamh gu luath a spoltadh.]

Bha taifeid² a fuaim air mìn iuthar,
A's gathan a siubhal troi 'n speur,
Sleaghan briste a tuiteam gun phudhar,
Mar dhealain air mullach ant shléibh.

Mar onfhaidhean beucach a chuain,
Nuair a ghluaiseas an tonn gu 'h-ard,
Mar an torrunn air cùl nan cruach,
Bha gruaim agus farum a bhlàir.

Ged bhitheadh ceud bard Chormaic ann,
A's an dàn a togail a bhlàir,
Cha b' urrainn daidh aithris ach gann
Gach coluinn gun cheann a's gach bàs.
Bu lhionar bàs fhear agus thriath,
'M fuil a sgaoileadh air sliabh an àir.

Bitibh brònach, a shìol nan dàn,
Mu Shithàluinn, ceann nan grabh-thriath,
Agus togsa, Eibhir, t' uchd bàs
Mu og Ardan, sàr nan colg fiar.

Mar dha eilid thuit iad 's an réidh,
Fo lhaimeh Shuarain, treun nan donn sgiath,
Nuair a ghluais e roi mhiltibh le feum,
Amhuil tannas an speur nan nial.

1 Eireann.

2 Sreang bogha.

Fuar thannas a shuidheas an sclèd,
A's e sgeadaicht' le ceò bho thuath,
Nuair a dh' aomas am maraich nach beò
Sealladh bròin air barraibh nan stuadh.

Nior chadail do lhamh ri do thaobh,
A thriath Innis is caoine sian,³
Bha do lhann ann an astar nan faobh,
Mar dhealan a baoillsgeadh air sliabh
Nuair a thuiteas an sluagh anns a ghleann,
'S a bhios aghaidh nam beann 'n a caoir.⁴

'N sin shrann an Dubh-sroingheal⁵ thar seoid,
'S nhigh Sith-fada⁶ a bhròg am fuil
Lhaidh gaisgich 'n a dheighe gu leoir,
Mar chaoille air torr nan tuil,
Nuair ghluaiseas osag troi 'n fhraoch,
Giulain tannasan faoin na h-oich'.

Bi deurach air carraig nam fuaim,
Nhighèan uasal Innis nan Long;
A's lùb do ghnuis aluinn thair chuan
Thus' a's glaine na fuath⁷ air tom,
A dh' eireas mall, mòthar suas,
Mar ghath-greine air cruaidh nan tonn.

Oir thuit e ('s grad thuit e) 's a bhlàr:
Ata oig-fhear do ghràidh gun tuar,
Fo gheur-lann Chuchuillinn bu shàr—
A dh' fhàg e co bàn a's co fuar.

Cha ghluais e gu cruadal gu bràth,
A's cha bhuaill e fuil ard nan saoi:
Thuit Treunfhear, òg Threunfhear, gu bàs;
Oigh, chan fhaic thu do ghradh a chaoidh.

Ta mhiolchoin a caoineadh gu trom
Aig baile nan sonn 's iad mu thaibhs;⁸
Ta bhogha gun taifeid 's e lom;
Air an tom ta farum a bhàis.

Mar dh' aomas mìle tonn gu tràigh,⁹
A ghluais fo Shuaran borb na dàimh¹⁰
Mar thach' reas traigh ri mìle tonn,
A thachair Eireann 's rìgh nan long

An sin bha guthan garbh a bhais,
Measg toirm na gàire-cath a's cruaidh,
Bha sgiathan 's maile brist air lar,
A's lann 's gach laimh mar dhealan shuas.

³ 'Se 'nt Eilein Sgiathanach a tha e ciallachadh, far an d' rugadh a an do thogadh Cuchuillinn.

⁴ 'N a lassair theine. ⁵ Na h-eich aig Cuchuillinn. ⁶ Taibhs. ⁷ Na coigrich.

⁸ Bha iad a creidsinn, bho shean, gum faicadh coin, taibsean nam marbh.

⁹ Tha 'm fonn ag' atharrachadh an so.

Bha fuaim a bhlàir bho thaobh gu taobh,
'S an còrag beuchdach, creuchdach, teth,
Mar iomad ord a bualadh baoth,
Bho 'n teallach dhubh-dhearg caoir ma 'n seach

Co iad sud air Leuna nan sliabh ?
Co 's duirche, 's is fiadhaiche gruaim ?
Co is cosmhuil ri nial bu chiàr,
Lann gach triath mar theine air stuaidh ?

Ta bruailean air aghaidh nan tom,
A's chrith carraig nan tonn air tràigh !
Co a t' ann ach Suaran nan long,
A's triath Eirinn mu 'm fonnar dain ?

Ta suil' nan slògh ag amharc claon
Air suinn nach b' fhaoin ag aomadh suas
Ach thuit an oich' air cath nan laoch,
A's cheil i strì nan saoi gun bhuaidh.

AIR BUAIDH AN T-SOISGEIL.

AIR Fonn—"Mios Deirinneach an Fhoghair."

Nuair a sheallas mi mu 'n cuairt domh,
Gu 'r mòr uamhas cor an t-saoghail,
Nan cadal fo chuing aig Satan,
'S iad a bàsachadh na miltean,
A saltairt air fuil na rèite,
'S air Mac Dhé gu'n d' rinn iad dìmeas,
'Ni chuir ioghantas air ainglean,
A chrochadh ri crann mar iobairt.

Gur mòr a chulaidh smaointean,
Bhi faicinn dhaoine deanamh tair
Air iobairt PRIONNSA NA SITHE',
Chaidh a dhiteadh n'ar 'aite,
An teagasg phriseil thug e fein dhuinn
Nuair bha Nicodemus lamh ris,
Gun robh 'n ath-bhreith o'n Spiorad Naomha
Mar tha ghaoth 'n obair nàduir.

Se creideamh 'n aghaidh dochais
Thug urram 's gloir do dh'Abram ;
Cha d' chuir e teagamh san sgeul',
Gum biodh a shliochd mar reultan air aireamh ;
Thug e aoidheachd do na h-ainglean,
Mharbh e'm meann a deanamh càisg dhoibh,
'S leum a chridhe le aoibhneas
Nuair chual e gu'm biodh oighr' aig Sàrah.

Seumas, Eoin agus Peadar,
Bha na 'n seasamh air beinn Thaboir,
Chunnaic iad an sealladh mor ud,
Iosa.comhradh ris na Faidhean,
Dhluthaich orra sgaile gloirmhor,
Thainig bho na neoil le dearsadh,

Chual' iad guth o' na speuran,
Gu eisdeachd ri Mac a ghraidh-san.

Sud an gràdh 'tha do-innseadh
Dh'fhoillsich an fhirinn dhomhsa :
Gun d'thainig am Facal cho dioblaidh
Chum 's gu'n dìteadh iad san fheoil e,
Umhal do bhàs a chroinn-cheusaidh,
Si fhuil fein a rinn e dhortadh,
'S tre iobairt Captain ar slainnte
Gheibh sinn gràs aig cathair tròcair.

Be 'n t-iongantas da rìreadh,
'Ni chaidh innseadh leis na Faidhean,
G'un d'thigeadh Mac Dhe do'n t-saoghal
Chum an cinne-daon' a thearnadh.
Diomhaireachd mhor na diadhachd
An t-Athair siorruidh ghabh ar nadur,
Toirt air ais do na braighdean,
An ni chaill iad ann an Adhamh.

Sibhse tha g' aideachadh na firinn,
Leanibh am Biobul mar lochran'
Cumaibh 'ur cridhe daonan
Air a ghaol a chaidh thar eolais.
PRIONNSA RÌOGHAIL theaghlach Dhaibhidh
Gun d'chuireadh gu bàs 'san f'heoil e,
Nuair thig e 'rist bidh 'phobul aoibhneach,
Bheir na h-ainglean iad na chomhail.

Nuair thig Iosa leis na h-ainglean,
Bid'h' a naimhdean fo làn uamhas
Cha robh iad umhal do'n fhirinn
'S mu'n Bhiobal bha iad suarach.
Cluinnidh iad am Breitheamh gloirmhor,
Toirt seachad an ordugh bh'uaidh',
"Sgìùrsaidh e iad mar na gobh'raibh,
Gu ionad doruinn is' truaighe."

Sud an là bhios mòr aoibhneach
Do'n mhuinntir a fhuair trocair,
Cluinnidh iad fuaim na trompaid,
'S theid an dusgadh an cuirp ghloirmhor;
Air an cruinneachadh le ainglean,
An trusgan bainnse nan oighean!
Bithidh iad uile air an crùnadh,
'S inneal ciùil ac' seinn le sòlas.

Nuair thig Leoghan Og threubh Iuda,
Chum ar dusgadh as na h-uaighibh,
Gheibh sinn pailleanan ùra,
An aite a chuirp bhrùideil thruaillidh.
Cha bhi pian, no smal, no bròn oirn',
Glanaidh e na deoir 'o r gruaidhibh,
Mach sa steach mar chunnaic Eoin,
Am Baile-Mor nan clachan luachmhor.

THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDER,

AN ENGLISH SUPPLEMENT TO "THE GAEL."

A GAELIC MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED BY NICHOLSON & CO., TORONTO, CANADA, AND GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

The following lecture on the Gaelic Language was delivered by Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, in the New Hall, Oban, on the 22nd of September last, under the auspices of the Oban Scientific and Literary Association. The subject was treated in an able and interesting manner, as might be expected from the well known attainments of the lecturer. After being introduced, the learned Professor spoke as follows :—

"It is now about forty years since Dr. Prichard, by a work well known to philologists, caused the Celtic languages of Great Britain, Ireland, and France to be generally acknowledged as legitimate branches of the great Aryan family. That family comprises five great branches, spread geographically over the globe from the Ganges to St. Kilda, and from the Cape Matapan to Iceland—viz. (1) the Oriental branch, containing Sanscrit, one of the oldest and most perfect forms of the family, and Persic; (2) the Greco-Roman branch, containing the two famous classical languages, one still alive in a green old age, and the other surviving under the modified forms of Italian, French, and the other Romanesque languages; (3) the Teutonic branch, containing a great variety of dialects, from the extinct Maeso-Gothic to the existing Norse, German, and Dutch; (4) the Slavonic branch, of which Russian, Bohemian, and Polish are the principal varieties; and (5) the Celtic branch, comprising Gaelic, Irish, Welsh, and Manx, all spoken languages of the United Kingdom, and the Armorican dialect spoken by the peasants in Brittany, the original fathers of the great Cymric race that at an early date peopled the whole of England till it

was driven within the mountain barrier of Wales by the invasion of the Romans, and the occupation of the East and South East districts of Britain by hordes of Teutonic settlers from Saxony, Denmark and Norway. All these languages now stand to one another in the recognized relation of brothers and sisters; except only in so far as secondary languages, like French and Italian, may rather be said to stand in the filial relation to the paternal Latin from which they sprang. But as to the five great stocks, though we may say, on scientific grounds, that one of them is more ancient than the other, in so far as it possesses certain ancient forms, which in the other branches have suffered corruption, I scarcely think there is any fair ground for asserting that one of these great branches, as a whole, is older or younger than another. If it be true, for instance, in one very obvious sense that French is younger than Latin, because it is a recent modification and corruption of Latin, it is equally true in the same sense that Gaelic is younger than Latin; for the Gaelic *athair* is just as manifest a corruption of *pater* as the French *pere*. But though not a few roots and inflectional forms in Gaelic are manifest corruptions from the Latin, this merely proves that certain classes of words have undergone a greater amount of attrition in the Celtic than in the Roman branch of the original stock; but no man, on such grounds, is entitled to lay down the wholesale proposition that the language of the modern Highlanders is a modern language, standing in the same relation to Latin that French does. As a whole, Gaelic is no doubt as ancient as either Greek or Latin; for history distinctly testifies that the Celts were one of the earliest drifts of population that came from the table lands of Asia to the

West; and when they came of course they brought their language with them; but beyond this I am not prepared to go. For though it may not be difficult to point out in the existing Celtic dialects some radical words from which only derivations exist in Greek and Latin, it may on the other hand be equally easy to put one's finger, in Latin or Greek, on certain roots from which the present Gaelic exhibits only a few feeble and fragmentary remains. Dismissing therefore all unanswerable questions to the comparative antiquity of the different members of the great Aryan family, we will proceed to analyse the Gaelic language as it actually exists, and see of what materials it is made up. Now in this inquiry we are immediately met with a phenomenon which an analogy borrowed from the rocks at Oban will enable us readily to understand. The beautiful cliffs which run along the shore of what has been not unjustly called our "Celtic Naples" are composed of what geologists call a conglomerate; now such a conglomerate, or hotch-potch of various inorganic elements' is a proper image of the character of the English language, and enables us to understand what the character of the Gaelic is by the law of contraries. If you know what *black* is you can imagine something as far removed from that as possible, and this will be *white*. Now Gaelic, like Greek, Sanscrit, and German, is not a composite language like English, but an original language growing out of its own root; and the admixture which it has suffered from without is not so much in the way of a vital grafting as of a mere mechanical accretion. Those who know German are aware how many words borrowed from Latin, Greek, and specially French, are constantly used in the familiar discourse, as well as in the scientific style of our trans-Rhenane bretheren; but however many these words may be, they are still strangers, and are immediately recognized as such. Exactly so with Gaelic. The British Celts, as a comparatively uncivilised people, have from the earliest times been subject to various superior social influences which have left their most manifest marks in the common materials of the spoken language. Some of these materials have been more thoroughly incorporated into the original mass, so as almost to have lost their

foreign look; such, for instance, as *east-buig* from *episcopus*, *peacadh* from *peccatum*, and not a few others of theological or ecclesiastical origin. The German language notwithstanding its pure Teutonic type possesses words of a similar character such as *Mauer* from *murus*, and *Strasse* from *Stratum*, both indicative of the social superiority of the Romans in the arts of road-making and building. In analysing the materials of the Gaelic language, therefore we shall in the first place have to discount all borrowed words—that is words certainly, or very probably, not of the original stock, but adopted from necessity or convenience; and this adoption, in the case of Gaelic, may have taken place either from heathen Rome, or ecclesiastical Rome, or from Scandinavia during the four hundred years of the Norse dominion in Orkney and the Hebrides, or again, from Lowland Scotch, when Scotch was the language of the Scottish Court and the Scottish gentry, or finally, from English, when, as now, English has become the language of all well educated persons in every part of the United Kingdom. After these foreign elements have been carefully stowed away into a separate compartment, there remains the great mass of original root of the language, and the derivatives and compounds which proceed from them, just in the same way that branches grow from a tree, or an apple pie is made out of apples. Now, a thoroughly comprehensive and exhaustive classification of these original materials, or radical elements of the Gaelic tongue, has not, so far as I know, as yet been made; it is, indeed, no easy matter to do, for in addition to Latin, Greek, and German, Sanscrit, Anglo-Saxon, and the Norse, languages would be necessary in some cases for a strictly scientific conclusion. But without pretending to settle every curious detail and every slippery relation, it may be laid down certainly, as the result of Ebel's researches, that in Gaelic there is contained a strong original Latin element, and a Teutonic element of not much inferior, perhaps of equal, weight. As the Latin element in Gaelic is that which will be recognized by the greatest number of educated persons in this country, I will set down here some of the most striking roots common to Latin and Gaelic from a list made by myself:—

<i>Gaelic.</i>	<i>Latin.</i>	<i>Gaelic</i>	<i>Latin</i>
Ach	Ager	Cinn	Gigno
Agus	Ac	Coileach	Gallus
Air	Aro	Coille	Silva
Anail	Anhelo	Creadh	Creta
Arbhar	Arvum	Cridhe	Cor-dis
Ard	Arduus	Cu	Can-is
A'chair	Pater	Cuir	Sero
Ba	Bos	Damh	Dama
Bha	Fui	Deas	Dexter
Beinn	Pinna	Dia	Deus
Bun	Fundus	Droma	Dorsum
Busag	Buscare	Dur	Durus
Brathair	Frater	Each	Equus
Bior	Veru	Ear	Eurus
Cairden	Carus	Eader	Inter
Calaman	Columba	Uiske	Aqua
Ce	Qui	Earrach	Ver
Ceod	Cedo	Easg	Piscis
Ceil	Celo	Eile	Alius

These are only a few of the most obvious roots, taken from the first letters of the alphabet ; a full catalogue of genuine Latin roots in Gaelic would, I imagine, certainly amount to about two or three hundred. But it is not only by the radical material of Gaelic that its affinities are indicated—it is even more visible in what philologists call the formative machinery of the language ; that is to say those prefixes or affixes to roots, or modifications of roots themselves, by consonantal or vocalic variation, which are used to mark the relation which one root bears to another, or to itself under a peculiar aspect. Of this formative part of language the flexional terminations, by which the cases of nouns are designated, as also the tenses and moods of verbs, are the most familiar examples ; and here we find in Gaelic a strange mixture of Latin, Greek, and Teutonic elements. For which the *r* of the Gaelic passive voice is most peculiarly and characteristically Latin, the *s* of the future indicative, and the *inn* of the conditional is as manifestly Greek. Among the adjectival terminations, *ail* or *eil*, as in *lathail* is one of the most common in Latin ; while the familiar *ach* is doubtless indistinguishable with the *ic* in *rhetoric*, *public*, which is both Greek and Latin. In the declension of the substantives again we find remarkable analogies with the German ; viz., the use of *n* in the plural, and the modification of the root vowel, which in German is confined to the plural number as in *bruder* *brueder*, but in Gaelic denotes also the oblique cases of the singular as *cu coin*,

brog broige, *alt*, *uilt* and a host of others. Into the particular laws which regulate the passage of a word from Latin in Gaelic, or from Gaelic in Latin if that phrase be preferred, I cannot here enter. It is a subject which presents some phenomena extremely interesting to the professional philologist, but for a popular view of the general character of the Gaelic tongue other aspects claim a preference, some of which I now proceed to state. I will direct attention in the first place to some characteristic excellencies of the Gaelic as compared with other languages, and then to some of its most prominent defects ; and I will then conclude with some practical remarks on the unworthy neglect in which the language has fallen, and the duty and pleasure of its cultivation. The first of these three excellencies of the Gaelic has already been alluded to, viz., its original and self-formative character. Herein it possesses a notable superiority over all such mongrel languages as English, and falls under the same chapter of praise as Sanscrit, Greek, German, and Russian. It possesses the character and presents the aspect of an organic natural growth, while English is only a mantle of motley tissue, or a pavement of various colored stones. That Gaelic-speaking persons have been largely in the habit of borrowing from English is only too true, but in doing so they have acted contrary to the genius of their own language, which like Greek, delights in original composition. So for example, in Rom. xii. 2 the words “transformed” and “renewed,” are rendered by the genuine Gaelic compounds *cruth-atharrachadh*, and *ath-nuadhachadh*, words formed exactly from the type of the Greek, from which they are translated ; whereas the corresponding English words are formed not out of original English roots, but by mere adoption from the Latin. In the same way the names of animals in Gaelic often display beautifully the original formative process by which they were created. Thus a whale is *mucmhara*, that is a sea-sow ; and a swallow is *gobhluchan-gaoith*, i.e., a bird that sails through the air, ploughing the breeze with a forked tail ; and so generally, in Gaelic as in Greek, names are pictures, or, if you please, coins with the image of superscription visible ; while English words are only counters, a blank currency without a signature. A

second beauty of Gaelic is its richness in certain deep vocalic, diphthongal, and liquid sounds, to which English is a stranger. The great number of words spelt with *ao* and *eu* are examples of this; and the peculiar liquid roll given to *l*, and *r*, and *n* in many words as in *leanabh lach*, belongs to the same category. Among beauties also must be classed the delicate nasal sound given to *m* in many words before *a* and *o*; for, though the American nasality is almost always ugly, the Gaelic is only so in the mouths of extremely coarse and grumpy persons. The third beauty of the Highland dialect which I wish to eulogise is an extremely delicate and fine perception of euphony generally and particularly, as marked in the changes produced on the initial letter of many words, by the assimilating character of the final letter of the immediately preceding word to this category belong the remarkable phenomena—so characteristic of the Celtic languages—of what is called *aspiration* or *breathing*, that is a softening down of the initial consonant of a word into a cognate, but more vocal consonant by the euphonic influence of a broad final vowel immediately preceding; thus *cu* a dog, genitive *a choin* of the dog, because, whatever the English may imagine, *ch* is really a much softer sound than *k*, or hard *c*. In the same manner from *muileann* a mill, comes *Loch-a-Vuillean*, the very pretty name of a very ugly little loch in this place, where the initial *m* is changed into *mh*, the English *v*, by the melodious contagion of the proceeding *a*, the genitive case masculine of the definite article. So after *mo*, *do*, *da*, and a few other monosyllables with a long final vowel. Another very noticeable result of the fine euphonic instinct in the Gaelic is the practice of changing an initial *s* into *t* after a preceding *n*; as in *Mac-an-t-sioir*, or Macintyre, “a carpenter’s son,” when the *t* in pronunciation takes the place of the *s*, plainly from the influence of the dental *n*, which is more allied to the dental *t* than to the sibilant *s*. so much for beauties. I shall now—as I mean to be honest—specialize some defects, and those very great defects in the Gaelic dialect. The first is a lazy habit our Northern islanders and mountaineers have got into of omitting their consonants altogether, and in this

way, so to speak, taking the bones out of the word, and depriving it of its pith and sinew. In this respect it is a corruption of Latin, in many cases even worse than French; for our Gaelic neighbours, for instance, have only taken the *t* out of *pater* and changed it into *pere* but the Highlandman in *athair* which they pronounce *aar*, have not only lost the initial *p*, but drop altogether the aspirated consonant which they retain in spelling. And so in whole hosts of disyllables and polysyllables with *dh*, *bh*, or *gh*, in the middle, these consonants for any use they are put to might as well not be there. No doubt we have examples of this sort of unhandsome treatment of double consonants in our English words *dough*, *plough*, *although*, and other such; but these cases of English, are few and exceptional, whereas in Gaelic they are the rule, and prevail to such an extent as justly to bring down upon the language the charge of feebleness and emasculation. Another great vice of Gaelic is the monotony of its accent, the habit of accenting words on the penultimate and ante-penultimate syllables, except only in such compound words as *Benmore* and *Lismore* whose parts retain their special significance, as contrasted with *grasmhor sultmhor*, and similar compounds; for it needs assuredly no proof that monotony is always a blemish, and that an accent on the final vowel, what the Greeks call oxyton, is generally euphonic. Again it must be accounted a serious blemish in the Gaelic language that it carries the principle of aspiration in some cases to such an extent as not only to soften, but altogether to annihilate the initial consonant of a word, (as when a man’s nose is cut off) necessarily loses its character, and is difficult to recognise. Thus *Beinn Fad*, the lowest of the three heads of Ben More, is pronounced Ben At; and so, generally the aspiration of *f* into *fh* is an example of an addition which not only adds nothing to the original quantity, but takes away even that which existed. And lastly, the rampant luxuriance with which the aspirate *ch* has been allowed to overrun the Gaelic dictionary must justly be considered as a mannerism of the worst kind; even as it is a grave offence against good taste and a sign of rhetorical poverty, when a writer constantly repeats certain

favourite phrases and turns of expression while he systematically ignores the various other wealth of the language which he uses.

The practical part of my discourse now remains—Why is the Gaelic language so much neglected? Is it worthy of the supercilious disregard by which it has been treated both by learned and unlearned in this country? There is only one answer possible to this question; it does not deserve this treatment; it has been most unfairly and scurvily treated by all parties. To the notion, often broached, that it is a peculiarly difficult language no very serious reply is necessary. These things are altogether relative; and no doubt Gaelic as more difficult to an Englishman who knows Latin than French, but it is not more difficult than German. Every language has its own special difficulties; the difficulty of the English is its arbitrary pronunciation; the difficulty of Gaelic lies partly in the law of aspiration—which, however, depends on fixed principles—partly in the strangeness of a great part of the vocabulary. But these difficulties are compensated by peculiar facilities. The flexional terminations of the verb are remarkably few, when compared with Latin or Greek; and the remoteness of the vocabulary is compensated partly by the aids furnished by comparative philology partly by the close connection of the Gaelic language with the topographical nomenclature of the country. If any traveller in the Highlands will take the trouble to inform himself as to the significance of the topographical nomenclature with which he comes in contact during a summer tour of a few weeks, I will undertake to start him in the study of Gaelic with a vocabulary of some two or three hundred roots which are stereotyped in the external features of the country. Thus *Cruachan*, the plural of *cruach* means *peaks*; and everybody who has travelled in Argyllshire knows that the beautiful mountain which bounds Loch Awe on the north rises with three graceful cones above the lovely waters of Loch Awe. But the real reason why Gaelic has been so much neglected is simply this, that this language has never occupied a prominent position in the intellectual, political, or moral world; and therefore people, in the usual superficial fashion, have presumed that it is not worth look-

ing into. But this way of judging is anything but philosophical. It is pretty much as if a botanist should say that a plant was not worth inspecting because it never had been cultivated in a botanical garden or exhibited in a flower show; the intellectual, political, or moral prominence of a language is one thing, its moral and human interest is another and a very different thing. A language is interesting, among other reasons, specially because it is the key to the life and feelings of an interesting people; and that the Gaelic in this view is one of the most interesting of languages, particularly to those who inherit the traditions of the British Isles, there is no need of formally proving. Persons whose interest in a language consists altogether in the length and breadth of the bookish matter which it contains must be looked upon as somewhat pedantic in their notions. If I study Russian, for instance, it is not for the sake of reading Russian books, but for the sake of knowing the Russian people. The best books are only a small fragment of a national life; and the permanent human interest attaching to any language may often be in the inverse ratio of the number of books which it contains. But it is by no means true that even the bookish records of the Celtic languages are so few, or so devoid of intellectual and moral significance, as the worshippers of mere book-knowledge imagine. The legendary and lyrical poetry of the Gaelic language, if not voluminous, is interesting; and to me, certainly, as the purple heather is more welcome on the Highland braes than the English rose, so at Tyndrum and Glenorchy the “Ben Dorain” of Duncan Macintyre is a more congenial and a more interesting poem to read than the *Odyssey*. All poetry, indeed, with a distinct local character, color, and fragrance, such as no one can deny to Ossian and the Gaelic lyrical poets generally, has a value on the spot with which nothing else can compete. When I am at Rome I endeavour to feel with the Pope, and live in his sphere of ideas so far as I conscientiously can; when I am in the Highlands, in the same way, to understand them I must feel and live with the Highlanders, and this can only be done adequately through the medium of the language in which their traditions are contained and through which their feelings

are expressed. The whole question, therefore, about the advantage and utility of studying Gaelic resolves itself into the question, whether the Celtic element in our history and our existing population is worth understanding and appreciating or not; and this question I answer without the slightest hesitation in the affirmative. Very true it may be indeed, that to large portions of the British population the interest attached to the Celtic element may be so remote as to render any attention to this language, in their case, a waste of labor; but there are special classes of the British community by whom this plea cannot be advanced, and I will now conclude by mentioning distinctly who they are. In the first place, of course, there are the clergy and schoolmasters of those extensive districts of the Highlands where Gaelic is either the only or the most familiar language spoken by the people. Of course I assume that in all Highland schools English should be taught as an absolutely necessary means of mere wordly advancement; but Gaelic also must be taught scientifically, not only as the natural organ of all original healthy culture to a Celtic population, but as the best means of teaching English or any other language to such a population. The mother tongue is, and must always be, the proper root of all genuine moral and intellectual growth to every people. It is the only tongue that is or can be in the blood and bone, an essential and inseparable part of the living man. Where Gaelic is not taught in the schools, it will be found that neither is English learned with any efficiency; it will be learned in many cases as Latin is, by boys in English schools, only for the purpose of being forgotten. And as a matter of fact, I am afraid, a large proportion of the Highland population cannot read either their Gaelic or their English Bibles with any ease or intelligence; and this is one of the sad results which has flowed necessarily from the ignorant superciliousness with which a certain class of persons in this country have been accustomed to look down on Gaelic and everything Celtic. It is even maintained that the language of the Gaels entails barbarism on the population, and should be violently abolished. To which the plain practical answer is, that being there our first duty is to use it sympathetically and wisely,

not to attempt, with a foolish and an imperious violence, to expel it. Such a policy might suit well the Russian autocrat in dealing with the Polish people, but certainly does not harmonize with the free atmosphere which we breathe in this country. The Gaelic language will die, no doubt, like other mortal things in due season; but while it lives it has its rights, and should be treated in a rational, gentlemanly, liberal, Christian fashion. Whatever may be its inferior social position in reference to English, the rule of Christian philanthropy leads us to condescend to men of low estate not to ride rough over them. The second class of persons from whom a little attention to the Gaelic language might naturally be expected are landed proprietors, factors, sheriffs, and all persons whose position in society leads them into frequent intercourse with the Gaelic-speaking natives. A sheriff sitting on a jury case at Stornoway or Tobermory would command much more respect, and feel much more independent, if he could take up the evidence of witnesses directly from their own mouths instead of through the medium of an interpreter. But if the head in such and similar cases can always be reached through the medium of English the heart of a Gaelic-speaking people can only be entered through the medium of their own language; all those therefore whose position leads them to cultivate the people should cultivate their language. It is a sort of politeness, indeed, which all foreigners owe to the natives of a country in which the sojourn that they should take some trouble to learn their language; and all persons of Saxon blood and tongue are strangers in the midst of a Celtic population. And finally considering both the philological characteristics of the Gaelic language and the number of Gaelic-speaking students who attend our colleges and upper schools, it appears to me that a special obligation lies on the professors of languages in our high schools and colleges to acquire some familiarity with the physiognomy so to speak, and the physiology of the Celtic dialects spoken and written in the British isles. For the purposes of comparative philology—a science which no university can now neglect—a wide and various education is indispensable; and it is surely the height of folly in academical men to travel to

the mouths of the Ganges for illustrations of linguistic phenomena, which can be found not less strikingly displayed on the banks of any Highland burn. Professors of Greek and Latin in Scotland ought besides to consider that the analogies of Gaelic to the classical Celtic languages when scientifically pointed out may prove an engine of the utmost value in facilitating to Gaelic students the scholarly acquisition of those languages; and in this view it cannot but be noted as the sad symptom of the constitutional disease of a vulgar utilitarianism in the British mind, and that there does not exist a professor of the Celtic languages in any English or Scotch university. Such a glaring deficiency under similar circumstances would not for a moment be tolerated by the enlightened Government of the King of Prussia, or any less notable sovereign in intellectual Germany. To conclude, though I certainly am of opinion that we are all very much to blame for the superficial superciliousness with which we have looked down upon the language spoken by the inhabitants of our romantic Highland glens, it appears to me that a special guilt has been incurred by the Gaelic people themselves. Except in conversation among themselves and in pulpit addresses the language of our Highland glens is never known; no shop shows a Gaelic sign, no shop window a Gaelic advertisement, not even a gravestone in a country churchyard shows a Gaelic epitaph. This is a sort of literary suicide which the Scottish Gaels—in this deviating from the laudable use of their Welsh cousins—have committed on themselves, and which can be laid to the door of no Sassenach. Though tendered by an evil spirit, it is at bottom a good advice which Mephistopholes gives to the medical student in Faust “Believe in yourself and the world will believe in you.” And if the Gaelic people systematically abstain from putting themselves forward in the world of printed or printed paper, which is the bearer of our modern civilisation, they have themselves to blame, if with the great mass of floating observers they pass for barbarians. Men are, for the most part, too busy and too indifferent to employ themselves in dragging into notice persons who skulk in corners, and hide their light at the end of a long dark cave where no man can see it.”

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

It is reported, apparently on good authority, that the 91st Highlanders are to discard the trews, and to wear bonnets and kilts in future.

LEWIS—Angus McAskell, belonging to Shader, Lewis, was lately drowned in Stornoway, while returning from attending a funeral.

THE GREENOCK FREE GAELIC CHURCH.—The Rev. Colin Sinclair, of Invergordon, has received a call from the Free Gaelic congregation of Greenock.

ISLAND OF BEARNARAY.—This beautiful little island famed for the bloody massacre of the Macleods by one of the Clan Iain of Ardlamurchan, and his fifteen sons, some three hundred years ago, has been sold, it is said to Sir John Ord, Bart., of Kilmory.

THE FLORA MACDONALD MEMORIAL.—The memorial to Flora Macdonald, designed by Mr. Ross, Architect, Inverness, is now finished, and was shipped October 18th, to its destination in the Church-yard of the Parish of Kilmuir, Skye. The monument is said to be somewhat in the form of an Iona Cross, and is admired by all who have seen it for its simple dignity and fine proportions.

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.—This Society, quite recently formed, appears to be going to work in earnest. The inaugural address was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, of Cilmorack, on Thursday, the 18th Oct. Cluny Macpherson has signified his intention of becoming a life member of the Society—an example which we hope will be followed by many other Highland Chiefs and gentlemen.

ESTATE OF HARRIS.—It is stated that the Earl of Dunmore has parted with North Harris, which comprises the fine deer forests of Fincastle and Ardvourlic, several good fishing lakes, and rivers, and the little village of Tarber. A correspondent says that the purchaser is a London gentleman, Mr. Scott, Banker, Nephew of Sir Claude Edward Scott, county of Dorset. The purchase price is differently stated at £180,000 or £155,000, either being a large enough sum.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO BAGPIPE-PLAYING.—In connection with the recent games under the auspices of the Braemar Royal Highland Society, the Highland Society of London, through Her Majesty's piper, Mr. Ross, Balmoral Castle, has handed a donation of £10 sterling, to be applied in such a manner as the management committee deems proper for the improvement of bag-pipe music. This very liberal donation, which we understand will very probably be continued annually, will be awarded in prizes to successful youthful

aspirants in the art, at the Braemar Games each year. It may be added, however, that the winners of champion gold medals and competitors above thirty years of age will be excluded from participating in the competition, as the object is for the encouragement of young musicians.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the large space taken up by Prof. Blackie's able lecture on the Gaelic language, we are compelled to leave out most of the answers to our correspondents, and other matter which we had prepared for this number of **THE GAEL**.

J. McK., Glencoe, Ont.—Your enquiries regarding Pipe music were answered in our last.

A. M. G., Fort William, Scotland.—A few of the poems of John Morrison, of Harris, were published in Canada a few years ago, but the book is now very scarce, only a copy to be met with now and again in second-hand book stores.

H. McK., Prince Edward Island.—We are not aware that Mary McLeod—*Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh*'s poems were ever published in a separate volume: most of them have been printed in different collections.

J. L. C., Glasgow, Scotland, wishes to know if there are any newspapers in Canada that make the Gaelic a regular feature except **THE GAEL**, and *The Canada Scotsman*, as he had heard that there were some? We are sorry to inform him that, at present, there are not; there are several newspapers published in Gaelic-speaking districts, that publish an occasional piece. *The Bruce Reporter*, published at Kincardine, appeared to have made that quite a regular feature at one time, but now it has dropped down like many other papers (and we might say individuals) to an appeal at election times—it appears to be *then* considered useful. But now that our respected confrere, THOMAS ROBIN, Esq., late of the *Scotsman*, has taken charge of that paper, we hope to see the Gaelic department revived.

PHILOLOGICAL ENQUIRIES.

GAELIC WORDS REFERRED TO THEIR ROOTS.

There are few studies more pleasant than that in which the words of any language are traced to their original roots, and the Gaelic reader will doubtless be pleased to observe the following terms of his native tongue thus explained:

BUACHAILL, a shepherd. This word comes from *bu* and *gille*, and literally means a "lad for cows."

MEUR, a finger, is from *mir*, a piece, and has reference to the fingers, as *divisions* of the hand.

BAINÉ, milk, is from *ban*, white, which latter Gaelic word is related to the French, *bon*; Scotch, *bonnie*; and Latin, *bonus*.

GEALACH, moon, is from *geal*, white; and the Latin *luna* is of similar origin.

MIN, flour, is from *min*, fine.

BAR, crop, is connected with a word which appears in Gaelic as *beir*, in English as *bear*, and in Latin as *fero*. Its literal meaning is, therefore, that which the earth *bears*.

AOTROMAN, a bladder, is from *aotrom*, light.

BANAIS, a wedding is made up of *bean*, a wife, and *feisd*, a feast.

SEANGAN, ant, is derived from *seang*, slender, and is so called from its slender waist.

GLUIN, a knee, seems connected with *claoon*, Latin, *clino*, to bend. C. M. R.

AGENTS FOR THE GAEL.

CANADA.

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

Durham.....Finlay McRae, Esq.
Sullivan.....H. McCorkindale, Esq.
Williamstown.....D. F. Maclellan, Esq.
Balmer's Island.....Allan Stewart, Esq.
South Finch.....Finlay McNaughton.
Rothsay.....Hugh Chisholm, Esq.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Lingwick.....D. McRae, Esq.
Stornoway, Winslow.....D. Gunn, Esq.
Lake Megantic.....J. B. McDonald.

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

Dalhousie, Black Sand..Donald McMillan, Esq.

PROVINCE OF MANITOBA (RED RIVER).

Lower Fort Garry....Duncan McDonald, Esq.

PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Springville, Pictou..Duncan McDonald, Esq.
River Dinnis, C. BA.....McEachren, Esq.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Charlottetown.....John McNeil, Esq.
Orwell.....William McPhail, Esq.
Wood Island.....John McDonald, Teacher.

UNITED STATES.

Lake Linden, Mich.....John McPhail, Esq.
Chicago, Ill.....Mr. McPherson, Druggist.
Lumberton, N. C.....Hon. James Sinclair.

SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh.....MacLachlan & Stewart.
Inverness.....John Noble, Esq.
Tullypowrie.....P. McNaughton, Esq.
Ledaig.....John Campbell, Esq.

AUSTRALIA.

Macarther, Victoria....Donald Beaton, Esq.

NEW ZEALAND.

Invercargill, Southland...John Waldie, Esq.

AN GAIDHEAL.

I. LEABH.]

DARA MIOS AN T-SAMHRAIDH, 1872.

[4 AIR.

BUN AR TURUIS.

A meadhon seana dachaidh nan Albannach tha "An Gàidheal" as ùr a' cur fàilte le cridhe gràdhach agus taingeil air a luchd-dùthcha air fad agus air leud cuairt a' chruinne gu h-iomlan. Anns na suidheachaidhibh ùra agus eugs-amhuil, anns am bheil e 'g a' fhaotainn féin ni's freagarraiche, is e a' rùn gu 'm faigh e eòlas maireannach air na Gàidheil gu léir. Tha e air 'uidheamachadh a mach fo stiùradh, chuideachadh, agus theagasg nan sgoil-eirean Gàilig is nan uaislean tìlanntach Gàidhealach a's fearr aig an tigh agus thairis. Is ann ehum na crìche so a shocruidh e fa-dheidh ann an Albainn. Fo a' leithid so do riaghladh tha e ann an dùil gu 'm bi 'éideadh, a mhodh labhairt, agus na chanas e, taitneach, agus neo-oilbheumach do gach neach. Mu na crìsibh so bithidh e ro-thoilichte éisdeachd gu smuainteachail 's le aire ri beachdaibh muinntir 's am bith.

Mar tha air fhilleadh anns na thubhairteadh cheana 's e Rùn Turuis "A' Ghàidheil" gach fear d' a ainm fhiosrachadh a mach, chum 's gu 'n taoghail e air gach mìos le 'chuid naigheachd, le 'sgeulaibh, le eachdraidh an t-saoghail, le seisidibh ceòlmhor bhàrdan ar linn, maille ri iomadh focal teagaisg mhaith eile. Tha e dearbhta gu 'm faigh e cuireadh is fàilte chridheil aig gach dorus air son a shaothrach oidh-eirpich. Agus ann an so tha e 'g iarraidh a bhi ag aideachadh le aigneachd ro-thaingeil meud na comain fo 'm bheil e do mhòran air son am briathran misneachaidh, agus an cuideachaidh air iomadh dòigh. O so a mach tha e suidhichte air a chàirdean a ruigsian

gach mìos gun bhriseadh. 'S ann le stùil gu 'm biodh "An Gàidheal" ni 'ba choimhlionta, agus gu 'm mealladh e saoghal fada a cheadaicheadh na brisidhean a thachair roimhe so. A nis le clannaibh nan Gàidheal ri guailnibh a chèile bithidh e air a ghiùlan air aghaidh gu buadhach!

Tha e soilleir agus fiosrach do na Gàidheil iad féin, ni a dh'aidicheas iad gu saor, gu 'm feum a' chuid dhiubh nach tuig Beurla gu h-iomlan a bhi car math air dheireadh air a' mhuinntir ud a tha a' seallbhaachadh comais air paiperibh naigheachd a leughadh anns am faighear eachdraidh an t-saoghail le 'dheanadasaibh mòra, iongantach, maille ri iomadh teagasg feumail eile. 'S e ar rùn-ne gu 'm biodh an Gàidheal air a chur ann an cor co-ionnan ris a' Ghall anns a' chùis so. Bheir sinn gearr-chuuntas air gach ni cudthromach a bhios a' gabhail àite feadh nan rìoghachdan gach mìos maille ri gearr-sgeul cinnteach air a' Ghàidhealtachd 's air na h-Eileanaibh. Bithidh againn mar an ceudna gearr-sgrìobhaidhean luachmhor, brìghmhor, agus teagasgail, air cùisibh feumail, diomhair, le fòghlum-aichibh treuna, aithnichte, a measg nan Gàidheal 's gach àite. 'S cha dearmaid sinn a ghnàth focal maith freagarraich, agus solusach a bhi againn air eachdraidh, sgeulaibh, agus cleachd-uinnibh taitneach nan Gàidheal a bh' ann ré "am o aois,"—ar sinnsreachd ainmeil a dh' fhalbh—a chum 's gu 'm biodh an gnìomharan euchdail agus an gnàthan subhail each a' toirt aoibhneis do ar cridheachaibh agus 'gar misneachadh-ne gu nithibh co-ionnan a chur an cleachdadh. Ni mò a ni sinn dearmad

air cruinneachadh as gach ceàrn a' h-uile dàn, rann, is focal-geòire fiachail chum an tasgaidh air son linn-tean eile.

Ged nach biodh na crìochan feumail, cleachdail so idir air an cur romhainn, cha bhiodh e ach 'na dhleasdanas macail do ar dùthaich, do ar cànan 's d' a h-aois, do ar n-aithrichibh treuna leis an robh i air a labhairt ré mhiltibh bhliadhnachan, gu 'n deanadh sinn oidheirp dhuineil air ar càinnt a chumail air chuimhne air chor agus nach biodh ar dearmad suarach-ne "air an teanga, bhrìghmhor, bhlasda, bhinn" 'na aobhar spòrsa agus tarcuis aig na Goill ni 's faide.

A chum agus gu 'n dean sinn seasamh maireann, daingeann, agus éifeachdach an aghaidh nan sruthan tarsuinn so, feumaidh na Gàidheil gu léir *aonadh*, seasamh taobh ri taobh, a dhìon an tìre, an cinnidh, an cànan, agus gach urraim a bhuineas dhoibh fa leth, nithe mu 'm bheil Gàidheil anns gach àite agus dùthaich aon-sgeulach. Na nithe tearc' mu nach 'eil iad aon-sgeulach fàgaidh sinn aig a' ghinealach a thig 'n ar déigh, ach cha 'n ann air duilleagaibh "A' Ghàidheil." Tha an raon coitichionn air am feud sinn uile còrdadh farsuing gu leòir.

'N uair a tha sinn a' stri mar so ris a' Charbh a sheachnadh gu sàbhailte, tha sinn dòchasach gu 'n gléidh sinn mar an ceudna o chunnart Coire-bhreacain, —gu 'n gléidh sinn ar seasamh gu daingeann air bonn firinn, ceartais, agus deagh bheus. Anns na cùisibh so gheibhear sinn a ghnàth do-ghéilleachduinn. Air dhuinn ar coslas, agus ar gnè mar so innseadh gu h-aithghearr, feudaidh sinn stad aig an àm so le ar rùn no ar dùil ath-ainmeachadh, gu 'm faigh ar Leabhran fàilte, dheth nach gabhar aithreachas, feadh iomadh chrìochan na Gàilig feadh an t-saoghail; gu 'm bi e 'na chuideachd thaitnich do gach seòrsa de ar co-Ghàidheil anns gach cor; agus gu 'n dean e iad comasach air a bhi ni 's fheumaile

dhoibh féin, d' an cloinn, d' an càirdibh, d' an co-chreutairibh; d' an rioghachd, do 'n t-saoghal, agus d' an Dia!

—o—

MU NA SEANN GHÀIDHEIL.

IV.

B' iad na *Picti* no na *Caledonaich* Ghàidhealach luchd-àiteachaidh taobh tuath Albainn air tùs; ach mu'n bhliadhna A.D. 506 thàinig sluagh Gàidhealach eile a nall á h-Eirinn d' am b' ainm *Scoti* no na *Scùitich* a ghabh tàmh an taobh deas Siorramachd Earraghaidheil. B' iad na h-àitean anns an d' rinn iad tuineachas Còmhall, Cinntire, Cnapadal, Earraghaidheal, Latharna agus pàirt de 'n Mharbhairn, maille ri Eilean Ile, Araiun, I-challumchille agus eileanaibh beaga eile mu 'n cuairt doibh sin. Anns a' chuid eile de 'n Ghàidhealtachd bha na *Picti* a chòmhnuidh, oir b' iad ceud luchd-àiteachaidh Albainn. Bha an ceannbhaile aca so fagus air Dùnchailean no Peart, agus b' i a' chrìoch eadar iad féin agus na *Scoti* na beanntan àrda sin a tha eadar siorramachd Pheairt agus siorramachd Earra-ghàidheil ris an abrar Druim-Albainn. Tha e coltach gu 'n robh an Dà fhine Ghàidhealach so a' deanamhsuas luchd-àiteachaidh Eirinn agus Albainn o'n fhìor-thoiseach, agus gu 'm b' iad na *Pictich*, ris an abair na seanachaidhean Eirionnach *Cruithnich*, an ceud dhream a ghabh còmhnuidh anns an dà dhùthaich. Ciod 's am bith fri-dhealachadh a bha eatorra tha e coltach nach robh annta ach dà theaghlach de 'n aon t-sluagh, dà theaghlach de 'n aon chinneadh, aig an robh na h-aon ghnàthannan agus a bha 'labhairt na h-aon chànaire. Bha na *Cruithnich* no na *Picti* an taobh tuath Eirinn ann am Mòr-roinn. Ulladh agus an ceann tuath Laighinn; am feadh 'sa bha taobh an iar agus deas na h-Eirionn, 's iad sin Conacht, Munadh, agus ceann

deas Laighinn air an àiteachadh leis na *Scoti*. B'iad na *Pictich* no na *Cruithnich* na ceud Ghàidheil a ghabh tuineachas an Eirinn agus an Albainn, agus roimh thoiseach na seathamh linne a réir coslais, cha robh Gàidheil 's am bith eile an Albainn ach iad féin. Ach aig an àm sin thàinig trì ceannardan a nall á Eirinn agus leth cheud fear maille ris gach aon diubh. Leis cho tearc 's a bha iad ann an àireamh tha e ro choltach gur h-ann a fhuair iad cuireadh o Rìgh nan *Caledonach* gu tigh'n a nall a riaghladh ann an Earra-ghàidheal gu bhì 'n an ceannardaibh air na Gàidheil a bha an sin anns a' chogadh ris na Deas Bhreatannaich, agus an cumail air an ais o bhì a' briseadh ni b' fhaide stigh air taobh siar na Gàidhealtachd. Oir tha e cosmhuil gur h-e bu ghnàth-obair do na *Scoti* Eirionnach a bhì a' sìor chogadh ris na Deas Bhreatannaich. Bha na seann Ghàidheil Albannach a' cogadh riù mar an ceudna mar a chithear o'n chogadh a bha aig Fionn riutha, 'n uair a loisg e Baile-chluaidh no Dùn-Breatann, ceann-bhaile nam Breatannach a bha a chòmhnuidh ann an Srath-chluaidh. Anns a' cheud dol a mach cha robh aig na ceannardaibh Eirionnach so tìodal na b' àirde na an *Toiseach* no Triath no Ceann-feadhna, ach an déigh sin ghabh iad an tìodal Rìgh dhoibh féin, agus rinneadh Fearghus 'na rìgh, gidheadh bha e fo uachd'ranachd Ard-rìgh nan *Scoti* ann an Eirinn, agus bhunaich a shliochd mar sin os ceann ceithir fichead bliadhna gus an do dhealaich iad ri cuing na h-Eirionn mu 'n bhliadhna a. d. 590. Is ann mu 'n àm so a thàinig Calum-cille a nall á h-Eirinn a shearmonachadh an t-soisgeil do na Gàidheil Albannach, 'n uair a bha Conull 'na rìgh air na *Scoti* agus Bride no Buidai 'na rìgh air na *Picti*. Bha luchairt Bhrìde, rìgh nam *Picteach*, 's an àm sin aig Lochnis, ach tha e coltach gu 'n robh mar an ceudna Caisteal no Aros rìoghail eile aig na rìghribh so

ann an Dùn-Chailleán no làimh ri baile Pheairt. Tha sinn a' leughadh mar an ceudna mu na *Pictich* Dheasach; bha an dara feadhainn diubh so air taobh tuath nan garbh-bheanntan (*Grampians*) agus an fheadhainn eile air an taobh deas diubh. Bha monadh Dhruim-Uachdair agus na Beanntan mòra sin a' cur dealachaidh eatorra; agus faodaidh e bhì gu 'n robh iad air uairibh dealaichte 'n an riaghladh, agus gu 'n robh rìgh dhoibh féin aig na *Pictich* thuathach, agus rìgh eile aig na *Pictich* dheasach.

Do na *Pictich* dheasach bhuineadh am fearann a tha a nis 'deanamh suas sìorramachd Pheairt, sìorramachd Aonghais, Fiofa, Struileith, agus an tìr air taobh deas na Friu ris an abrar *Lothian*, gu ruig a' chrìoch Shasunnach. Do na *Pictich* thuathach bhuineadh a' chuid eile dhe 'n tìr gu ruig Gallthaobh agus eileanan Arcaimh. Agus bha Srath-chluaidh agus taobh an iar-dheas Albainn 's an àm sin aig na Breatannaich.

(Ei leanntuinn.) D. B. B.

LITIR MU GHÀIDHEIL GHLASCHU.

A GHÀIDHEIL GHAOLAICH,

Chuir e aoibhneas air mo chridhe mar a chuala mi an ageul, gu 'n do rinn sibh imrich thar a' chuan mhòr is gu 'n robh a' mhiann oirbh á so suas tuineachadh 's a' bhaile so. Mata, mata, agus tha "An Gàidheal" á so suas ri teachd a mach gach mìos ann an Glaschu. Ceud mìle fàilte dhuibh—á h-uile latha dhuibh—Gu ma fada a bhitheas sibh beò agus ceò as 'ur tigh. Nam biodh e mar mo mhiannsa, bhitheadh soirbheachadh gu leòir agaibh. Cha bhiodh Gàidheal eadar ceithir oisinnnean na cruithne nach bitheadh air 'àireamh am measg 'ur luchd leughaidh, is cha bhiodh 'ur sporan gun bhonn no 'ur cridhe gun ghean. Is ged nach 'eil an dà shealladh agam, ged nach fiosaiche no fear seallaidh mi, tha mi cinnte gu leòir gu 'm bi soirbheachadh agaibh. Tha mise ag innseadh dhuibh gu 'm bheil do Ghàidheil anns a' bhaile so féin na bheireadh air 'ur n-oidheirp pàidheadh,

nan cuireadh iad an guallean ris a' ghnòthach mar bu dual is bu dùthchasach dhoibh a dheanamh. Nach fhada o'n chuala sinn an sean fhocal "Clanna nan Gàidheal ri guallibh a chéile." Fhears 'sa ghaoil is iomadh latha a sheas iad ri guallibh a chéile, o latha blàir Alt-a-bhonnaich, mar a rinn iad an cuid féin fo cheannsal Triath nan Eilean, gu tuil uaibhreath airm Shas-iunn a thilleadh air a hrais agus crùn na h-Alba a bhuidhinn do Raibeart Brus, gus an latha 's an do dhìrich iad uchdaichean Alma, le iolach a' na buaidhe fo stiùradh an fhìor Ghàidheil, Cailean Caimbeul—Is tha mi an dòchas mar sheas iad gu duineil cliù an dùthcha ann am mille blàr, gu'n seas iad a nis a chearta cho fearail canain an dùthcha le an ainmean a chur sios air son "A Ghàidheil" gu h-ealamb agus le an airgid phàidheadh gu togarrach. Ach cha'n e mhàin gu'm bheil mòran Ghàidheal anns a' bhaile so ach tha do Chomuinn Ghàidhealach de gach seòrsa ann, nan gabhadh iad "An Gàidheal" fo an sgiathbheith eàirdeil gu'm b' urrainn iad dìon a thoirt dha o gach cruadal, agus cuideachadh anns gach airc. Is ma cheadaicheas sibh dhomh, bheir mi cunntas goirid air cuid de na Comuinn ain agus na h-aobhair air son am bheil iad air an cur-air chois. Tha iad cho lionmhor is gur gann a gabhar ann an aon litir iomradh a thoirt orra gu léir, tuigidh mata iadsan a dh'fhaodas a bhì air am fàgail a mach nach e dìmeas, ach di-ùine is aobhar. 'S e is aobhar gu'm bheil iad cho lionmhor, gu'n d'fhàs e fasanta, o cheann tamull ùine, do gach eilean is siorramachd comunn fhaotuin a suas co-cheangailte ris a' cheàrn sin, a chum is gu'm bheil a nìs na cruineachaidhean sin cho lionmhor ach gann ri eileinibh innse Gall, no siorrachdaibh nan garbh chrìoch. Cha'n eil mi idir a' dèidh a' chleachdaidh so, oir is ciatach an nì, ann am measg othail is àprait a' bhaile mhoir, a bhì cumail beò gaol dùthcha, agus a bhì a' coimhneachadh ghnàthan agus cleachdaineann nan gleann-tan slochail 'san deachaidh ar n-àrach; ach cha'n fheadh mi a' ràdh nach fèudadh pàirt do na comuinn sin barrachd a dheanamh air son ap luchd dùthcha na tha iad a' deanamh. Tha gun teagamh air bith cuid diubh a' deanamh mòraibh. Comharraichte anns an rathad so tha an "Comunn Gàidhealach" (Highland Society). Is gann a' dh'fheadh meud a' mhaith a tha an comunn so a' deanamh a làn inneas. Tha iad a' cumail suas sgoile anns am bheil fòghlum agus leabhraichean,

gun airgid grà lùach, air an toirt do theann air naoi ceud do chloinn Ghàidhealach. Is cha'n e teagasg suarach a tha iad a' faighinn, oir cha'n eil mi a' saòilsinn gu'm bheil ach gann sgoil ann an Glaschu a theid an toiseach air. Is cha'n e mhàin gu'm bheil iad mar so air an deagh theagasg, ach tha gach bliadhna deise bhreacain air a toirt do àireimh mhoir do na cailcagan. Tha an t-aodach so air a thoirt cha'n aon ann an rathad dèirce ach mar dhuais do na sgoilearan a's fearr, a chum nach ruig a leas an Gàidheal a's uaibhriche iuntann nàir a bhì air leigal le a nighinn an t-aodach a choed—'sì sochair anabarrach a tha aig ar luchd-dùthcha anns a' bhaile so, anns an sgoil so. Is lionmhor mac Gàidheil an diugh, a tha 'lìonadh àite onoraich aig an tigh is thairis a dh'fhaodas a' chomain sin a thoirt air an fhòghlum a fhuair e ann an sgoil a' Chomuinn Ghàidhealach. Cha'n eil sealladh a chlì mi o cheann gu ceann do'n bhliadhna a tha cho taitneach leam, ri bhì a' faicinn, a rèir an gnatha. air toiseach ceud mhios an t-samhraidh gach bliadhna clann na sgoile (Gàidhealach a' meàrsadh fo cheannsal an luchd-teagasg is luchd riaghlaidh a' chomuinn, gu Eaglais Chaluim Chille far am bheil searmoin freagarrach do chloinn air a toirt seachad leis a' mhinistear. Is bòidheach an sealladh da rìreadh a bhì a' faicinn mu naoi ceud cloinne ag iomachd ann an òrdugh o'n sgoil gus an Eaglais is air an ais a rithis. Na maothraim ghaolach tha mo chridhe a' toighdha ri gach uair a chlì mi iad. O'n tha mi a' labhairt air sgoil feudaidh mi a thoirt fainear gu'm bheil sgoil eile mar an ceudna ann an Glaschu far am bheil teagasg agus leabhraichean a nasgaidh air an toirt do chloinn Ghàidhealach, ris an abrar sgoil Mhic Lachluinn Chaidh an t-airgid a' tha 'cumail suas na sgoile so fhàgail le duine còir do'n ainm Mac Lachluinn. Rinn e 'chuid airgid anns na h-Innsibh, is 'na thiomnadh dh'fhàg e roinn de air son sgoil a thoirt do Chloinn Ghàidheal anns a' bhaile so, agus is iomadh aon a dh'fheadh a bheannachd a thoirt air air son a ghlomha. Tha mu dhà cheud sgoilear anns an sgoil so. Tha comunn (Gàidhealach eile againn mar an ceudna, ris an canar 'sa' bheurla "The Celtic Society." Tha deagh aobhar aig a' chomunn so anns an amharc mar an ceudna,—aobhar a bu chòir am brosnachadh gu fàite fharanach a chur air "A' Ghàidheal," oir tha iad ag aideachadh gu'm bheil an aon chrìoch

aca's an amharc ribh féin. So agaibh na nithean a tha iad a' cur fa'n comhair féin a dheanamh (1.) "Càvain, fòghlum, ceòl, bardsachd, éideadh, sean-nithe, agus cluich-eòr" fearail Ghàidheal na h-Alba, a chumail suas. (2) Còmhnaidh airgid a thoirt do Oilleanaich Ghàidhealach a tha comharraichte airson an diùthill no an tapadh. (3.) Cuid-eachadh a dheanadh le muinntir a bhuineas do'n Ghaidhealtachd a dh'fhaodas tuit-eam ann am bochdainn ann an Glascho." Tha rùn a' chomuinn maith is cha'n eil feagamh nach eil an deanadas a réir an rùin, oir tha còrr mòr air mìle ball anns a' chuideachd. Car cosmhail ris a' chomunn se tha a' "Cuideachd Cheunn-threach." Oir tha iadsan mar an ceudna a' toirt cuid-eachaidh do dhuine òg aig an Oil-thigh, agus a' cur dhuaisen a chum nan sgoiltean ann an Ceann-tìre, a bharrachd air bhì a' deanamh còmhnaidh le nàistnich Chinn-tìre a tha air tighinn gu bochdainn. A thuilleadh orra so tha àireamh mhòr eile aig am bheil 'n am beachd, a bhì 'cumail suas càirdeis agus carrantachd, is a' deanamh còmhnaidh leis an fheumach is cuideachaidh le luchd a' mhi-fhortain. Ach cha dean mi ach a' mhaigh an ainmeachadh. Tha an "Comunn Earra-Ghaidhealach" a' deanamh feumach beag's an rathad so. Is "Comunn oircheasach Pheairt." Tha a' "Cuideachd Sgiath-anach" ag amharc an dèigh nàistnich eilean maiseach a' chòd. Tha "Cuideachd oir-cheasach Chataoibh" a' deanamh iochd air an co-luchd-dùthcha. Tha "Comunn Muileach," is "Comunn Ileach" ann. "Comunn Abrach," is "Comunn Appaicheach," "Cuideachd Arnanach" is "Comunn Collach," "Cuideachd nan Siorramachdan tuathach," agus "Buidheann Cheann-loch-gilb is Loch-fine." Tha gach aon de na cuideachdan so a' coinneachadh uair 's a' bhliadhna tim-chioll bord suilbheir na tìsda gu dinneir a ghabhail le chéile, no a' coinneachadh ann an talla éigin gu'm feasgar a chur seachad, le òraidean, ceòl agus òrain. Ach tha cuid dhiubh a' deanamh tuilleadh na so, oir tha iad a' sìneadh na làimh' fhail do iomadh aon air an do hridh am mì-fhortan gu trom, is air an do ruig crùadal is éigin. Fhìr mo chridhe, is eireachdail an sealladh ri 'fhaicim e, mar tha "Tigh mòr na cuirme mar Rìchairt laiste," is a tha "clanna na Tìr Aird" ris an abrar gu bràth na gaisgich" a' coinneachadh, cuid dhiubh sgeudaichte ann éideadh aosda na dùthcha, le an spèrainn shòlach is an spangair airgid; na nionagan

màlda, le am mìog shùilean tlàtha, is na mnathan còire gu boiteanach, sròlach, rib-eanach gu'n saoiladh sibh gur bean halle gach aon diubh. Mar tha a' chuideachd a' cruinneachadh, tha piobara no dhà a' cur nan smùid dhiubh a' cluich air plobmhòir nan dosan arda, gu snasmhor grinn, port mear-sidh éigin. Cha'n aithne dhomh ceòl a ghluaisas mo chridhe cosmhail ri nualan na plobamoire, martha "Càbar-féidh," "Cumha Mhic an Tòisich," "A mhnathan a' Ghlinne," no aon de na seann phuirt Ghàidhealach sin air an deagh cluich. Mar a tha a' chuideachd cruinn 's a ghabhas fear na cathrach 'àite 's a tha 'n t-altachadh air a ràdh, 's ann an sin a bhithas am farum, le gleadhraich chupan is spàinean, luchd frith-ealaidh a' ruith 's'n an dean ruith a' freasdal do gach aon cho suilbhear togarrach is ged a bu tighearna fearainn gach aon 's a' chuideachd. Tha an sean-fhocal ag ràdh gu'm "b' gille aig an fheannaig 's an fhogharadh." Ach tha gille aig gach aoidh aig na cuideachdaibh càirdeil ud. Cha bu mhaith leam a bhì 'cur mi-thlachd air aon de na comuinn, ach cha'n fhaod mi ràdh, gun tig aon diubh suas ris a' Chomunn Mhuileach, aig a' chuirn bhliadhnail aca. Bha air a' bhliadhna so féin an talla a's motha 's a' bhaile air a lionadh o cheann gu ceann le cuideachd cho togarrach, cridheil, òraid is a chunnaic mi riamh. Bha òrain Ghàidhlig, is òraidean Gàidhlig air an toirt seachad ann am pailteas. Oide is fheadail b'e an sealladh e, mar a bha gach nàpaiginn pòca a mach a' togail séisd air an fhonn; tha mise ag ràdh ribh nach eil coinneamh 's a' bhaile a bheir ite as tè Mhuilich, cha tig a' h-aon diubh ann an uisge na stiùrach aice. Ach an innis sibhsè dhomh ciod a's ciall do 'n ainm "Soiree" a thug iad air na coinneamhan ud. Tha fhios o'n a bha sibh an *America* gu'm bheil gach eòlas agaibh is gu'n téid agaibh air so a dheanamh. Tha iad ag ràdh rium gur h-e facal *Frangis* a th' ann, ach is gann a tha mi 'gan creidsinn. Oir ged a thàinig e oirnn as an *Frangis* is me bharail gur h-e facal Gàidhlig a th' ann a ghoid iad bh'uaire is a tha nis a' tighinn oirnn ann an dreach ùr. Tha fhios agaibh gu'm bheil na *Frangich* gu math tapaidh tiolpanta, agus gu'm bheil e air a chur as an leth gur h-e an gnàth innleachdan a fhuair muinntir eile a mach a thoirt led, is an sin a' chur mar fhiachaibh air an t-saoghal gur iadsan a fhuair a mach a' chùis an toiseach. Is tha duine còir a's

aithne dhomhsa ag ràdh gur h-ann mar so a rinn iad leis an fhocal so. Tha esan 'sa' bheachd nach 'eil anns an fhocal *soirée* ach an dòigh Fhrangach air an fhacal suiridh!!! Ach biodh sin mar a thogras e, tha aon ni fìor, gur ciatach a thionndaidheas iad a mach aig na coinneachan sin, is cha'n'eil mi ag ràdh nach bi beagan do'n t suiridh a' dol cuid-eachd, agus is mise nach faigh coire dhoibh mar tha gach ni gu beusach ceart. Ach feumaidh mi an litir so a tharruing gu crìch, ach mu 'n dean mi sin, tha aon Chomunn Gàidhealach eile air am feum mi iomradh a thoirt, agus 'se sin an "Comunn Oiseanach." Tha an comunn so a nis teann mhath air leth 'cheud bliadhna a dh' aois, agus is fìor chomunn Gàilig a tha ann, oir tha gach gnothach air a ghiùlan air adhart anns a' Ghàilig. Tha na mionaidean air an sgrìobhadh anns a' chànan mhillis sin, is tha gach òraid is deasbaireachd anns a' cheart chàinnt ghaolaich. Tha an comunn so a' coinn-eachadh air gach feasgar Di-h-aoine fad seisein an Oilthigh ann an tigh-seisein eag-lais Challum Chille, agus is iomadh searmonaiche fìleanta, gleusda, an Albainn 's an Canada a bheir a bheannachd air a' Chomunn Oiseanach a' son an chothrom a bhuilich e orra gu eòlas fhaotuinn air a' Ghàilig.

A nis, a Ghàidheil Rùnaich, thug mi dhuibh cunntas air a' chuid mhòir do no comuinn Ghàidhealach againn anns a' bhaile so, is tha mi cinnteach o'n àireimh gu'm feud sibh misneach a ghlacadh a chum dol air 'ur n-aghaidh gu fearail 'n 'ur n-obair, oir ma chuireas iad an guaillean ri chèile tha an gnothach leibh.

Slàn leibh—Theagamh gu'n cluinn sibh uam gu goirid a rithis. An latha a chìs nach fhaic, is mi, le gach deagh ghuidhe, ur caraid dileas.

RUNASDACH.

Glaschu, air Cluaidh,
23mh. de'n Ghiblean, 1872. }

•OISEIN: A LINN AGUS A BHARDACHD.

(AIR LEANTUINN.)

Cha'n'eil na comharraidhean aon chuid fann no faoin a tha dàin Oisein anna féin a' nochdadh gu'm buin iad do aimsir a tha fada air chàl. Tha e soilleir gu'n robh laoich is saoi na Féinne ann an suidheachadh simplidh; gu'n robh iad fathast ann an òg mhad-

uinn an cinneadalachd 'n uair a chaidh slige an t-sòlais mu'n cuairt, agus a. thog an rìgh am fonn air làithibh nan sonn a b' àirde gnìomh, is làn mhìle fear focail shuas ag aomadh gu luaidh an rìgh. Is e leantuinn na seilge air raon is aonach, agus marcachd thairis air stuidhean a' chuain mhòir, maille ri Cruaidh is Màile ciar a ghiùlan ann an dealan beur a' chòmhrag, a bu chleachduinn do laoich na Féinne. Cha robh an àite còmhnuidh seas-mhach. 'N uair theirgeadh tuire is féidh ann an aon àite, rachadh na seann Ghàidheil gu àite eile; agus is ann air an aobhar so a tha e 'tachairt gu'm bheil ainmean air am faotainn an sud agus an so, a tha 'gleidheadh cuimhne air sàr-thréin na Féinne. Cha robh eòlas no tuigse aca, mar tha dàin Oisein gu soilleir a' dearbhadh, air ealdhain no inleachd air bith ach a mhàin orrasan a bha feumail doibh anns a' bheatha a bha iad a' caitheamh. Bha iad eòlach air iarunn. Is ann an Ceardach Luinn Mhic Liobhuinn a bha ri obair gobhainn aig rìgh Lochluinn anns a' Bheirbhe, a bha sleaghan is lannan na Féinne air an deanadh. Is e Mac an Luinn a b' ainm do'n chlaidheamh a bha Fionnghal ag iomchar. Is éiginn gu'n robh eòlas nach bu ghann aca mar an ceudna air seòladaireachd. Oir tha e soilleir gu'n robh iad gummic ag imeachd thar a' chuan shum-ainneach, stuadhach gu Lochlann, gu Innisfàil is Innis-nan-torc. B'e miann nan laoch an eithear dhonn is a' churach luath ag éiridh suas air cuan nan long, a' gearradh an astair feadh thonn gun chùram, mar theine nan speur troimh bhearnaibh beur nan neul. Ged bha longan na Féinne fo'n sìh bhàna 'beumadh troimh 'n cheathaich ghlais air toirm nan stuadh 's nan tonn éiti, 's an còbhar bàn mu'm muineal shuas; gidheadh, dileas do shimplidheachd na luingsi 'sann le iallaibh air an deanadh, mar dh'fhaodas sinn a chreidsinn, de bhian nam fiadh's bheathaichean

na seilge a bha na siùil gheala air an ceangal. Chì sinn mar so gu 'n robh eòlas na Fèinne a' ruigheachd air na cleachduinnibh aca féin, agus nach robh ni b' fhaide.

Air feadh bàrdachd Oisein uile, cha 'n 'eil luaidh air a dheanamh air inn-leachd no àbhaist nach 'eil a' comh-chòrdadh ri òige nan làithean anns an do thog iad fuaim air teudaibh na clàrsaich ann an Talla *Sheallamai*. Giùlainidh an ni so féin Oisein is a threun-laoich gu aimsir fad o chian.

Ged b'e athair *Oscair* agus mac *Fhionnghail* rìgh *Sheallamain* nam feart, bàrd caomh nan iomadh sgeul; ged bu bhinn gach dàn o 'bheul maiseach, an trath thòisicheadh esan *rìgh nam bàrd* air iomradh àrd nan laoch 's nan lann; bha 'smuaintean àrda, òirdhearc, agus a shamhlaidhean bòidheach firinneach air an taruingo o nàdur féin. Fuaim no guth, luaidh no moladh cha 'n 'eil 'n a bhàrdachd uile air curaidh Greugach no air filidh Romanach. Cha chualar leis riamh gun do sheinn *Homar* iomraiteach treubhantas is euchdan nan Greugach, maille ri fearg an-ìochdmhor *Achilleis*, ni mò, dh' inntig rannan sgeineil grinn *Virgeil* agus *Horais*, a chridhe riamh. B'e nàdur féin ban-altrum chaoimhneil Oisein. A' ghrian, mac aighearrach nan speur anns an ògmhaduinn agus ann an duibhre 'n fheasgair; na neòil, a dh' iadhas mu lòchran nan leadan òrbhuidh, 'ga dheanamh smalanach, sprochdach, agus an uair 'dh' imicheas iad thairis air, ag aiseag sunnd is gean is sòlais; a' ghealach leth-chòmhdhaichte le trusgan dorcha, agus aig àm eile 'toirt seachad a soluis féin le 'gnuis àillidh aoidheil; na sruthan gàireach, tormanach a ruitheas dian bho aonaichibh nam fuar-bheann àrda; an ceò a thùrlingear ann an iomadh dealbh is cruth air broilleach nan raon, air uchd nan lochan 's air taobh nan cnoc le sclèò dhuaichni; na cluarain a' crathadh an cinn ann an osag *Lénai*; feartan na

Fèinne le cruaidh is màile; fuaim lùir-each is beumadh lann, osnaidhean thaibhsean is gnìomharan nan làithean a bha 's a dh' aom; *b' iad so uile càird-ean* Oisein, an trath a mhosgladh 'anam le guth nan dàn 's le fuaim nam fonn. Agus co a leughas bàrdachd Oisein agus a thuigeas a h-òirdheirceas agus a snas — mòrachd a smuaintean, nach aidich air ball gu 'm bheil e, mar thubhairt e féin mu Fhionnghal nam feart, a' seasamh leis féin, gun choimeas am measg nam filidhean.

Thig e dhuinn a nis oidhirp a dheanamh air linn a' Bhàird aosmhoir thairisich a shònrachadh a mach ni' mionaidiche. Chunnaic sinn gu 'n bheil cainnt is dealbh nan dàn féin ag innseadh sgeòil air àm o aois, agus gu 'm bheil còrdadh dlùth follaiseach eadar smuaintean, beachdan, agus gnìomharan a' Bhàird. Ghleus e 'chruit chiùil, agus dh' imich anam an sruth nam fonn 's nan òran, oir bu taitneach leis faireachduinnean a chridhe a dhòirteadh a mach gu nàdurra. Cha b'e iarrtuis sòlas a thoirt do dhaoineibh fòghluimte. Cha robh e air a theannachadh le riaghailtibh sgriobhta na Bàrdachd. Bha toirm nan dàn bho 'n àm a dh' aom, tlachdmhor do 'n anam a bha tairis, fial. Dh' aithris bilean a' Bhàird gu fìor 's gu nàdurra na smuaintean bòidheach 's na h-òrain bhlasda 'bha 'tuineachadh ann an uaigneas anama féin.

Tha iomradh air a dheanamh air siol nan coigreach, agus ann an *Caomh-mhala* tha *Caracul* is *Caruinn* nan sruth ag iadhadh ann am fuil a' bhuirn, air an toirt f'ar comhair. Thug Fionnghal buaidh, 's bha sòlas air àrd na mòrbheinn.

Tha ruaig air mac rìgh an domhain 's a shluagh.

“Togaibhs' a bheula nan dàn,
Togaibh gu h-àrd am blàr aig Carunn;
Theich *Caracul* 's a shluagh o m' lann.
Theich e thall thar raoin an àrdain,

A ghaigich mar dhealain air sliabh
 'Tha 'sgeadachadh tannais na h-oidhehe,
 'S e 'g aomadh ro' ghaoith o 'n iar
 'Sa' choille chiar mu'n cuairt a' boillsgeadh.
 Taom, a *Charuinn*, taom do shruth;
 An aoibhneas an diugh siubhail sìos.
 Theich coigrich a b' àirde guth."

Tha e cosmhuil gur h-e *Caracalla*
 mac *Sheverus* an ceannard àrd *Rom-*
anach a tha air a chiallachadh an so.
 Ghaochail *Severus* ann an toiseach an
 treasamh linn, agus mar sin, tha bun-
 chair is barantas againn ann a bhi 'g
 amharc air an treasamh no 'n ceath-
 ramh linn, mar an t-àm anns an robh
 talla na feile 's nam fleagh, nan cuach
 's nan còrn, 'n a sheasamh ann an
Seallama nan tùr àrd, mun robh laoi-
 ch na Féinne 'n an tannais gun tuar 's a'
 chàrn air neòil agus fuar-ghaoith
Chonai,

Tha fios againn gur h-iad ainmean
Lochlinneach a tha mòran de eileanaibh
 Albainn a' giùlan. *Jura*, *Scarba*,
Staffa—cha 'n e so fuaim na Gàilig.
 Cha 'n 'eil blasdachd Oisein anns na
 h-ainmibh so. Buinidh iad do thìr
 's do chainnt nan coigreach. Bha gun
 teagamh ainm gach eilein is caoil, gach
 màigh is roin air tìs Gàidhealach. Is
 anns a' cheathramh agus anns a' chuig-
 eamh linn a thàinig na Lochlinnich
 sìol nan tonn a nuas, agus a rinn iad
 àiteachadh ann an eileanaibh Albainn.
 Bha, mata, Oisein agus suinn threubh-
 ach na Féinne roimh an àm so. Cho
 fada 's a tha e comasach a' leithid so
 de ni a réiteachadh gu ceart, tha e air
 a dheanamh mach gurh-anns a' cheath-
 ramh linn a ráinig teachdairean a'
 Chreidimh Chrìosduidh tìr nam beann
 's nan sruthan fuaimneach.

Aig toiseach *Chalthoinn* is *Chao-*
mhail, tha Bàrd Chonai 'labhairt marso:

"Glan guth na fonna de thréin,
 Fhìr 'tha 'tuineadh leat féin an còs.
 Fhìr a thàinig o mhàgh nan Gall,
 Mosglaidh m' anam an talla nan fleagh;
 Mar na làithean am bliadhnaibh thall:
 Tha mi 'sineadh mo làmh 'tha lag,
 Is an osun fo smachd mo chléibh."

An cluinn thu, shìl nan còs an craig
 Fonn o Oisiam mu 'òg ghnòmh féin?
 Am faic fear tuinidh nan còs ciar?
 Sgiath mhòr Oisein an àird an talla
 Fo chomharradh scare nan comharrag?
 Thréig an soillse glan a balla,
 Tha meing air a ballaibh, mo dhòruinn!
 Cluinn sa, fhìr tuinidh nan còs ciar',
 Mòr seùl air na bliadhnaibh 'tha thall."

Is ann an seann làithibh Oisein a
 sgriobh e 'n dàn so. Cha 'n 'eil e eu-
 cosmhuil idir gur h-e aon de cheud
 Shearmonaichibh an t-soisgeil a tha 'm
 Bàrd a' ciallachadh leis an neach a
 thàinig o mhàgh nan Gall 'sa bha 'tuin-
 eadh leis féin an còs nan creag. Is ann
 an deigh do rìgh *Fearghas* a luchairt
 a phlannalachadh ann an tìr nan Gall,
 agus frithean is aonaichean na Gàidh-
 ealtachd a thréigsinn, a dh' éirich
 roinnean am measg luchd tuinidh nan
 àrd-bheann. Sgairte bho chéile le
 glinn leathan dhomhain, no le aibh-
 nichibh brasa beucach; cuairtiche le
 lochaibh farsuing eiti no le beanntaibh
 corrach àrda, roinneadh na Gàidheil
 'n am buidhneibh an deigh do chuir
 's do chompanas an rìgh an thréigsinn.
 B'e so a bu phrìomh aobhar do na
 roinneibh ris an abrar *Clann nan Gàidh-*
eal. Tha lapich is treun-fhìr Oisein a'
 géilleachduinn do 'n mhòr thrìath
 Fionnghal gun fhocal, gun ghuth o 'n
 ceann: gach sùil air lann is tuar an
 rìgh, is esan a' tarraing a shléagh o
 'chùl. Is i gairm àrd mhic Chomhair
 a thionailleadh mòr ghaigseacha na
 Féinne gu cath no feadhachas; agus
 cha robh cinn feadhna no ceannardan
 air bith eile air an aithneachadh no air
 an aideachadh.

Tha mi 'saoilsinn ma chuireas sinn
 an cuideachd a chéile na h-aobhairean
 air an d' rinn mi nis gu h-aithghearr
 iomradh, gu 'm bheil againn barantas
 seasmhach ann a bhi 'creidsinn gur
 h-anns an treasamh linn aghluais Fionn-
 ghall gu strì nan lann, agus a thog
 Oisein fonn milis nan òran air teudaibh
 nan sàr-chlarsach.

(Ri leanntuinn.) CONA.

URNUIGH OISEIN.

Oisein.

Aithris sgeul, a Phàdruig,
An onair do leughainn,*
Am bheil nàmh gu h-àraidh;
Aig Fiannaibh na h-Eirinn?

Padruig.

Bheireams' briathar dhuitse,
Oisein nan glòin,†
Nach 'eil nàmh aig t'athair,
Aig Oscar, no aig Goll.

O. 'S oile an sgeul, a Phàdruig,
A th' agad dhomhs', a chléirich;
O' uim' am bithinn-sa ri cràbhadh,
Mur 'eil nàmh aig Fiannaibh Eirinn?

P. Nach dona sin, Oisein,
Fhir nam briathra boile,
'S gu'm b' fhearr Dia ré son uair',
Na Fianna Eirinn uile?

O. B' fhearr leam son chath làidir,
A chuireadh Fionn na Féinne,
Na Tighearn a' chràbhaidh,
Agus thusa, chléirich.

P. Ge beag a' chuillt chrònanach,
Agus mònaran na gréine,
Gun fhios do 'n Rìgh mhòralach,
Cha téid fo bhil' a sgéithe.

O. 'N saoil thu m' b' ionanne's Mac Cumhail,
An rìgh 'bh' againn air na Fiannaibh?
Dh' fhaodadh gach neach 'bha air thalamh,
Dol 'n a thalla-san|| gun iarraidh.

P. Oisein! 's fada do shuain,
Eirich suas is éisid na sailin,
O'n chaill thu nis do lùth 's do rath,
'S nach cuir thu cath ri là garbh.

O. Ma chaill mi mo lùth 's mo rath,
'S nach maireann cath a bha aig Fionn,
Dod' chléirsinneachd is beag mo spéis,
'S do cheòl éisdeachd ni'm fiach leam.

P. Cha chual thu co math ri m' cheòl,
O thus an domhain mhòir gus a nochd;
'S tha thu aosda an-glic liath,
Fhir a dhioladh cliar air chnoc.

O. 'S tric a dhiol mi cliar air chnoc,
Tille Phàdruig a's oile-rùn,
'S eucòir dhuitse 'chàin mo chruth,¶
O nach d'fhuair thu guth air thus.

Chualas ceòl os cionn do cheòil,
Ge mòr a mholas tu do chliar;
Ceòl air nach luidh leth-trom laòich,
Faoghar cuilc aig an Ord Fhiann.

'N uair a shuidheadh Fionn air cnoc,
Sheinneamaid port do 'n Ord Fhiann,
'Chuireadh 'n an codal na sìobh,
'Slochòin bu bhinne e na 'chliar.

Smeòrach bheag-dhubh o Ghleann Smàil,
Faoghar nam bàrc ris an tuinn,*
Sheinneamaid an leithid' a phuirt,
Is bha sinn féin 's ar cruil ro bhinn.

Bha tri gaodhair dheug aig Fionn,
Leigeamaid iad ri Gleann Smàil;
'S bu bhinne glasghairm† ar con,
Na do chluigs', a chléirich chàidh. ‡

Cuide ruinne Fionn ar dia,
A riar cliar agus sgoil
Thug e làir bronnadh òir||
'S an ath là air meaghar chon.

P. Aig meud 'fhiughair ri meaghar chon,
'S e dioladh sgoil gach aon là,
'S aig lughaid eisimeil ri Dia,
A nis tha Fionn nam Fiann an làimh.

O. 'S gann a chreideas mi do sgeul,
A chléirich le d' leabhar bàn,
Gu'm bitheadh Fionn, no cho fial,
Aig duine no aig Dia an làimh.

P. Ann an ifrinn tha e'n làimh,
Fear le 'n sàth bhi bronnadh òir,
Air son a dhìmeas air Dia,
Chuir iad e'n tigh pian fo leòn.¶

O. Nan robh Clanna Morni steach,
Is Clanna Baoisgne, na fir theun',
Bheireamaid-ne Fionn a mach,
No bhiodh an teach againn féin.

P. Còig còigeanna** na h-Eirinn ma seach,
'S air leat-sa gur mòr am feum,
Cha tugadh sin Fionn a mach,
Ged bhiodh an teach agaibh féin.

O. Nach math an t-àite ifrinn†† féin,
A chléirich dha 'n léir an sgoil?

is 'cruth' or 'cruil'; the copies of Hill and Dr Young have 'cruth.'

* The MS. and Hill's copy have 'tunn.' 'Tonn' is sometimes feminine. See Armstrong's Dictionary, and Duncan Blach M'Nicol's lines at the end of this poem.

† 'Glasghairm,' noise of hounds.

‡ 'Càidh,' holy, pure.

§ The MS. is 'A riar cliar agus sgoil.' Hill's copy has 'A riar do cliar is do sgoil,' but inaccurately printed.

¶ 'Riar,' please, satisfy, distribute, serve. See O'Reilly's Dictionary.

|| 'Bronnadh òir,' distributing gold.

¶ 'Bhròn' is written in the MS. over 'leòn.'

** 'Còige,' a fifth, a province.

†† 'Iurra' in MS.

* The MS. is 'lebhaidh'; the Dean of Lismore's Book has 'leuin' = 'leughainn,' which we have adopted.

† 'Glòin,' deed of valour, exploit.

‡ 'Oull,' a fly; 'a' chull chrònanach,' the humming fly.

§ 'Mònaran,' mote.

¶ The MS. is 'tseòlle,' for, probably, 'shealladh'; 'n a shealladh-san,' into his presence. Dr. Young's copy has 'n a thalla-san,' into his hall, which we have adopted. The Dean of Lismore's Book has 'n a thigh.'

¶ It is difficult to decide whether the word in the MS.

Nach co math is fàitheas Dé,
Ma gheibhear innt' féidh is coin?
Bha mise là air sliabh Bhòid,
Agus Cacoilte 'bu chruaidh lann,
Bha Oscar ann is Goll nan sleagh,
Dòmhnall nam fheadh is Fraoch' o 'n
ghleann;
Fionn Mac Cumhail, borb a bhrìgh,
Bha e 'n a Rìgh os ar cionn.
Tri maca àrd-rìgh nan sgiath,
Bu mhòr am miann air dol a shealg,
A Phàdrug nam bachall fìar,*
Cha leigearmaid Dia os ar cionn.
Bu bheag leam Diarmad O' Dhuinn,
Agus Fearrghas 'bu bhinnue glòir,
Nam bu chead leat mi do 'n luaidh,
A chléirich nuaigh,† a théid do 'n Ròimh.
P. C'uim' nach cead leam thu do 'n luaidh,
Ach thoir t'aire gu luath air Dia?
O 'n tha nis deireadh air t' aois,
Sguir do d' bhaois,‡ a shean-fhir léith.
O. A Phàdrug, ma thug thu cead,
Air beagan a labhairt duinn,
Nach aidich thu, ma 's cead le Dia,
Flath nam Fiann a ràdh air thùs?
P. Cha d' thug mise comas duit,
A shean-fhir chiùrt, agus thu liath,
B' fheàrr Mac Muire ré aon là
Na duine a thàinig riamh.
O. Nìor robh math aig neach fo 'n ghréin
Gu 'm b' fheàrr e féin na mo thrìath;
Mac mùirneach nach d' éitich§ clìar
'S cha leigeadh e Dia os a chionn.
P. Na comhaid|| thusa duine ri Dia,
A shean-fhir léith, na breithnich e;
Is fada o 'n thàinig a neart,
Is mairidh a cheart gu bràth.
O. Chomhaidinnse Fionn nam fheadh
Ri aon neach a sheall 's a' ghréin;
Cha d' iarr [e] riamh ni air neach
'S cha mhò 'dh'eur¶ e neach mu ni.
Bheireamaid seachd cathan fìthead, an
Fhìann,
Air sìthean Druim Cliair a muigh;

Cha tugamaid urram do Dhia,
No 'cheann cliair* a bha air bith.†
P. Seachd cathan fìthead dhuibhse, 'n ar Féinn,
Cha do chreid sibh 'n Dia nan dùl;
Cha mhaireann duine do 'r sliochd,
'S cha bheò ach riochd‡ Oisein ùir.
O. Cha 'n e sin 'bu choireach ruinn,
Ach turas Fhinn a dhòl do 'n Ròimh,
Cumail cath Ghabhra leinn féin,
Bha e claidh ar Féinn gu mòr.
P. Cha 'n e sin 'chlaoidh sibh uile ann
A mhic Fhinn, o 'n gearr gu d' ré;
Eisd ri ràdh Rìgh nam bochd,
'S iarr thusa nochd nèamh dhuit féin.
O. Comraich§ an dà abstol deug,
Gabhaidh mi dhomh féin a nochd;
Ma rinn mise peacadh trom,
A chur an cnoc nan tom a muigh.
CELOCH.

The following lines follow in the MS.:
Thoir an eachdraidh 'Mhaighstir Dòmhnall,
A tha 'chòmhnaidh an cois na tuinne; ||
An ùrnuigh 'bha aig Oisean liath-ghlas,
Nach robh riamh ach 'n a dhroch dhuine.
It is then added, in reference, we suppose, to these lines:

The above stanzas were composed by Duncan Riach M'Nicol, in Glenorchy, commonly called "The modern Ossian."
(This poem is from a manuscript collection of Ossianic and other poems, which belonged to the Rev. Donald M'Nicol, Lismore, author of "Remarks on Dr. Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides &c." A copy, nearly the same as M'Nicol's, but very inaccurately printed, was published in Hill's Collection in 1784, and was afterwards reprinted in the Highland Society's Report on the Poems of Ossian (1805). Another but slightly different copy was published in 1787, in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, by Dr. M. Young, an Irish gentleman, who travelled in the Highlands in the summer of 1784. There is also a copy in the Dean of Lismore's Book, but it differs considerably from the other copies which we have seen, and the modern version of it published a few years ago is frequently inaccurate. The MS. of this poem is dated 1762-3. A. C.)

* The MS. is 'fial,' an obvious mistake for 'fìar,' the word in Dr. Young's copy. The 'bachall fìar' was the crosser.

† 'Nuaigh,' heaven; also holy.

‡ The MS. is 'mhaighstir' for 'bhaoilthe,' abstract noun (aspirated) from 'baoth'; Dr. Young's copy has bhaois = 'bhaothas'; Hill's copy has 'Chaois,' a misprint for 'bhaois,' levity, folly.

§ 'Kitch,' refuse.

|| 'Comhaid,' compare.

¶ 'Eur,' refuse.

* The MS. was originally 'dhaoin triach' = 'dh' aoin triath,' but was subsequently altered.

† 'Bith,' world.

‡ Dr. Young's copy has 'rioghachd.'

§ 'Comraich,' protection.

|| Viz. Lismore,

NAIDHEACHDAN.

Annas na làithibh a tha ann an diugh tha atharrachaidhean mòra a' tighinn air caochladh nìthean le luathas ro iongantach. Tha nìthe ùra a' gabhail àite air aghaidh na talmhainn agus am measg chinneach an t-saoghail le ealamhachd a bhiodh 'na miorbhuil do mhuinntir linn-tean roimhe so. Ged tha so fìor gu coitichionn, gidheadh cha 'n eil e fìor mu cheisd no dhà air am bheil sinn ri iomradh a dheanamh air ball. An dèigh so cumaidh sinn cuimhne air nìthibh cudthromach a's buanaiche is a's feumaille na chèile.

Tha ceisid dhuilich ris an abrar "Aghaidhean air son na h-Alabamai," a bha gun rèiteachadh o àm Cogadh Americai, a' tarruing a nis gu deireadh. Cha 'n eil e cosmhuiil gu 'm bi eas-aonadh bagarrach 's am bith eadar an dà rìoghachd, Breatainn agus na Stàidean Aonaichte mu 'n ghnothach so.

Tha a' chrìoch so 'na h-aobhar ghàirdeachais agus 'na riarachadh mòr do 'n dà shluagh. 'Se call eagallach a bhiodh ann gu 'm briseadh cogadh a mach eadar an dà shluagh a tha cho dìleas an dàimh. Thug na Stàidean air an ais na h-Aghaidhean neo-chuimseach a rinn iad an toiseach na bliadhna; agus troimhe so tha rathad fosgailte gu bann-còrdaidh a dheanamh a bhith-eas 'na riaghailt stiùraidh sheasmhach, agus fheumail dhoibh fèin agus do rìoghachdaibh eile.

Tha faoin iomradh an dràs a ris air tighinn a' Africa gu 'm bheil an t-Olla Libh-ingston, o nach d' fhuaradh fìos cinnteach o cheann bhliadhnachan, fathast beò; agus gu 'm feud stùil a' bhi ris gu gearr a meadhon Africai. Feudaidh an sgeul so a bhi fìor, ach cha do dhearbhadh buileach e thuige so; ach, co-dhiù cha 'n fhada gus an cluinnear fìos àraidh o 'n mhuinntir a chaidh air a thòir.

Tha bliadhna no dhà o'n thòisicheadh air Reachd ùr Pàrlamaid air son sgoilean Rìoghachd an Albainn a thoirt a mach; ach thuit gach oidhirp a dh'ionnsuidh so gu lár. 'S iad na h-aobhairean tuisleachaidh na beachdan ioma-sgeulach a tha aig gach buidheann fa leth air na nìthibh a bu chòir a bhi air an teagasg anns na Sgoilbhidh Rìoghachd. 'S i a' phuuing gu h-àraidh a tha 'na cnàimh connspaid, co dhiùbh a's còir do 'n Phàrlamaid fèin lagh a dheanamh gu 'm feum am Bùball a bhi air a theagasg anns na Sgoilbhidh Rìoghachdail, no comas a thoirt do bhuill Bòrd gach Sgrìreachd fa leth

beantuinn ris mar a chitheadh iadsan iomchuidh. Ròghnaich an neach a thug a steach am *Bill* do Thigh Iochdrach na Pàrlamaid an cùrsa so mu dheireadh a ghabhail, an gnothach fhàgail an làmhaidh Buill nam Bòrd; ged a tha am *Bill* a nis gu maith air aghaidh tha mòran do Bhuill na Pàrlamaid a' sònruachadh atharrachaidhean mòra a dheanamh air mu 'n ceadaichear dha tighinn a mach 'na lagh. O'n staid anns am bheil e 'n dràs tha iomadh a' co-dhunadh nach urrainn iad fhaoilinn troimh 'n Phàrlamaid am bliadhna.

A thaobh ceisid an Aonaidh am measg nan Eaglaisean Cléireach an Alba, gu sònruichte eadar an Eaglais Shaor agus an Eaglais Chléireach Aonaichte cha 'n eil a' bheag a dh'adhartas no dhol air ais anns a' chùis. A thaobh na h-Eaglaise Sàoire tha 'n Earrann a tha an aghaidh an Aonaidh a' rùnachadh seasamh do-ghéilleachduinn 'na aghaidh, 'nuair a tha an Earrann eile a' cur rompa gu 'n lean iad an gnothuch a mach. Tha sinn a' tuigsinn gu 'm bheil Iarrtuais (*Petitions*) o iomadh seòrsa a' dol gus an Ard-Sheanadh air son iad a stad tamull a chum sìth aiseag do 'n Eaglais air fad. Tha mnathan uaisle feadh na dùthcha a' deanamh suas Iarrtais iad fèin ag asluchadh an h-Ard-Sheanadh stad a chur air an eas-aonadh, a' bhriseadh, agus an naimhdeas a tha a' freumhachadh 'n an measg fèin, le cosg a chur air na h-oidhirpibh a tha air an cleachdadh a chum Aonadh a thoirt mu 'n cusair. Tha dùil mhòr aig sluagh Albainn ris na h-Ard-Sheanaidhean a tha 'crùinneachadh 's na làithibh so. Bidh sinn comasach air cìod a nì iad innseadh anns an ath àireamh. Tha anns an Eaglais Stéidhichte mar an ceudna gluasad timchioll a' *Phatronage*. Tha a' chuid a's mòr 's an Eaglais a nis air son a chur as, no mar is ceartaiche a ràdh taghadh a' mhinistear a chur ann an làmhaidh cing nan teaghlach, no dh'fhaoide ann an làmhaidh nam fìrionnach ann an coimh-thional a bhitheas 'n an luchd-comunnachaidh. Tha Diùc Earra-ghàidheil a' gcalltuinn *Bill* a thoirt a steach do 'n Phàrlamaid mu 'n nì; tha mòran de dhaoineibh urramach eile air son na *Patronage* a tha iad a' meas 'n a cuing air Eaglais na h-Alba a chur as, ann an tomhas co dhiù. Tha cuid de na h-Eaglaiseibh Cléireach eile an Albainn a tha a' togail an guth, air dhoibh so a thuigsinn, an aghaidh ath-shuidheachadh 's am bith a bhi air a dheanamh air an Eaglais

Stéidhichte, gun an cead-san a bhí air a ghabhail. 'S e an rún-san, a réir coslais, gu'm biodh Eaglais Chléireach na h-Alba air a di-stéidheachadh, agus a deasamh co-ionnan riú féin. 'S e ar dleasánna opumaa de'n t-seòrsa so a thoirt f'a chomh- air ar luchd-leughaidh, 'nuair a dh'fhacas sin o bhreith 'a am bhí a thoirt anns na cuiseibh.

Thàinig crith-thalmhainn mhòr air an treas là de'n Ghiblean rathad baile mòr Antioch 's an àird-an-eag. Tha e air aithris gu'n deachaidh barrachd air an treas cuid de'n bhaile a sgrios. Tha eachdraidh ag innseadh dhuinn gu'n do sgriosadh dà cheud mìle pearsa 's u bhaile so le crith-thalmhainn ri lian an Impire *Trojan* a fhuair ach gann as. 'S e aguil ro thiamhaidh a tha 'n a leithid so a chluinntan—daoine air an sligeadh suas a chrìdh'e na talmhainn ann am prìobadh na suil. 'N uair a thàinig an t'é mu dheireadh so thachair gu'm b'e Am-trasgaidh nan Greugach (Lent) a bh'ann; agus ann an aon àite far an robh coimhthional dhiubh a' gearradh, m'athri cheud pearsa, dh'adhlacadh sìos a dh'ach bheum iad. Ann an àite eile chaidh tigh-sgoil le leth cheud cloinne a shligeadh suas. Bha troimh-chéile namhasach feadh a' bhaile timcheall air na mairbh. Agus bha a' mhi-riaghadh ud air a mheadachadh troimh chleachduinnibh buidhne ris an abrar Dusan, feadhainn a tha 'deanamh-soraidh do Bhaal agus do Astarot. Bha buaidh mhillidh garraeil aig a' ghréin air na h-uiread de chuirp mharbha, 'n uair a bha na Crìosdaidhean agus na Mahomatan- aich a' strì co a gheibheadh cothrom air an cuid féin adhlacadh guh-iomchuidh. Bha na Mahomatanach air son nan Crìosdaidhean adhlacadh cho luath 's a ghabhadh iad gun choinneal no ni de'n t-seòrsa, iad a' smuin-eachadh gur h-ann troimh na Crìosdaidhibh a thàinig na breitheanais orra.

Tha beinn Bhesubhais làimh ri *Naples* a' brùchadh a mach teine ghoilteich ni 's mò na b'abhuist di. Chaill mòran timcheall am beatha troimh na sruthaibh loisgeach a thàinig orra. Tha cuid a' deanamh a mach mur bitheadh na tuill loisgeach so feadh an t-saoghail gu'm bitheadh crith-thalmhainn ni bu mhillteiche na tha i. Tha na reangan a tha a' sgàineadh fo thalamh a' cur a mach am brùchd troimh na tuill ud. Tha e soilleir gu'n robh critheannan a bean- tuinn ris na h-Eileanaibh Breatannach fada roimhe so; agus 'sooir dhuinn a bhi taingail

gu'm bheil sinn cho saor 's na h-amaibh so; 'nuair a tha sìona a' faicinn gu'n bheil sinn ann an *ergath* dreach eadar *Etna* agus an *Island* agus Bhesubhais.

O R A N.

Le fear àraid air dha a leanas fhaicinn a' falbh còmhla ri NIALL MACLEOD AIR FOM: "*Hoiréann o gur mi 'tha t'èrach*" Co-SHEINNE.

Hoiréann ò gur mi 'tha t'èrach,
Thriall mo mhàntan, dh'fhàg mo làth' mi,
Cha 'n 'eil càil agam gu shgradh;
Shiubhail Niall le rùn mò chéile.

Ol gur mise 'bha gu brònach
'Dol bho 'n Eaglais air di-dòmhaich—
Sùil 'g an d' thug mi air an Leòdach
Bha e 'falbh gu seòlt' le m' eudail.

Hoiréann ò, &c. ..
Chaidh e suas leath' thun an eilein *
'S an tric am bi 'n òige 'beadrach,—
Far an cluinn iad na h-èòla bheaga
Le 'n cuid cheileiribh cho gleuda.

Hoiréann ò, &c.
'S gile bian na rìbhinn òirdheir
Na sneachda air sìos nam mòr-bheann,
Oh gur binne 'guth ag òran'
Na smeòrach' air bhàrr nan geugan.

Hoiréann ò, &c.
Och gur mise 'th' air mo bhuairtheadh!
Leis a' ghaol 'thug mi do 'n ghrugaich,
A's i nise 'gabhaill fuath dhomh
Ged is luath a thug mi spéis di.

Hoiréann ò, &c.
Shamhlach mise gaol nan òighean
Ris a' cheò air feadh nam mòr-bheann—
'N uair a ghluaiseas gaoth o neòil e—
Eiridh e mar sgleò 's na speuraibh.

Hoiréann ò, &c.
Och cha 'n iognadh mar a ta mi—
Bhi làn airtneil air bheag mànrain—
Crìdhe cìhrrte, brùite, saighte
Le saighdibh-gràidh o *Bhenus*.

Hoiréann ò, &c.
* 'S e 'n t-eilean a th' a' chiallachadh an so, aon de na h-eileanaibh a tha 'san abhainn am bràigh' Inbher-nels. Tha gach aon duibh' so còmhlaichte le fionn- seòrsa cìrtaibh le h-u' mair' ri air, tha fionn na h-àrd- a' ghnàth an clasaibh an fhir-thurais, agus coirral nach eòin a' binne guth 'san ealainn (na thim fhéin) a' cur an cèill sgèimh na lannaire mu'n cuairt air mhòr- 's gu'n do thèas mi ràdh 's an òran.

An t-eilean, fìrreach, blachar, craobhach,
'N t-eilean measach, preasach, fìrreach,
Far an cluinn e 'n àm dhuinn d'agadh
'Chubhaig le gu'g 's a' chéitean.

Ach na 'n cluinneadh fir Chinn-tàile*
 B' bhi 'falbh nan cnoc le Màiri,
 'Cheart cho cinnteach 's thig am bàs oirnn,
 'Chuireadh iad thar sàil' a' bhéisd uainn!
 Hoireann ó, &c.

Ach ged dh'fhalbh thu air dì-dòmhnaich
 Leis a' bhéisd nach aoir a' cheolraidh—
 'Eudail ma bhios tu deònach
 Cha toir Leòdach bho 'na' Ohléir thu.
 Hoireann ó, &c.

1871.

ALANDAIRE.

— — — — —
 FAILTE GAOIL.

A ghaoil! o'n chaidh thu astar uam
 'S trom airtnealach mo smuair,
 Tha m' inntinn-sa cho sàraichte
 Ri bàt an ònfhadh cuain,—
 A' cuimhneachadh do mhànrain rium
 'Bha tlàth le iomadh buaidh,
 A dh'fhag a nis ro chràiteach mi
 'S do thàmhachd fada uam.
 Ach 's cuimhne leam-sa m' àilleagan
 Bhi 'tàmhachd 'n so air chuairt,
 'Nuair bha an samhradh 'dealradh oirnn
 Le ceòl, le blàth's, 's le shuadh;
 Is dubhar chraobh 'cur sgàile oirnn
 O'n t-Solus Aigh 'na chuairt,
 Far 'n tric a rinn sinn gairdeachas
 Le inntinn chàirdeil, shuairc
 O Thì! 'tha 'riaghladh fhreasdalan
 Dean mar is maith 'n ar chùis.—
 Do thoil ro naomha dh' iarradh sinn,
 A dh' iocadh dhuit-sa cliù;
 Is deònaich ann ad fhàbhar dhuinn
 Gu 'm faigh sinn fàth ar ruin:—
 Bhi cuideachd anns an fhàsach so
 An gràdh 's an comunn caomh.
 2nd October, 1869.

LILIDE NAN EILEAN.

— — — — —
 LEABHRAICAEAN URA GAILIG.

LAOIDHEAN KADAR-THEANGAICHTHE
 O'N BHEURLA.

Air an cur a mach an Glaschu le G.
 Mac-na-Ceàrdadh, 62 Sràid Earraghaidh.
 eil.

'S leòir sealltuinn ris a' chlàr-innsidh
 air son cliù choitchinn an Leabhair
 so fhaotainn a mach. Tha a' chuid a's

mò de na Laoidhibh air an eadar-
 theangachadh le "laoich mhòr ainmeil
 na Gàilig," an t-Olla Urr. T. MacLeòid
 nach maireann, an t-Olla I. MacLeòid
 's a' Mharairne, an t-Urr. G. Cléireach
 an Cille-mhàilli, ainmean a tha urras-
 ach air fiach nan Laoidhean. Tha iad
 air an cur ri chèile air son a bhi air an
 seinn ('s e sin dòchas an fhir-chruinn-
 eachaidh) ann an aoradh follaiseach
 maille ri bhi feumail ann an aoradh
 teaghlaich. Tha na Gàidheil cho
 leanailteach air cleachdadh, 's gu sòn-
 ruichte 'n uair a tha iad 'ga mheas
 ceart, 's gu 'm bheil eagal oirnn nach
 h-ann air son an fheum ud a's mò a
 dh' iarradh iad sealbh air an Leabhar.
 Gidheadh tha iad gu nàdurra gràdhach
 air ceòl; agus tha sinn cinnteach gu 'm
 faigh iad ann an so Laoidhean tarbhach
 agus beathail air an eadar-theangach-
 adh agus air an sgrìobhadh gu snasail.
 Tha "Bho bheanntan reòta Ghreen-
 land" le Mr. MacPhaidein fìor mhaith,
 —ruitheach agus litireil. Tha sinn a'
 deanamh gnè riaghailt de bhi a' cunnt-
 adh nam mearachdan (ma bhitheas aon
 idir ann) a gheibh sinn air dà thaobh-
 duilleig gach Leabhair ùir, do bhrìgh
 's gu 'm bheil e iomchuidh dhuinn a
 bhi cho feumail 'sa tha e 'nar n-urrainn
 do sgrìobhadh coimhlionta na Gàilig.
 Cha 'n eil sinn 'g ar meas fèin coimh-
 lionta ni 's mò na mòran eile. 'S e am
 modh seasmhach a tha sinn a' cur f' ar
 comhair, am modh sgrìobhaidh a tha
 air a chleachdadh anns na Deasachaidh-
 ibh a's fèarr de 'n Bhìobull, agus a bha
 air a mheas ceart leis na h-Ollaibh
 Stùbbhart, Smith, is MacAoidh;—seadh,
 's iad sin na prìomhbhunabhàsa coit-
 chionn ris an do ghabh iadsan. A thaobh
 nan Laoidhean so tha iad air an sgrìobh-
 adh gu ro-chothromach; 'sairidh am fear-
 cruinneachaidh air cliù. Gidheadh air
 an ceud thaobh-duilleig a bhàrr air
 nithibh teagmhach eile gheibh sinn am
 focal "dh'leasnais" air a mhi-litreach-
 adh; bu chòir, a réir gnè fuaim na
 cainte, dà n a bhi ann. A ris air an

*Bho 'n earrainn so tuigidh an leughadair gur h-e "Mac
 Choinnich mhòr Chinn-tàile" le ceann cluinnidh do mhàiri:
 agus nach còrdadh e is an fhuil usail sin an rìbhin
 marcell ud fhàlaidh air a' m'ailidh le còirreach mar
 bha Niall.

duilleig mu dheireadh gheibh sinn “amhuinn” air a mhi-litireachadh; ‘se bha bu chòir a bhi ‘nàite *na* gu bhi ‘deanamh atharrachaidh eadar *river* agus “amhuinn,” *furnace*. ‘S ann air son sgrìobhadh na cànaire a bhi coimhlionta agus aon-chruthach a tha sinn a’ toirt nan nithean so fainear.

SEACHD COIREACHAN A TA CUMANTA.

GEARAN, DROCH-NADUR, NEO-SHUIMEAL-EACHD, FEIN-CHUISEACHD, ANBHARR, IOMGAIN, LEISG, FEIN-THOIL.

Le Seumas Erasmus Phillips, M.A. Eadar-theangaichte gu Gàilig (le cead an ùghdair) le Eobhan Maccolla, Pears’ Eaglais De sgìreachd Easbuig Earra-ghaidheal, ‘s nan Eilean, ‘s a frithealadh a’n Eaglais a Ghearasdain, ‘an Loch Aber. Air a chur a mach leis a’ Chomunn Urramach ‘an Lunnainn a ta air son Eolais Chrìosdail a mheudachadh.

‘Se leabhar luachmhor a tha an so; tha a luach a’ co-sheasamh gu mòr ann e bhi a’ beantuinn ri uile a tha cho sgrìosal ‘s cho tric am measg dhaoine. Bidh daoine a’ strì ris na coireannaibh so a chur a bith le teagasgaibh feallsanachd agus subhaile, ‘s leir dhuinn gur h-e an leigheas a tha Mr. Phillips a’ moladh an t-aon ni èifeachdach air an son. Tha e ‘g an toirt f’ ar comhair, aon an déigh aon, ann an solus teagaisg shòisgeulaich, ‘s a’ nochdadh na dòigh air an gabh iad a bhi air an caitheamh às. A thaobh an eadar-theangachaidh tha a’ chuid so de’n leabhar air a deanamh mar nach olc. Tha e simplidh, nàdurra, agus so-thuigsinn. ‘Se so fein a’ phrìomhbhunabhas ri ‘thoirt fainear ann an eadar-theangachadh maille ri aire bhreithneachail do bhrìgh an ùghdair. Anns a’ chuid so rinn Mr. Maccolla a ghnìomh gu taitneach. Ach tha sinn ‘g a mheas ‘n a dhleas-annas iomradh a dheanamh air mearachdaibh sgrìobhaidh an leabhair. Tha a’ uiread a dh’fhoclaibh air an mi-

litireachadh, anns a’ chuid a’s mò tha sinn a’ creidsinn le fear a’ chlobhualaidh, gus nach biodh e ‘n a cheartas do’n ùghdar na mearachdan lionmhor a tha ann ainmeachaidh.

Tha sinn a’ toirt nam mìrean prìseil a leanas as an leabhar:—

“GEARAN.”

“Cha bu chòir gu’n cluinnteadh fuaim gearain ann an teaghlach chrìosdail air bith. Cronaichibh ‘ur clann air-a shon mata;—aig àm iomchuidh, agus ‘nuair ‘tha cothrom freagarrach a tighinn ‘s an rathad—cronaichibh ‘ur cairdean air a shon; oir ma ‘tha Gnàth’ fhacail Sholaimh ag ràdh: ‘An tì a chronaicheas duine, na dhéigh sin gheibh e ni ‘s mò do dheagh-ghean na ‘esan a ni miodal le, theangaidh.”

“Tha nadur-gearanach *fìor-chronail* do’n chaithe-beatha dhiadhaidh.. Tha e ‘cur mòr-bhacadh air meudachadh grais. Tha e toirt oirnn a dhi-chuimhn-eachadh gu bheil sinn daonnan fo chùram Freasdal De. Tha gearan ‘g ar deanadh mi-iomchuidhairson urnuigh.”

“Tha fhios agaibh ‘gur e ar Slàn-uighfhear Beannaichte ‘ur n-Eisimpleir anns an ni so co math ‘s anns gach ni eile. Dh’ fhuiling Esan ann an iomad dhòigh, ‘s ann an caochladh inbhe,—seadh ged bu tàireil, sgainnealach an gnàthachadh a fhuair E bitheanda,—gidheadh *aon uair cha d’ thàinig gearan* o bhillibh Iosa Crìosd.”

“DROCH-NADUR.”

“Tha chuid is mò againn buailteach d’ on dara h-aon de ‘na buairidhean a dh’ ainmich mi (am bheil mi ‘m mearachd sa chuis so?). Tha sinn an darna cuid ‘toirt gèill do dhroch nadur a tha briseadh a mach a’m feirg gun chiall gun riaghailt,—no do dhroch nadur a tha ‘g a nochdadh fein ann an gruaimiche, coimheasachd, agus dùire.”

“LEISG.”

“Bha na naoimh bho shean ag éiridh gu moch. Tha ‘n sgrìobtur a toirt dearbhaidh gu leor gu’n robh. B’ ann moch ‘sa mhaduinn a chunnaic Abram

athair nan Creidich, an smuid a bha 'g éiridh suas gu neamh a luathre bailtean a chomhnaird. B'ann moch 's a mhaduinn a dh' fhalbh e, le ordugh Dhe, chum gu 'n iobradh e do 'n Uile-chumhachdach ionmhas gràdhach a chridhe, seadh a leanabh Isaac. B'ann moch 'sa mhaduinn a chur Iacob suas an carragh cloiche air an do leag e cheann ré na h-oidhche, chum gu 'm biodh i 'na cuimhneachan taingevalais air a bheannachadh 's air na sochairean a gheall Dia dha. * * * Tha e air ainmeachadh trì uairean gu 'n robh Ioshua a' neach a chuireadh an àite Mhaois, ag éiridh gu mòeh. Bha leithid do ghradh aig Iob d'a chloinn, 's gu 'n robh e 'g éiridh moch 'sa mhaduinn a thagradh 's a dh' urnuigh ri Dia air an son. Agus cha b'e cleachdadh ainmic a bha 'n so. Tha e air innseadh dhuinn gu 'n d' rinn "Iob mar so an comhnuidh."

"Tha sinn a leughadh mu aon àm aig an d' éirich air Slanuighear fada roimh latha. * * * 'S iad ceud uairean an latha a's fearr 's a's ùrala. Cha n-eil còir air bhith againn an cumail bh' Uaithe." "Bha e riamh 'na chleachdadh aig Eaglais Chrìosd a bhi 'toirt misnich agus cothrom d'a cuid sluaigh air son aoraidh follaiseach maidne, co math ri aoradh diomhair an t-seomair." "Tha e daonnan a coimhearlachadh d'a cuid sluaigh, ùralachd an latha 'thoirt do sheirbheis aoraidh Dhé." "Bu chòir e 'bhi 'na riaghailt againn, dol gu aoradh folluiseach, an car a's lugha, dà uair air Là 'n Tigh-earna; ach mur urrain sinn dol dà uair, deanaidh roghainn de 'n mhaduinn."

"Cha n-eil namhaid a's mìosa aig an urnuigh uaighnich, na 'n leis; agus esan a ta 'tighinn le cabhaig do thigh Dhé, cia-mar is urrainn e dol gu suidhichte 's gu socair troimh an aidmheil choit-chionn sin air peacadh—"

LEABHRAICHEAN A' TIGHINN A MACH.—Tha na a bhitheas nuadh do na Gàidheil—"Almanaic Ghàilig"—a' tighinn a

mach an dràsd, air a deasachadh, tha sinn a' tuigsinn, leis an Urr. U. Ros, am Baile-Bhòid. Tha Leabhar Urnuigh Charsueil, a bha 'n a ghnè Easbuig air Earraghaidheal 's na h-Eileinibh aig am an Ath-leasachaidh, 'g a chur an clò as ùr fo ullachadh an Olla T. Mac Lachlainn. 'S e so an ceud leabhar Gàilig a chaidh a chur an clò riamh. Tha sinn a' tuigsinn gur h-ann an Caisteal Inbher-Aoraidh a tha am M.S. a's aosda de 'n Leabhar; agus gur h-e ball càrnais a's measaile a tha aig an Diùc. A bhàrr air eadar-theangachadh nan Albannach Urramach tha mar an ceudna eachdraidh eaglais na h-Alba, 's an aon leabhar leis an Olla Mac Aoidh; tha an leabhar fiachail so a nis ach gann crìochnaichte. Tha neach sònruichte ag iomradh mar an ceudna gu 'm bheil e ri Laoidhibh agus ri Dànaibh D. Chamaroin nach mair-eann a bha 'n a mhaighstear sgoile an Uibhist a chur a mach. Tha "Cian-dhàin" (Neniae) le N. Mac Néill a bha air an gealltuinn o cheann fhada gu bhi mach gun dàil. Air dha ath-smuaineachadh rùnaich an t-ghdard trì dàin eile, am measg am bheil a' cheud Phàirt de Dhuan-Mòr air "Emanuel," a chur a mach maille ris na "Cian-dhàin." Tha sinn a' tuigsinn gu 'm bheil "Beath-Eachdraidh Chalum-chille" a thòisich air tighinn a mach anns "A' Ghàidheal" le A. Camaron nach mair-eann air a cur a mach air dhòigh eile an Dunéideann.

ORAIÐ GHAILIG.

Air a' chuigeamh là de 'n Mhàrt bha Araid air "Saobh-bharailibh agus Sgeulachdaibh na Gàidhealtachd" air a liubhairt ann an Glaschu leis an Urramach Raibeart Blàrach, M. A., ministeir Eaglais Chalum-chille. Bha an talla làn do luchd-éisdeachd a bha 'nochdadh gu tric, fhad 'sa bha Mr. Blàrach a' labhairt, cho taitneach 's a bha e dhoibh a bhi 'cluinninn iom-

raidh fhilleanta air nithibh a b' e tachd agus annsachd an òige. Bha 'n t-Uasal còir D. Mac-a'-Mhaighsteir 's a' chath-air. Bhean Mr. Blàrach ann an roimh-ràdh gearr, ach a bha farsuinn, snas-bhriathrach, ris na h-atharrachaidh bh a thàinig air a' Ghaidhealtachd, a' comharrachadh a mach nan seadhan anns an robh iad feumail agus anns nach robh. Chaidh e 'n sin air aghaidh gu labhairt air na sgeulachdaibh a bha aon uair coitcheionn aig cagailt nan Gàidheal, a' nochdadh gu'm faigh-teadh anna dòigh ghleusda, gheur-chuiseach air nithibh fhaotainn a mach. Am measg mhòran nithe eile labhair e air "Giseagaibh," "Droch-chòmhal-tas," "Droch-shùil," "Buidseachas," "Taibhsean," "Ullaidhean," "Daoine fo gheasaibh," "Dà shealladh," agus an còrr. Thug Mr. Blàrach mineach-adh teagasgail agus feumail uapa sud fa leth a thug luathghair tric aoibh-neach o'n chruinneachadh mhòr Ghaidheal a bha 'n làthair. Chaidh guth cridheil tainge a thoirt do'n Òraidiche aig an deireadh, agus air do'n nicheudna bhi air a thoirt do Fhear-na-cathrach, sgaoil a' chuideachd.

BAS UAISLEAN GAIDHEALACH.

'S ann le fìor bhròn a tha sinn a' deanamh gearr-iomraidh ann an so air bàs nan uasal grinn', an t-Urramach D. Mac-Illeathain, Gleannurchaidh; A. Mac-a-Phearsoin, eadar-theangair Leabharna Ban-rìgh; Alasdair Camaron, Sgrìobhaiche am Port-rìgh, agus Uilleam Mac Coinnich, an Leabhar-reiceadair. Rinn Mr. Mac Coinnich mòran air son sgrìobhaidhean feumail, luach-mhor a sgaoileadh feadh na Gàidhealtachd. Ohuir e a mach "Tarus a' Chrìosduidh" ann an clò mòr farsuinn le deilbh òirdhearc nach fhacas le leabhraichibh Gàilig riamh roimhe. A bharrachd air feadhainn eile tha mar an-ceudna "Eachdraidh Eaglais na h-Albaille ri Eachdraidh nan Albannach

Urramach" sgrìobhta leis an Olla M. Mac Aoidh, air a cur a mach leis. Tha 'n obair fhiachail so a nis ach beag crìochnaichte. Do Ghaidheil feadh taobh tuath Alba tha ainm Mhr. Camarain glé aithnichte. Bha e ré ùine 'n a sgrìobhaiche ann an Loch-na-Maidh an Uibhist; agus tha cuimhne thaitneach aig na thàinig 'n a rathad air a chaoimhneileachd. Sgrìobh e "Eachdraidh an Eilein Sgiathanaich," agus "Beath-Eachdraidh Chaluim-chille." 'S ann 's a' GHaidheal a thàinig an ceud dà Chaibidil de'n Leabhar mu dheireadh a mach. Cha robh ann an Mr. Camaron ach duime òg 'n uair a dh'fhalbh e; tha a bhàs 'n a chall mòr do sgrìobhaidh bh na Gàilig. 'S mìlis cuimhne a luchd-eòlais air Mr. Mac-a-Phearsoin. Bha e 'n a sgoilear Gàilig ro-aithnichte—cho aithnichte 's gu'n do mholadh e do 'n Bhan-rìgh mar eadar-theangair ro fhreagarrach air son a leabhair féin a bha i iarrtasach a chur an Gàilig. 'S e 'n ceathramh neach mu'm bheil againn ri facal a ràdh, am fìor bhàrd agus am fìor Chrìosdaidh Mr. Mac-Illeathain. Dh'fhalbh esan, mòr ann an làithibh agus ann am meas, a' giùlan sguaban troma. Bha e 'n a shearmonaiche tarbhach. Bidh iomradh ann an àireamh ri teachd air a dheanamh air a bhàrdachd. Bha na h-uasail ghasda so uile, air falbh o cheann ghoirid as ar measg, gach neach fa leth, 'n a fìor Charaid do na Gàidheil 's d' an cànan. Gu ma fada deagh chuimhne air an ainmibh!

COMHAIRLE AN t-sean-duine d'a mhac air dha bhi 'dol a dh'iarraidh muatha:—

Seachain—

Té uallach nam faineam,
Té cnap air muineal,
Glog air sitig,
Pìobaire na totach, ach,
Té bheag odhar
An dorus a sathail féin,
Na sir 's na seachain.

FAILTE O'N OLLA MACAOIDH.

Bu ghàirdeachas nach bu bheag dhuinn, bhi air cluinntinn gu'n do nochdadh "Gàidheal" an Glascho, o chionn ghoidh, nach fhacas riamh a shamhladh an Albainn. Cha'n e a mhàin gu'n do tharruing e a cheud anail a measg choilltean *Chanada*; ach gu'm bheil e a nis air tighinn, a dh'aon leum a nall a dh'Albainn, tir dhùthchasaich a shinn-sireachd, gu bhi 'g ar fàilteachadh, gu còir, caoimhneil, ann an sean chàinain ar sinnsear; ach gu'm bheil aige guth cho làidir 'sgu'n cluinnear e, cha'n ann air sgiathaibh a' mhic-tàlla, ach focal air an fhocal, gu so-thuigsinn, gleusda, cnim-seach, glan, ann an sean chàinain ghràidh, chaoimh ar dùthcha féin. Ceud mìle fàilte, ma ta, do'n "Ghàidheal" urramach agus chaoimhneil. Tha dearbh-shoilleireachd againn, gur h-e ar leas, ar càirdeas, agus ar buannachd a tha air aire a "Ghàidheil" urramaich agus chaoimh. Agus is e ar dòchas, gur h-iomadh deadh-bheatha gheibhear leis, o chloinn nan Gàidheal an Albainn. Tuigeamaid, ma ta, gun bhi a' labhairt ni's faide, fo shamhluidhibh, gur h-i an t-saothair shònruichte, 's an cleachdar an "Gàidheal" foghainteach, caomh-chàirdeil so, leabhar a bhi 'g a chur a mach leis, aon uair 'sa' mhìos, á Baile mòr Ghlascho, air am faighear "An Gàidheal" mar shloinneadh; agus cha teagamh idir leinn, nach faighear 's an leabhar mhìosail so iomadh naigheachd agus sgeulaguseachdraidh, a bhios ro-bhuannachail do luchd-leughaidh, gu'n coinnich-eadh riutha sud; agus e bhi a' cur ar soilleireachd, agus ar comas breithneachaidh, am farsuingeachd, le fear-dùthcha dhuinn féin, an duin'-uasal fòghluimte, measail, agus caomh, a tha a' gabhail na seirbhìs so os làimh. Tìlgear mar athais, air cuid d'ar luchd-dùthcha, a théid a mach air Ghalldachd, agus do thiribh céin, "Gu'n do chail iad a' Ghàilig, agus nach d'fhuair iad a' Bheurla!" ach, ged fhead a leithid sin

tachairt uair agus uair; cha'n e sin, gu cinnteach cleachdamh nam fìor Ghàidheal 's a' choitchionn. Agus tha e ro-shaor dhuinn ar fianuis a thogail, nach ann mar sin a thachair do'n duin'-uasal ghrèimeil agus cheanalta sin, a tha air cheann na seirbhìs so. Tha a' Bheurla cho deas dha 's ged bu Shasunnach e: agus a' Ghàilig cho deas dha 's ged nach biodh e riamh air dol thar chuantan. Deadh shoirbheachadh, ma ta, do'n "GHAIDHEAL."

M. MACAOIDH.

**COMUNN OISEINEACH OIL-THIGH
GHLASCHU.**

Air an dara là fichead de'n Mhàrt air feasgar Di-h-aoin ann an tigh-òsda Mhic 'Illeathain choinnich Comunn Oiseineach Oil-thigh Ghlaschu, an t-Urramach Raibeart Blàrach, M. A., ministear eaglais Chalum-chille 'sa' chathair. Bha an t-Uasal Donnacha Mac-a-Mhaighsteir anns a' bhunchathair. Bha mar an ceudna an làthair a bhàrr air na h-oileanaich agus air uaislibh eile, an t-Urr. Alastair Camaron, an t-Olla Mac-'Ille-dhuibh, Caiptein Seumas Mac-an-Deòir, Caiptein Seumas Méinear, agus oifigich eile de Réisimeid Ghàidhealaich Ghlaschu. B'i a' cheud Dheoch-slàinte "A' Bhan-rìgh agus an Teaghlach Rìoghail," a bha air a tairgse gu freagarrach le Fear-na-cathrach; mar an ceudna na deochanna-slàinte dùthchasach eile; chaidh freagairt dhoibh uile air an dòigh chridheil a's urrainn Gàidheil a mhàin a nochdadh. B'i Deoch-slàinte an fheasgair an "Comunn Oiseineach," a bha air a tairgse air a' mhodh thaitneach dhealasach a tha àbhuisteach agus nàdurra do Fhear-na-cathrach; 'n a labhairt thug e fainear gu'm b'e so an t-aon Chomunn, cho fad 's a b' aithne dha, anns an robh na deasbudan agus na h-òraid-ean gu h-iomlan air an giùlan air an aghaidh ann an seann chàinnt na h-Alba. Chaidh a h-òl le mòr dhealas agus chridhealas. Thug Mr. Mac Eacharna, an Rùn-chléireach taing do'n chuideachd as leth a' Chomuinn air son na dòighe cridheil leis an d'òl iad Deoch-slàinte a' Chomuinn; thug e mar an ceudna cunntas taitneach air obair agus air staid a' "Chomuinn Oiseinich" troimh 'n t-Seisean a tha nis air crìochnachadh. B'i ad

na Deochanna-slàinte eile “Ceann-suidhe a’ Ghomuinn” le Fear-na-chathrach; “Na Buill Urramach” le Mr. Mac-Tlleathain, M. A., dh’an do fhreagair Mr. Mac-Tllebhàin; “An t-Oil-thigh agus a Luchd-teag-asg,” le Fear-na-Cathrach, dh’an do fhreagair Mr. Mac-Tllembhèil; “Ministirean na h-Alba” le Mr. Mac Dhòmhnuill dh’an do fhreagradh leis an Urr. A. Camaron; “Na Lighichean” le Mr. I. A. Cairneul dh’an do fhreagradh leis an Olla Mac-Tlledhuibh; “Na Gàidheil aig an Tigh is Thairis” le Mr. Mac Eacharna, dh’an do fhreagradh le Mr. Sutharlan; “A’ Ghàilig ’s na Bàird Ghàidhealach” le Mr. I. P. Cairneul dh’an do fhreagradh leis an Urr. A. Camaron; “Fear-na-bun-chathrach” le Fear-na-cathrach; “Na h-Oighean,” le Mr. Muireach. Bha òrain Ghàilig ghasda air an seinn troimh’n fheasgar am measg an robh “Eirich agus tiugainn o,” le Mr. I. P. Cairneul. Bha ceòl na pìoba a nis ’s a ris a’ cur cridhealais is aoibhneis feadh na cuideachd.

ORAN AIR A’ BHAN-RIGH BHICTORIA.

AIR DHOMH AN LEABHAR AIG A MÒRACHD
RÌOGHAIL A LEUGHADH.

FOONN:—*Coire Cheathaich.*

Cha’n eil Bàrd riamh a rinn dàn duinn,
Cruit no clàrsach a sheinn dhuinn ceòl,
Air bean ghràidh nach do luaidh le mánran
Is e’g a h-àrd-mholadh mar a’ b’ eòl.
Mo chruit-sa gleusam a nis do theudan
A chum gu h-éibhneach thu dheanamh sgeòil
Mu mhnai aillidh a tha gu stàtail,
Air cathair arduicht’ os ceann gach feòil.
A shliochd nan leòmhann ’bha greadhnach
lùchairteach
’S beag an t-ìoghnadh ged tha thu còrr,
’S fuil nan Stiùbhartach rìoghail cùirt-eachail
’G éiridh lùthchleasach ann a’ d’ phòr;
Na feara calm’ d’ am bu dùthchas Alba
A dheanamh feara-ghnìomh ’s a sgapadh òir.
Bha’n dream ud ionmhuinn le luchd nan
garbh chrìoch [mhòir.
’S bhiodh iad ’g an leanmhuinn le h-carbsa
’O’si domhathair’ thug dhuinn an oighreachd
A thog thu ’d’ mhaighdinn gun mbeang,
gun bheud,
Gu soilleir boisgeil, mar rogha daoimein
A dheanamh soillse am measg nan ceud.

Am maithneas saobhir, làn bàigh, is caoimh-neis,

’S do rìoghachd aoibhneach a luach a send,
Gun uail gun mhòrchuis, làn tùir is eòlais,
A rinn do chòmhradh mar cheòl nan teud.

’S mar thig an drùchd a nuas le ùrachadh
Air na fùrain ’bhios seargta fann,
Thug buaidh do chùirt-sa gu fìorghlan fìugh-anta

Fàs air subhailcibh a bha gann.

’S e sud, a bhan-rìgh, a chuir ar n-ùigh ort
Is cha b’ e’n crùn a bhi air do cheann.
Is se ’chuir cliù ort air feadh gach dùthaich,
Mar òiteig chùbhraidh do thùis nam beann.

O ’smòr an gràdh ’thug thu dh’ obair nàduir!
’S tha’n aigneadh àrd úd ag iarraidh lòn,
Feadh gach àrd charraig, gleannan fàsachail,
Glac is càrn mullaich, màm is sròn,
B’ e’n seòmar uasal leat lagan uaigneach.
Le d’ ghillibh uallach aig do thrà-nòin,
’S bu fùran suaicheant’ leat raineach uaine
’S an roid ’san luachair ’bhios anns na lòn.

’S a’ mhaduinn shamhraidh cha b’ ann ’n a seòmar

A gheibhte a’ bhan-tighearna ’tha mi ’seinn,
Is grian a’ dòrtadh gu boisgeil bòidheach
A gathan òrbhui’ air ceò a’ ghlinn,
Ach ’gabhail sòlais ’s an ùrachd ghlòrmhor
’S ag éisdeachd ceòlruidh nan eòinean binn’
Le ribheid shiùbhlaich a’ cur na smùid dhiubh
Mu thimchioll lùchairt nam baideal grunn’.

O ’s ioma bliadhna o’n bha thu caomh leinn,
A chionn mar thaobh thu ri tìr nam beann,
A chionn do mhian bhì air frith is fraoch,
Is do dhachaidh aobhach bhì ’n cois nan gleann,

Ceòl na pìob’ bhì a’ d’ thalla rìoghail,
’S ar breacain rìomhach bhì air do chloinn,
Ach thug thu ’n dràsda gu tur fo chis sinn,
Is ghoid air crìchan le sgriob de d’ pheann.

Is tha mactalla ri iolach éibhneis

Air feadh nanslèibhtean ’s nam beanntan cian’
Is clann nan Gàidheal mar dhaoine iotmhor,
A gheibheadh fìor-uisge mar am miann.
’S do mholadh binn orra féin ’s an tìr,
A bhì air a sgriobhadh an cainnt nam Fiann,
Is bidh a’ Ghàilig a nis am prìs,
Ged a theirte uimp’ gu’n do laidh a grian.

Cò a dh’ innseas duit meud an éibhneis,
A dhuigs an sgeul ud am measg an t-sluaigh?
’S cò a leughas duit meud ar spéis duit,
A mhaldaid cheutach nan ioma buadh?

Is ma thig nàmhaid ort nall thar sàile
Bheir mic nan Gàidheal dha blàr 'bhios
cruaidh,

Ged 's gann an àireamh, is caoraich bhàna,
*Sgach gleannan àrd anns am b' àbhaist tuath.

Bu tu bhanacharaid, bu tu mhàthair,
Bu tu banrigh 'nn nam flaithean treun'
Gheibh aircuich tròcair, is truaghain deòir
uait,

Is iochd gheibh fògraich nan dùthchan céin',
Bu tu bhean chàirdeil do 'n fhiùran àluinn
A chuir le 'ghràdh air do làithibh seun,
An leug a's luachmhoir 'bha 'd' choran
rioghaill,

*S chuir Rìgh nan Rìgh i 'n a choran féin.

A ròis a's àillidh, a mhiann nan Gàidheal
Nis guidheam làithean duit a bhios buan,
An sìth 'san sòlas, le beannachd shònruicht'
Le buaidh is glòir air tìr mòr is cuan;
*S mar chuir thu deadh-shìol a' d' thìr
's a' d' theaghlach

A bhan-rìgh ghreadhnach thu dheanamh
buan,

*S ged dh'fheudas pàirt bhì gun bhuain an
dràd dheth,

Bidh saibhlean làn' agad air là luain.

*S 'nuair 'thig gu d' iarraidh an teachdair
dìomhair

'S is éiginn triall o gach onoir mhòir,
Guidheam Crìosd a bhi 'cumail dìon' ort
Fo sgàil a sgiath' o 'n is e 'bheir fòir;
*S mar théid a' ghrian gu làn deàrrsa sìos
Fo chùirtean sgiamhach nam badan òir,
Biodh do thriall-sa an sgéimh na diadhachd
Gu coran sìorruidh an rìoghachd na glòir!

MATRÌ NIC EALLAIR.

NITHE NUADH AGUS SEAN.

Air d'a ministear a bhi 'ceasnachadh sean
bhean d'a luchd-éideachd, dh'fheòraich e
dhi mar so:—"Nach 'eil fhios agad gur h-ann
de shliochd Adhaimh thu; agus gu'n do thuit
thu annsan?" Fhreagair ise "gu'n robh
dòchas aice nach b'ann; gur h-ann a bha ise
de na daoine èoire, na Caimbeulaich, daoine
foghainteach ris nach robh ni sam bith riamh
ri ràdh."

Bha fear ann an Ile ris an abradh iad "Iain
mòr nam madadh," air son cho feumail 's a
bha e air faotainn chon do na tuathanaich
feadh an eilein. Bha e 'na dhuine làidir
geur-fhoclach; caoin-shuarach mu dhol an
càil ni 'sam bith. Bha e 'coisèachd na tràigh-
mòire aon oidheche 's e air mhig, agus gun a

bhi; "toirt faineas a' bhogha 'bh' air an tràigh-
bha 'na inntinn gu'n leanadh esan dìreach
air aghaidh co dhiubha rachadh e troimh oir
na fàirge no nach rachadh. Air dha lean-
tuinn dìreach air aghaidh bha e mach mu
dheireadh ann am briseadh nan tonn. Mara
bha e mach gu math 's e 'faicinn tuinn mhòir
a' tighinn, ghlaodh e gu h-éiginneach, "A
Dhia, cuidich leam!" Mar a chaidh an tonn
seachd gun Iain a chur far a chas thuirt e gu
caoin-shuarach, "O cha ruig thu leas, ni mi
fhé chùis."

Bha fear air taobh siar Leòghais, 'sair do'n
mhinistear, 's e 'ceasnachadh, a' cheist a chur
air, "Cia lion pearsa 'ta 'san Diadhachd?"
thug e tuasal air féin a' freagairt, "tut, tha
na h-uiread diubh ann; Calum M'N—, Iain
C—, sibh féin," 's e 'tòiseachadh air luchd-
aideachaidh an eilein air fad ainmeachadh.

Bha tuathanach ris an abradh iad Iain
Orra aig biadh ann an tigh Lighiche uair,
agus a thaobh gu'n robh Iain car geur-chuis-
each seach a' chuid eile de na h-aoidhibh
thuirt an Lighiche 's e 'misneachadh Iain gun
a' bhiadh, "Ithibh Iain Orra;" 's e am freag-
radh a fhuair e "cha'n ith iad Iain Orra;"
dh'èirich Iain 's e ag ràdh nam briathran a'
leigeadh air gu'n robh e 'dol a theicheadh.

Bha ann an eilean Ile fear Iain B—, a
bha 'na mhaor gruinnid' aig an t-seumarlain
suas rathad a' Ghlinne. 'Se Iain a bhiodh a'
gabhail pàidheidh an Rathaid Mhòir. Bha e
'na dhuine geur bàrdachail; agus do aon
neach thug e an receipt a leanas:—

"Fhuair mis' o Dhonnacha Blàr

Ceithir chlàr naoi sgillean

'Dhol a phàidheadh 'n Rathaid Mhòir ùir

Nach do shiudaicheadh air idir!"

Feudar an éigin a bh'air an t-seumarlain nach
tuigeadh Gàilig 'na strì so a dheanamh a
mach a thuiginn 'n uair a thug Donnacha
dha an receipt. Bha Iain deònach air gu'n
cuireadh e 'n cuimhne 'n t-seumarlain cruas
a bhi 'pàidheadh air son' rathaid nach do
rinneadh.

Air do'n Urr. Mr. G—, dol aon là do'n
chladh, 'n uair a bha am maor eaglais a sìos
gu 'mhùineal ann an uaigh 'ga cladhach,' 's e
'tilgeadh a nìos nan cnàmh, thuirt e ris mar
so,—"Ma ta, Alastair, tha an obair sin féin
aig am bheil thusa 'n dràd, gle fhreagarach
air duine a dheanamh breitheachail. Tha
ioghnaidh orm nach 'eil thu 'gabhail aithreach-
ais de d' shlighibh olca." Fhreagair Alastair
's e 'leigeadh a chudthruim air ceann na spàid
's e 'gabhail snaoisin, "Shaoil mi, uasail,
gu'm b' aithne dhuibhse nach robh aith-
reachas 'san uaigh."

AN DAONN.—Bha e 'na chleachdadh aig na
seann daoine 'n uair a mharbhadh iad mart

no caora "an dronn," no sgrìob an-droma, a chur air leth mar chuid a' bhàird. Tha e air aithris air do neach éigin mar a mharbhadh, gu'n d'fhàinig tridir bhàrd g'a thagairt, agus bha e duilich do'n duine deanamh a mach co dha a bhuineadh an dronn, agus 's'i'n dòigh a ghabh e gu breith a thoirt 'sa chùis, dh'iarr e orra le chéile rann a dheanamh agus gu'n deanadh esan a mach an sin co dha a bhuineadh an dronn. Bitheadh a bheachd fhéin aig a' h-uile neach a réir na leanas co bu chòir fhaighinn; ach tha e air aithris gur h-e am fear mu dheireadh a bhuannaich:

1.

O'n chuir i cos air an fheur,
'S a chriomadh i bàrr an fhèidh,
Tha sgrìob na druinne air mo bheul,
Eadar fhuil 's chnàimh 's fheadhail.

2.

'S math mo chòir air an dronn,
'Sole mo chòir air a' chall,
'S toigh leam aiteal a' chùil duinn,
'S e rium 'na dhitheannan saill.

3.

Mo chridhe air chrith thun na druinn,
'S e rium 'na dhitheannan saill,
Dh'fhàg mi 'ni bùrn air ghoil;
'S e chuid 's fhèarr a leigal leinn.

FREGAIRTEAN.

Tha sinn duilich nach urrainn duinn freagairt air leth a thoirt do gach litir chaoimhneil a tha sinn a' faighinn;—ged a tha cuid dhiubh anns nach 'eil mòran brìgh, tha cuid eile a tha fìor thaitneach; ach 'se a' chuid is neònach, gach seòrsa comhairle agus seòladh 'tha sinn a' faighinn a thaobh cur a mach "A' GHÀIDHEIL," agus a' chuid mhòr dhiubh calg-dhìreach an aghaidh a chéile. Tha cuid ag iarraidh gu'n ni 'sam bith a chur 's A' GHÀIDHEAL, a bha air a chlà bhualadh roimhe so; cuid eile sinn a chur a mach gach ni a bha 's an *Teachdaire Ghaidhealach* agus an *Cuairteir nan Gleann* &c; cuid ag iarraidh "*Comhradh nan Cnoc*;" cuid eile nach 'eil iad ag iarraidh dad de 'n t seòrsa, nach 'eil 'na leithid ach spleadh-achas gun bhrìgh; cuid ag iarraidh seann òrain, cuid eile òrain ùr, gu'm bheil na seann òrain aca cheana, cuid naidheachdan coit-ionn, cuid ag ràdh gu'm bheil na naidheachdan sin aca 'na paiperibh beurla; cuid eile ag iarraidh nithean tromha 's cuid nithean eutrom. Tha da rìreadh uiread a dh'iarrtasan aca 's gur fhada bho'n bha 'n ceann againn air fas eutrom nam biodh sinn ag éisdeachd riutha. Mar a chuala sinn aig duine còir roimhe so, mu'n aobhar cheudna, nam feuchadh sinn ris an deicheadh earrainn de gach comhairle agus seòladh a tha sinn a'

faighinn a ghabhail 's fhada bho'n a dheireadh dhuinn mar a dh'érich do bhodach na h-asail. A theagamb 's nach cuala cuid de ar luchd leughaidh an sreula sin, innsidh sinn an so e. "Tha e air aithris gu'n robh duine àraidh agus a mhac a' gabhail an rathaid le asail. 'C'arson nach 'eil an dara fear agaibh a' marcachd na h-asail?' ars' an ceud neach a thachair riutha; Chuir an seann duine an sin suas an gille, agus choisich e fhéin. 'Am bheil e ceart thusa a bhi 'marcachd agus t'athair aosda a' coiseachd?' ars' an dara fear a choinnich iad. Chaidh an seann duine an sin air muin an eich agus choisich an gille. 'Am bheil sibh a' faicinn an t-seann duine leisg a' marcachd agus a mhac òg d'a chois?' ars' an treas fear; an sin thog an seann duine a mhac air a chùlaobh. 'Tha thu féin agus do mhac ni 's comasaiche air an asail a' ghluil na tha ise oirbhe, 'ars' an ath-fhear. 'Ni air bith air son 'ur toileachaidh,' ars' an seann duine, agus air ball cheangail iad a casan agus thug iad oidhirp air a giùlan thairis air an drochaid; ach thachair airmh-leas air chor eigin orra, 's thuit i do'n abhuinn agus bhàthadh i. Dìreach mar sin a thachradh do'n GHÀIDHEAL nan gabhamaid an deicheadh cuid de gach comhairle agus seòladh a tha sinn a' faighinn. Cuimhnichheadh ar càirdean gu'm bheil na mìltean againne ri riarachadh agus gum ach glé bheag dhiubh air an aon bheachd.

PAIDHEADH ULLAMH.—'Tha sinn a' rithid air son innsaidh do ar càirdibh gu'm feum AN GAIDHEAL a' bi air a phàicheadh ullamh. Cha'n 'eil sinn a' cumail ach aon leabhar air a shon agus feumaidh gach ainm a bhi pàidhte mu'n cuirear sìos e. Cha dean e atharrachadh de cho beartach no cho cinnteach 'sa bhitheas iad,—mar 's beartaiche 's ann a's iomchaidh dhoibh pàidheadh gun dàil. Tha an t-suim cho beag, agus gu minig tha barrachd trioblaid againn ri 'tional na's fhiach i. 'Se an dàil a' chlach-thuislidh a chuir as do gach TEACHDAIRE agus CUAIRTEIR a thàinig romhainn; agus tha sinn air son a seachnadh. 'S fhada o'n chuala sinn an sean-fhocal: "Seachairn an t-àth 'san do bhàthadh do charaid."

TOIMHSEACHAIN.

1. Trì chasan nach gluais,
'S trì chluasan nach cluinn.
2. 'S àirde e na tigh an rìgh,
'S mine e na sìoda.
3. Maide fada fiar
'Tighinn air tìr air cladach cian,
Maide biorach, tollach, tairgneach,
Maide bailgfhionn fada crom.

4. Tri mucan turra, turra,
Tri mucan tarra, tarra,
Muc an ear 's muc an iar,
'S pian air an fhear nach tomhais.
5. Chì mi thugam thar an eas,
Fear beag gu cùirneanach cas,
Cearb d' a aodach fo a leas,
'S làn an t-saoghail fo a los.
6. Chì mi thugam thar an t-sàile,
Fear beag àilleagan na gréine,
Fear beag 's coitealan uaine air,
'S dà shnathain dhearg fo 'léine.
7. Théidennullaircuan 's thig e nall air cuan
'S innsidh e 'naidheachd 's cha bhruidh-
inn e.
8. Cailleach anns an tigh ud thall
Eadar Gàidheal agus Gall,
Dh' òladh i fion bharr a boise
'S caol a coise troimh a ceann.
9. Dà fhear dheug 's an aon leabuidh,
'S gun aon air an iomall.
10. Muc dhubh dhubh dhorchas
'N ceann tigh Fhearchair
'S dithis 'na ceann,
'S triùir 'na h-earball.
11. Chaidh Fionn do 'n bheinn,
'S cha deachaidh idir
Dh' asaideadh bean Fhinn
'S cha d' asaideadh idir.
12. Chunnaic mi iognadh an dé
Iognadh leam, 's cha 'n iognadh e.
Fear mòr a' tighinn bho 'n cheò
'S e beò gun anail 'n a chré.

FREAGAIRTEAN do na Toimhseachain
anns an treas Aireamh de 'n GHÀIDHEAL.

1. Meòir do làimhe an aon fhad.
2. Clach na sùla.
3. Ubh.
4. Prais is brod oirre.
5. An Gille-feadaig.
6. Cha robh aige ach aon sùil, 's e dà
ubhal a bha air a' chràobh, agus thug e
h-aon leis.
7. Am bàs.
8. is 9. Iolair a ghlac cat agus a thug e
gu 'nead mar bhiadh d' a h-iseanaibh.
Dhith an cat na h-iseanan 's thàinig e
dhachaidh a ris.
10. Canach an t-sléibhe.

11. A' bho. Ceithir casan; ceithir ballain;
dà shùil; 's a beul.

12. Thug e null a' Madadh ruadh an tois-
each is dh'fhàg e thall e; thug e 'n sin a
null an Geadh agus thug e a' Madadh-ruadh
agus an t-eòrna còmhlaith.

13. Théid dithis bhan a null; thig aon air
a h-ais, agus bheir i null a' bhean eile; thig
aon bhean air a h-ais agus fanaidh i bhos
còmhlaith ri 'fear, agus théid an dithis fhear
a null; thig aon dhiubh a nall le 'bhean
féin; théid an dithis fhear a null; thig a'
bhean a bha thall a nall agus bheir i null té
de na mnathaibh; thig i air a h-ais agus
bheir i null an té eile.

SOP AS GACH SEID.

'S trian eibre tòiseachadh.
'S labhrach na builg fhàs.
Tapan gòraig air cuigeil erlontaig.
'S coimhuil an triubhas ris an tòin.
Buinigear buaidh le foighidinn.
Fada o 'n t-sùil, fada o 'n chridhe.
Beul a labhras, ach gnìomh a dhearbhas.
'S sleamhuinn leac doruis an tighe mhòir.
'S oic a' chreag a thréigear le 'h-eòin féin.
Cho mear ri ceann siomain air latha gaoith.
Ceannsaichidh a' h-uile fear an droch bhean
ach am fear aig am bi i.
Cho sgith 's bha an gobha d' a mhàthair
'n uair a thiodhlaic e seachd uairean i.
Ionnsaich do d' shean-mhàthair brochan a
dheanamh.
"Fear duh dàna, fear bàn bleideil,
Fear donn dualach, 's fear ruadh sgeigeil."
"Fear falamh 's e gun nì
Suidhidh fada sìos o chàch
Air meud a' bheus dhe 'm bi 'n a chorp
'S iomadh lochd a gheibhear dha."

DEOCHANNAN SLAINTE GAIDHEALACH.

Ar cinneach, ar dùthaich, 's ar Banrigh.
Clanna nan Gàidheal ri guailibh a chéile.
Fear nach cuir chùl ri 'charaid no ri 'nàmhaid.
Fear a gheibhear le 'charaid 's le nàmhaid
far am fag' e.
Fear nach reic, 's nach ceannaich a chòir.
Fear nach tréig a chaileag no 'chompanach.
Fialaidheachd do 'n fhògarraich 's cnàmhan
briste do 'n eucorach.
Tir nam beann, nan gleann, 's nan gaisgeach.
Tir nan gleann, nam beann, 's nam breacan.
"Dùthaich nan cluaran, nam fuaran,
Nan cuaran, 's nam fuar-bheann."—D. M'I.
Coinnichidh na daoine ged nach coinnich na
cnoic. DEOCH AN DORUIS.

DUANAN

Do Chuimhne G. Mac-na-Ceàrdadh.

Bidh t' ainm air chuimhn' measg sgrìobhaidhean na Gàilig.

A Mhic-na Ceàrdadh 'thogadh an Il' uaine!

Bha caoimhneas, seirc, gràdh-dùthcha, agus suairceas
Am bannaibh Maise 's an comh-chòrdadh àluinn

Ri 'm faic' a ghnàth fo bhlàth, mar mheas do nàduir,

'S 'n an toradh fìor do chàch air glaineadh t' uaisleachd;

Bu tu an caraidear bhràthar 'dheanadh fuasgladh

Air luchd nam Beann an Glaschu; sheas thu t' àite

'S an t-saogh'l le tréibhdhìreas; thog thu guth sgaitheach

Le d' pheann 'bha éifeachdach an aghaidh Daorsa

Mhi-naomh an Negroi; 's iomadh neach 'thug gaol duit,

An t-Ard, 's am Boichd, air son do chaoineachd shnasmhoir;

Bha t' imeachd glan troimh d' chreidimh air Mac Dhé

A's àgh nach tréig do luchd do bhròin a' d' dhéigh.

Niall Mac Néill.

GEALLAIDHEAN LUACHMHOR.

O sibhse a shaoradh, nach daingean an stéidh,

'Chaidh leagadh do 'r creidimh an gealladh 'ur Dé!

Cìod 'b' urrainn da labhairt nach dubhairt gu fìor,

Chum misneachd dhuibh 'theich air son fasgaidh gu Crìosd?

'S gach cor anns am bi thu, ma 's tinn no ma 's slàn,

Dol fodha am bochdainn, no 'm pailteas a' snàmh,

Aig bail' is o 'n dachaidh, air tìr is air cuan,

Mar dh' fheumas do latha, do neart bidh gu buan.

Garbh-thonnan an uamhais mu 'n cuairt duit ged iadh,

Na cuireadh sin geilt ort, oir 's mise do Dhia;

Is bheir mi dhuit cabhair is neart anns gach càs,

'S tu 'n crochadh ri deas-làimh mo chumhachd a ghnàth.

'N uair 's éigin duit imeachd troimh uisgeachan mòr',

Cha chòmhdaichear tur thu le tuiltean a' bhròin,

Oir bithidh mi faisg dhuit le furtachd a' d' fheum,

'S a naombachadh cràidh dhuit is àmhgharan gear'.

Troimh dheuchainnean teinnteach 'n uair 's éigin duit trial,

Mo ghràs-sa 'tha buadhach bheir fuasgladh gu fiall;

An lasair cha chìurr thu, 's e m' rùn-sa do d' thaobh,

An àmhainn an àmhghair do ghlanadh gu caomh.

Is eadhon gu 'n sean-aois bidh aithn' aig mo shluagh,

Nach caochail mo ghràdh-sa 'tha rìoghail is buan;

'S gu liathadh an ciabhan is deireadh an là,

Mar uain ann am uchd ni mi 'n giùlan a ghnàth.

An t-anam a theich air son fasgaidh gu Crìosd,

O lamhan a nàimhdean ni mise a dhìon;

'S a dh' aindeoin gach oidhirp 'bheir ifrinn gu 'chlaoidh,

Cha 'n fhàg, Oh cha 'n fhàg, is cha tréig mi e chaidh!

Eadar-theangaichte le A. C.

THE G A E I,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

JUNE, 1872.

THE HIGHLANDERS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Having recently addressed a letter to a gentleman connected with North Carolina making certain enquiries regarding the Highlanders who settled there about the middle of the last century and some at a later period, that gentleman referred our letter to the Rev. JOHN C. SINCLAIR, of Philadelphia, to whom we are indebted for the following highly interesting information regarding them. This retrospective glance of the state of our kinsmen in an American State is not the first communication we have had from Mr. Sinclair. It must be a source of great satisfaction to us in Scotland to know that our countrymen who emigrated there so long ago lived in such an atmosphere of general prosperity; while it must be interesting to observe that they retained so pertinaciously the characteristic of their race—a sort of Conservative element which develops itself particularly energetic in the direction of religion.

We extract the following from Mr. SINCLAIR's letter:—

"The country inhabited by the Highlanders in North and South Carolina, is healthy, the soil is light and sandy, producing Indian corn, cotton, oats, wheat, tobacco, sweet potatoes, and every kind of vegetables.

"The Highlanders of North Carolina still adhere to the religion and characteristics of their forefathers. They are strict conscientious Presbyterians, honest in their transactions, hospitable to strangers; but greatly in love with the mighty dollar; they were very comfort-

ably situated before the war, the generality of them being slaveholders, but the war has reduced their former comfortable condition very much. The first emigrants to the Carolinas brought their Bibles and Confessions of Faith and Catechisms to their adopted country. The old race is gone and their descendents have given up, in a great degree, the customs and manners of the old Gaels. The ancient Celtic language is nearly dead, except with the few families who arrived within the last thirty years. I have met with a number of coloured people who speak the Gaelic as well as if they had been raised in any of the Hebrides. There is no Gaelic preached in the Carolinas now, and not likely to be in the future. I was the last Gaelic minister in the North state, and preached in that language for eight years among my countrymen. The names of those who preached the Gaelic since the settlement of the Highlanders in the Carolinas are, as follows:—The first two were Messrs. Campbell and M'Leod. The former was from Argyre, the latter from the Isle of Skye—they came to North Carolina at or near the revolution. M'Leod did not remain long among his countrymen—he was a royalist and returned home—he died, as I had been informed, in Edinburgh, very soon afterwards. After them the Revs. Messrs. Lindsay and M'Diarmid, came, both Argyreshire men, the latter a native of Islay. The next was Father M'Intyre, a native of Lismore, a very pious man and powerful revivalist. The Presbytery of Fayetteville, licensed and ordained him to the work of the ministry on account of the scarcity of

Gaelic ministers for the Highlanders; although he had never attended any seminary of learning, his labours were much blessed among his countrymen. Rev. Colin M'Iver, a native of Stornoway, was his contemporary. Your correspondent also from Argyleshire was the last of this band. Of the eight Gaelic ministers, six were from Argyre, one from Skye, and one from Stornoway. I had been for eight years pastor of the church in which Mr. M'Leod was the pastor during his residence in North Carolina. His session were eminently pious and God-fearing men, strictly Calvinistic, Bible and Confession of Faith-men, whom he called the little ministers, declaring that he would sooner preach to the most intellectual church in the city of Edinburgh, than to the little ministers of Barbecue. Rev. Colin M'Iver was my predecessor in the same church.

"The Episcopal church of England was the Established religion of North Carolina in the days of Messrs. Campbell and M'Leod; and without a license from that quarter, none was permitted to preach the gospel in the state. Campbell submitted, and obtained a license, but M'Leod maintained that his Presbyterian license was sufficient for him; and if I recollect well, he was taken prisoner for disobeying the State law by preaching without a license.

"The natives of Argyleshire were from their first settlement natives of Argyleshire, from Islay, Jura, and Cantyre; many from the Isle of Skye, and some few from the Long Island. The far-famed Flora Macdonald honoured this State by a residence of some years—her husband was colonel of a Highland regiment, fighting for the cause of George the Third, in the revolutionary war. She and her husband returned to their Skye after the revolution. The Presbytery of Fayetteville, of which I had been a member, had in time twenty-five members, fourteen of

whom were Macs—an evidence of their Highland descent, though none could speak the language of their forefathers. Six more wanted the cognomen, yet they could boast of their Highland descent and of retaining the Mac in the native language of old Caledonia. These six were of the name of Black, Kelly, Munro, Shaw, and Sinclair. The Macs were, Maclean, M'Niel, Macmillan, M'Nair, M'Donald, M'Pherson, M'Queen, M'Bride, M'Kay, and M'Allister. Three M'Niels, three M'Queens, and two Sinclairs—Kelly's grandfather was, I think, a native of Uist.

"As to those who rose to eminence in the U. S., including Judges and Congressmen, I am unable to enumerate them at present. Many of them were members of their State Legislature of both House and Senate. The names of some of those elected United States Congressmen, are, Gen. MacKay of Bladen, Lachlan Bethune of Cumberland, Gen. John M'Queen, of Darlington, S. C.; Governor Brown, of Tennessee; the Hon. Mr. Rae, and Mr. M'Intosh, of Georgia, who was born in the said State—all the rest were born in North Carolina. Bethune's father was born in Skye, so was General M'Queen's grandfather; others of the Highland Scotch, rose to eminence in Law and Medicine.

"*PS.*—In giving the names of ministers who preached the Gaelic language. I forgot the Rev. Mr. M'Dougald who also was a native of Argyleshire—so there were eight ministers whose mother tongue was the Gaelic, six of these were natives of Argyre, one from Skye, and one from Stornoway."

SPECIMEN OF ANCIENT GAELIC FROM THE BOOK OF DEER.

The following specimen of what many think was the vernacular Gaelic

of Alba in the eleventh and twelfth centuries we give from the Book of Deer, recently published by the Spalding Club:

"Columcille agus drostán mac cósgreg adáita tangator áhí marralesg dia doib gonic abbordobóir agus béde cruthnec robomormáer buchan araginn agus essé rothidnaig dóibingathraígsáininsaeregobraith ómormaer agus óthóséc. tangator asááthle sen incathraig ele agus doráten ricolumcille sí iarfallán dórath dé agus dorodloeg arinmormáer .i. bédé gondas tabrád dó agus mthárat agus rogab mac dó galár iarnéré na gleréc agus robomarébaot mádbeciársén dochuíd inmormáer dattác na gleréc góndendaes ernacde les innac gondisád slánte dó agus dórát inedbairt doib uácloic intiprat goníce chlóié pette mic gárnáit doronsat innernacde agus tanic slante dó; Iarsén dorat collumcille dódrostán inchadráig sén agus rosenacot agus foracaib imbrether gebe tisad ris nabad blienec buadacc tangatar deara drostán arscartháin fri collumcille rolaboir cóllumcille bedear ánim dhúnn imácc;

TRANSLATION:

(Columcille and Drostan son of Cosgrach his pupil came from I as God had shown to them unto Abbordoboir and Bede the Pict was mormaer of Buchan before them, and it was he that gave them that town in freedom for ever from mormaer and tosech. They came after that to the other town, and it was pleasing to Calumcille, because it was full of God's grace, and he asked of the mormaer to wit Bede that he should give it to him; and he did not give it; and a son of his took an illness after [or in consequence of] refusing the clerics, and he was nearly dead [lit. he was dead but if it were a little]. After this the mormaer went to entreat the clerics that they should pray for the son that health should come to him, and he gave in offering to them from Cloch in tiprat to Cloch pette mic Garnait. They made the prayer, and health came to him. After that Calumcille gave to Drostan that town and blessed it and left as (his) word, "Whosoever should come against it, let him not be many-yeared [or] victorious." Drostan's tears (deara) came on parting with Calumcille. Said Callumcille, "Let Dear be its name henceforward.") A. C.

THE GLASGOW FREE CHURCH STUDENTS' CELTIC SOCIETY.—*Presentation*.—The seventh annual meeting of this society was held on Monday evening, 25th of March, in Buchanan's Temperance Hotel. There were present, in addition to the members, the Rev. A. Urquhart, honorary president, who presided; Revs. A. Cameron, Renton, and R. M'Rae, ex-president, and Mr Angus Nicolson, of the Canadian Gael. In the course of the evening interesting and suitable addresses were delivered by the Chairman and other gentlemen, and the various reports, which showed that the society is in a flourishing condition, were read. Mr. John Mackay, M.A., President of the Society, and Mr. Alexander Paterson, fourth year divinity student, presented the Rev. Mr. Cameron, in the name of the members of his Gaelic class, which has been taught for several years in the Free Church College with great success, with a testimonial expressive of their gratitude for his untiring and valuable services, which were gratuitously given during the last five sessions. Mr. Cameron expressed his gratitude to the students for their valuable gift, and referred to the importance of an accurate acquaintance with the grammatical structure of the Gaelic language to such as are to be employed in communicating instruction to others through the medium of that language, illustrating his remarks by some amusing examples of mistakes, sometimes committed in speaking and writing Gaelic, and urged upon those present the duty of devoting some portion of their time to the study of their native language; which furnishes the key to those treasures of ancient Celtic lore which are now being studied with so much earnestness by Celtic scholars, both in this country and on the Continent. Studies which engaged the attention of such men as the Chev. Di Nigra, the Ambassador of the King of Italy, recently at the Court of the Tuileries, and now to the French

Republic, they should not regard as beneath their interest. The books selected for the presentation were "Leabhar na h-Uidhri," an ancient Gaelic manuscript, published by the Royal Irish Academy, and "Sanas Chormaic," an ancient Irish glossary, recently edited for the Irish Archaeological Society by Dr. Whitley Stokes. In the course of the proceedings reference was made to Mr. Nicholson's intention to publish his Gaelic Magazine in this country, which elicited hearty approval.

At the close of last session, the following gentlemen received prizes in money in Mr. Cameron's class:—

SENIOR DIVISION.

1. Alexander Paterson, Argyllshire.
2. John M'Callum, do.
3. Nigel M'Neill, do.
4. John G. M'Neill, Argyllshire }
5. John R. M'Neill, Ross-shire, } equal
6. Peter M'Iver, do.
7. Nicol Campbell, Perthshire.

JUNIOR CLASS.

1. John M'Kay, M.A., Inverness-shire.
2. Murdo Morrison, Ross-shire.
3. John M'Rury, Inverness-shire.
4. Dugald M'Cormick, Argyllshire.
5. Malcolm M'Phee, do.

The money was contributed by gentlemen in Glasgow who take an interest in promoting the study of the Gaelic language.

NEW COLLEGE—DR. M'LAUCHLAN'S GAELIC CLASS.—On the 26th of March, the last day of the session, the students in his Gaelic class presented his own works, the Dean of Lismore's book, and the "Early Scottish Church" to the Rev. Dr. M'Lauchlan. Dr. Blaikie presided. In making the presentation in name of his fellow-students, Mr. Donald Ross alluded to the marked success which attended Dr M'Lauchlan's teaching, the respect his students entertained towards him, their gratitude to him for his contributions to Celtic Liter-

ature, and for supplying at much personal trouble and inconvenience, one of the chief wants of the Edinburgh University. The Gaelic class was more numerously attended than during any previous session, students of all denominations took advantage of it, and the Established Church was well represented. These facts showed clearly the need there was for providing for the Celtic literature in the University, and as interest in the Celtic language was increasing, he hoped that there was yet sufficient patriotism left in North Britain to found the long hoped-for Celtic Chair in Edinburgh. In various fruitful directions the Celtic language and literature were now seen, to contain vast mines of valuable material, but unless an effort were soon made, there was danger of this matter being lost. The fact that Dr. M'Lauchlan's class was the largest in the New College showed the need for the new chair, and ought to encourage the General Council of the University to make fresh efforts in supplying a want long felt by Celtic students. After a few remarks from Mr. M'Phail and Mr John Murray, Nova Scotia, Dr. M'Lauchlan replied, and thanked his students for their gift. He expressed his satisfaction with the fact that the class was non-sectarian, and referred to the increasing attention given to the study of the Gaelic Language by our scholars, and the consequent benefit to classical learning. At present, the Germans were still before our native scholars in a knowledge of our ancient language, and it was left to an Italian to publish a work showing more acquaintance with the technicalities and structure of the Celtic tongue than any Scotchman could boast of. It was then announced that the first prize, decided by the votes of the members of the class, was given to Mr Malcolm MacPhail, of Lewis, who has just finished his course in Divinity, and that the second was equally divided between Mr Falconer and Mr James M'Leod.

A HIGHLAND MARCHING SONG.

AIR,—*Agus O Mhòrag.*

[The air and chorus of this Song are borrowed from one of the best known and most popular songs of Alexander McDonald, ('Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair'), in which Prince Charles is addressed and described as a beautiful golden-haired maiden named Mòrag. The peculiar rhyme of the Gaelic is also imitated.]

Now we're ready for the march,
Slope your arms, and step together!

Chorus—*Agus O, Mhòrag,*
Horo, march together!
Agus O, Mhòrag!

Keep your fours and march in order,
Singing chorus altogether.

Lift your heads and step out proudly,
Look not down, or round about you.

He that wears a kilt should be,
Erect and free as deer on heather.

When he hears the bagpipe sound,
His heart should bound like steed for battle.

Think of them who went before us,
Winning glory for the tartan!

With the Bruce they drew the sword,
On the gory field of Bannock.

In the ranks of great Gustavus,
'Mong the bravest they were reckoned.

'Neath the banners of Montrose,
Like a storm-cloud swept the tartan;

And when fell Dundee victorious,
On Rinrorie's blood-stained heather.

In the steps of Royal Charlie,
Many a laurel did they gather,

From the rout on Preston brae,
Till the day of black Culloden:

And in Fortune's darkest hour,
Closer round him did they rally.

At Quebec their pibroch shrill
Up the hill went breathing terror.

On the sands of Aboukir,
Rang their cheer mid hail of bullets.

On Corunna's bloody shore,
Their onset gladden'd Moore in dying:

And on many a field of Spain,
To their ancient fame they added.

On the slopes of Quatre Bras.
Napoleon saw them stand unbroken.

On the day of Waterloo,
The pibroch blew where fire was hottest.

When the Alma heights were stormed,
Foremost went the Highland bonnets,

And before their 'thin red line,'
The Cossack rider turned and vanished.

When on India's burning plains,
Dearly saved was Britain's honour,

Outram, Havelock, and Clyde,
Led the Highlanders to conquest.

As it was in days of yore,
So the story shall be ever:

Where the doughtiest deeds are dared,
Shall the Gael be forward pressing:

Where the Highland broadsword waves,
There shall graves be found the thickest.

But when they have sheathed the sword,
Then their glory is to succour;

Hearts that scorn the thought of fear,
Melt to tears at touch of pity;

Hands that fiercest smite in war,
Have the warmest grasp for brothers;

And beneath the tartan plaid,
Wife and maid find gentlest lover.

Think then of the name ye bear,
Ye that wear the Highland tartan;

Jealous of its old renown,
Hand it down without a blemish!

ALEX. NICOLSON.

JAMES LOGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE SCOTTISH GAEL."

In the Gaelic department we noticed the lamented deaths of several gentlemen whose names are well-known in Gaelic Literature. Here it is our sad duty to record the death of another Gaelic Scholar. A short time ago Mr. Angus MacPherson, Under-Secretary to the Highland Society of London, died; a few weeks ago another leal-hearted Scotchman who preceded him in that post, James Logan, a thorough patriot, a well-known antiquarian and an accomplished Gaelic scholar, was

removed from this earthly scene. Mr Logan was a native of Abendeenshire. He was destined by his parents to be an advocate; but on account of a serious accident which befell him when a student, he could not endure the hard study and unflagging application which legal studies demand. Being well versed in Literature, especially in the antiquarian lore of his country, he turned to Literature for a living. His success in the literary world was of a very mediocre description; though his literary talents were of no common-place kind. In 1831 he published the "Scottish Gael," a work of extensive research, illustrative of Scotch history and antiquities. He wrote a good deal more on the same subjects, among others the learned introduction to MacKenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry." Some of his works, the "Scottish Gael" in particular, appeared in America oftener than in this country. All these are learned and valuable productions—the result of great and industrious labours; and have been very much appreciated by the public; but the indigent author never reaped much benefit from their success. The members of the Gaelic Society of London and other gentlemen showed very great kindness to Logan in his old days, when his difficulties were many. Thus Logan died the natural death of obscure and minor men of letters. Many are the geniuses frequently of first-class talents, who are doomed to experience at the end of the treacherous career of literary adventure a similar fate. How many in every generation disappear, crushed prematurely by misfortune, or by the indulgence of their own erratic eccentricities! How frequently we hear of

"One more unfortunate,

Weary of breath,"

one after another—Logan among the latest—falling and perishing by the wayside,

"Weary with the march of life!"

LETTER FROM THE REV. DR. M'LAUCHLAN.

(To the Editor of THE GAEL.)

EDINBURGH, 3rd May, 1872.

DEAR SIR,

Allow me to express my interest in your publication, "THE GAEL," which you are now about to bring out in this country. I have seen the numbers of the periodical which have already appeared in Canada, and so thoroughly approve of the objects of your enterprise, and the spirit in which it is conducted—scholarly and patriotic—that I am glad to have it in my power to say so. I may differ on some points with some of the writers, but that is no reason why I should not express my very hearty approval of your object, and best wishes for your success. If Gaelic Scholars were to join shoulder to shoulder in advancing the interests of their common literature and be willing to bear patiently with differences of opinion in subordinate questions, there is a most promising field of combined enterprise before them.

I am,

Very truly yours,

THOS. M'LAUCHLAN.

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

OUR readers at home who have come across already the following items of Highland News will kindly take into consideration that they are mostly intended for friends abroad who can not have access to any source of information regarding the land of their birth.

SKYE.—The large sheep farm of Corry, has been let on lease to Mr. Lachlan Mackinnon, proprietor of the *Melbourne Argus*, a near relative of the last tenant.

THE Marquis of Bute was married on Tuesday morning the 16th of April, at Brompton Oratory, London, to the eldest daughter of Lord Howard of Glossop. Among the distinguished persons present were the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Argyll, Duke of Northumberland, and Mr.

Disraeli. Rejoicings took place in the evening on the various estates of his lordship in England and Scotland.

MULL.—On Tuesday, the 19th of March, the Rev. Andrew MacPherson, was ordained and inducted to the Established Church, and Parish of Tobermory.

LEWIS.—On the 17th of April, the Rev. James Greenfield, lately of Stayner, Upper Canada, was inducted to the charge of the Free Church congregation of Stornoway, vacant since the lamented death of the Rev. P. MacLean. We understand the call to Mr. Greenfield was most unanimous, and that he has met with a hearty reception.

The renewals granted for licenses in the burgh of Stornoway, with a population of 2498, are for 9 hotels and public-houses, 3 grocers, and 2 licenses for the sale of porter and ale; making together 14 licenses to the town of Stornoway, and 1 hotel or inn licence to the parish of Uig.

The Rev. Dr. Samuel Hood, Dean of Argyll and the Isles, died on Saturday morning the 30th of March, about one o'clock, after having attained to the patriarchal age of 90 years. He was a native of Wiltshire, England; and was born at Devizes on the 27th of December, 1782.

The Presbytery of Lorn met on Tuesday, the 6th of May, at South Connal, when the Rev. Daniel K. Torrie, of Glencoe, was solemnly ordained to the pastoral office, the Rev. Mr. Dewar officiating.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN STEWART OF THE HIGHLAND RIFLE MILITIA.—We regret to have to record the death of Captain Stewart, who for nearly sixteen years has been Adjutant of the Ross, &c., Militia.

DESERVING HONOUR.—The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on the Rev. Archd. Clerk, of Kilmallie, author of a new translation of Ossian, etc., by the University of Glasgow, at the close of the last session.

The Rev. John Brown who was for some time back at Inverary during the absence of the Rev. Mr. Carmichael of the Established Church, was entertained at a farewell supper on the 17th May, when he was presented with a handsome Bible as a token of regard on the occasion of his leaving for Glasgow to be assistant to the Rev. Mr. Blair, of St. Columba Church.

HERRING FISHING.—Boxes of fresh herring are continually arriving by the Highland steamers from the more important stations of Stornoway and Lochboisdale in

the Hebrides. As far as it has gone yet, the fishing is better this year than last year. Altogether there is a fair prospect of a good return this season. The cod fishing is said to have been on the whole successful this year.

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER IN GAELIC.—A correspondent of the Daily Mail says he has a copy of this book in his possession.

In a work by Dr. Rogers on Scotland, printed by the Soc. of Antiq. Scot. it is stated that "tartan is believed to have been invented by Margaret, the Queen of Malcolm Canmore, as a substitute for the system of tattooing which obtained previously."

Professor Blackie (says a correspondent in the Metropolis), who is at present on a visit to London, will shortly have a new volume of poems in the press, entitled "Lays of the Highlands and Islands." One of the most striking poems is on Iona, in which an aged priest rivets a casual tourist by the power of his "glittering eye," and makes him listen spellbound to a most entrhralling and poetical description of the death of St. Columba. A poem of the Professor's will probably appear in *Good Words* for June.

MEETINGS OF HIGHLAND SOCIETIES.

GLASGOW ARGYLSHIRE SOCIETY.

The annual dinner of this Society was held on the evening of the 14th of March in the George Hotel. Duncan Smith, Esq., presided, and the duties of croupier were discharged by Neil Sinclair, Esq. These gentlemen were supported by the Rev. Robert Blair, M.A., Rev. A. Cameron, Renton; Rev. Mr. Rattray, Bailie Maclellan and others. After dinner when the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were proposed and duly responded to, the Chairman proposed "The Argyleshire Society" which was drunk with enthusiasm. The treasurer gave a statement of the financial affairs of the Society. Since the last meeting, the Society had relieved 55 poor Argyleshire people, giving them sums from 5s. to 20s, and had sent many a poor fellow home to Argyleshire.

LOCHGILPHEAD & ARDRISHAIG SOIREE.

—The third annual and concert of the natives of resident in Glasgow of Lochgilphead, Ardrishaig, and neighbourhood, was held on Thursday, the 7th of March, in the Choral Hall, Glasgow. Captain J. W. P. Orde of Blairbuie presided, and was supported by Dr. Brodie and Messrs N. Sinclair, Mactavish, and Macphail. An assembly followed the concert.

LISMORE, APPIN, AND KINGARELOCH

SOIREE.—The seventh annual festival of these districts residing in Glasgow, was held last Friday evening, the 22nd of March, in the Trades' Hall, which was crowded literally to overflowing. Captain Stewart, of Fasnacloich, presided, and was supported by the Rev. William Thomson, Dr. M'Coll, Captain Sdenard, Messrs Neil, Buchanan, G. M'Coll, A. M'Coll, M'Innes, Donald, Carmichael, &c. An assembly followed on the conclusion of the concert.

INVERARAY NATIVES IN GLASGOW.

—The annual re-union of the natives of Inveraray resident in Glasgow, took place in the Clarendon Dining Rooms, Argyll Street, on Friday evening, 29th of March, James Macintyre, Esq., presided as chairman, supported by Messrs D. Maccall, H. Macintyre, and M. Downie. Mr J. Munro acted as croupier, supported by Messrs A. Bell, and H. Leitch.

THE Highlanders of Greenock are about to form a Celtic Society in connection with which special attention will be given to the Gaelic Language. From what we know of those at the head of the movement we are convinced it will turn out a success.

HIGHLANDERS in Dundee met lately with the view of forming a Highland Society there, Dean of Guild Macnaughton, proprietor of the Royal Hotel, in the chair. Several hundreds have enrolled already.

GREENOCK.—GAELIC LODGE OF GOOD

of Good Templars, called "Tir nam Beann," has been formed in Greenock. This is the first Gaelic lodge in the world; it was started by Duncan MacPherson, Esq., who is the Worthy Chief, and who we understand is to endeavour to start another Gaelic Lodge in Glasgow. Mr. MacPherson has translated the Ritual and Odes of the Order into Gaelic.

GATHERING OF THE GREENOCK HIGHLANDERS.

—A social gathering of the Highlanders of Greenock took place in the Town Hall, on Friday night, the 15th of March, Alex. Nicolson, Esq., of Edinburgh, Advocate, presiding. The meeting was a most enthusiastic one, thoroughly Celtic in its arrangements, and in its demonstrations of the hearty enjoyment which is characteristic of Highlanders everywhere. The Address with which the learned and excellent Chairman favoured his countrymen at the outset can scarcely be too much extolled; the Highlanders, and their language, and the music were defended in a masterly and scholarly manner, on grounds which the speaker showed to be unquestionable. His refined culture was brought to bear successfully on the prejudices existing against Celts and Celtic things. Altogether the speech was thoroughly suited to the occasion, and was pervaded all through by truthful, eloquent and poetic feeling. Interesting addresses were also given by several other gentlemen. During the evening several Gaelic and English songs were well sung. "Tha tighinn fodham éiridh" being especially rendered with excellent spirit and effect. A set of verses composed for the occasion took well. We subjoin a few stanzas of this song by D. M'Donald. The Committee deserve special praise for their effective management. After the intellectual part of the entertainment was finished dancing was commenced, which was kept up to a late hour, when all separated for their homes apparently feeling

that the Greenock Highland Gathering of 1872, was a complete success.

Chum 's nach cuireamaid gu dilinn
'Na ar dichuimhn' righ nan chàin'
'Tha luchd-eachdraidh 'deanamh cunntais
Gur h-i chainnt a labhair Adhamh.

SZIS:—Ho gur toil leam, ha gur toil leam.

Ho gur toil leam clann nan Gàidheal;
'S toil leam fhéin an fhior fhuil uasal
'Choisin iomadh buaidh 's na blàraibh.

Bha i 'réiteachadh gach chise,
Bha i ac' an chirtibh Phàroih,
'S 'n uair a chaidh an fhaireg' a' sgaioleadh
'S i bh'aig Maois a' dol troimh 'n fhàsach.
Tirnam Beann, nan Gleann, 's nan Gaisgeach
Far am faighte fàsadh càirdeil,
'S o'n a chaidh a chur fo chaoraich
Thàinig caochladh air an àite.

Dh' fhalbh gach fiadh a bh'anns an aonach,
'S cha 'n 'eil coileach fraoich a' tàmh ann:
Theich iad uile roimh 'n each iarunn;
Cha do chleachd iad riamh a stàruich.

Dh' fhalbh gach eun a bh'anns an iarmailt;
Theich an t iasg a dhoimhne 'n t-sàile;
'Tha na lochan air an taomadh
Eagal na caoraich a bhàthadh.

Dh' atharraich iad sruth nan alltan;
Thog iad faing far an robh àiridh;
'S cha 'n 'eil feum air duin' ach clobair
O 'n a tha na glinn gun àiteach.

'S iomadh fleasgach loinneil greannar
A tha 'n tir nam Beann 'g an àrach
Ann an seasamh còir na rìoghachd
Cò 'bu dilse na na Gàidheil?

Tha iad gaisgeil ann an tuasaid,
Feumail cruaidh ri aghaidh stàilinn
'S iad na laeich mach teicheadh cruadal
Gus an deith'dh an ruaig air an nàmhaid.

'S mòr mo shòlas gu 'n do thachair
Sìol nan gaisgeach as gach àite
Cuid 'diubh air tighinn fad air astar
'Leigeil fhaicinn dhuinn an càirdeis.

'Se ar dùrachd do Mhac Neacail
Gu 'n ruig e dhachaidh gu sàbbailt;
'Tha ar suil ri 'fhaicinn fathast
'Na shuidhe an cathair a's àirde.

REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To A. A. MacG. —Your fears regarding the ecclesiastical position of THE GAEL, are groundless. It is entirely unconnected with any party, ecclesiastical, political, or otherwise, being under the sole management and control of the publishers who are influenced by no authority whatever. "The Gael" will administer to the necessities and wants on which all patriotic Gaelic speaking Celts agree.

To G. MacD.—Your letter touches a chord on which not a few delight to dwell, certainly not much to the edification of Gaelic Literature. You seem to imagine that because you can discover several errors and mistakes in a work, you have a claim to be considered a critical oracle of the whole production; in fact, the tone of your critical pretensions is to us an indirect hint that if you had undertaken the task, the work would have wholly an air of perfection! We beg to tell you that this is not our opinion; and we believe that the work from your hands would be as guiltless of correctness as the labours of the man to whom you are anxious to apply such a severe scapel of criticism. While highly desirous of encouraging and cultivating thorough accurate scholarship we are by no means to nourish in the columns of "The Gael" that spirit of mutual destruction practically recommended to us by you; and which if cherished in literature, or in anything else is sure to repress progress, and resolve every chemical combination formed for the benefit of society, into its ineffective primeval simplicity!

To RONALD MacD.—Our Collection of the Gaelic Bards will be quite different from MacKenzie's "Beauties." All notes and biographical notices in ours will be in Gaelic, while it embraces a wider compass including Ossian and great poets of the day of whom no trace exists in MacKenzie's Collection. All efforts will be made to make the present the most accurate in point of Gaelic scholarship, of all other collections.

CAN SPEAK BUT CANNOT READ GAELIC.—We very frequently meet with this excuse from some of our lukewarm countrymen when asked to do anything in support of Gaelic Literature. In answer to such we subjoin an extract from a letter just received from one of our friends who is himself a scholar both English and Gaelic. He appears like ourselves to have frequently met with this excuse in his endeavours to extend the circulation of "The Gael." We need not add that we thoroughly agree with him, as we know that more than two-thirds of our present readers learned to read Gaelic without any teacher whatever. Our friend observes as follows:—

"At first, it is annoying to hear Gaelic men say that they can not read the Language, though they can speak it. I argue that when any one can speak the Language, and read English he will come to understand it thoroughly by the very force and nature of circumstances, that the difficulties imagined are only fanciful, and easily overcome by two or three days' practice. These absurd excuses must be combated and overcome; the

difficulty once overcome by patience and perseverance, a smoother path may be anticipated."

To D. M.—Read our reply to G. MacD. You have published some work yourself which is not immaculate in respect to Grammatical accuracy.

To CABAR-FEIDH.—It is highly necessary that you should attend in future to a more legible style of writing. Let our Contributors please observe also that they write on one side of the paper only.

THE PUBLISHERS beg to return thanks to the kind friends who have exerted themselves to procure support for "THE GAEL;" and may specially mention Messrs. J. Mackay, Shrewsbury, D. Munro, Greenock, Archd. MacDonald, Glasgow, and David Reid, Ballinluig. They hope to make "THE GAEL," worthy of the people and race whom it aims to represent, and that its claims will be found of such a kind as will induce all patriotic Celts to rally round it.

With regard to the News Columns in the English Department, our friends who have already come across such news, as was before referred to, will kindly take into consideration the exceeding difficulty in some out-of-the-way districts and in some places abroad of obtaining any information concerning the Highlands and Islands and their people. This being the first number in this country there are of course several pieces of information in it which would have appeared in the issues of former months, but which we are anxious to have in the present number, even at the risk of being considered rather behind. In future, however, the monthly appearance of "THE GAEL" will prevent the occurrence of so much news of old date.

In connection with the removal of our principal Office of Publication from Canada to Glasgow, many difficulties, causing delay in several things, had necessarily to be met with. This is what caused the delay in the publication of "THE GAELIC BARDS." But this work is now in a forward state of pre-

paration; and the first number will shortly appear.

We beg to remind our friends and contributors that communications for "THE GAEL" ought to be sent in not later than the 10th day of the month previous to that of publication. The same rule is applicable to all Advertisements intended for "THE GAEL."

Births.

At Tobermory, on the 18th of May, the wife of Mr. William Sproat, Procurator Fiscal, of a daughter.

At the Manse, Oban, on the 20th of May, the wife of Rev. James Macdonald, of a son.

Marriages.

At Glencreran, Appin, on the 4th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Dewar, Donald eldest son of Donald Maccoll, crofter, Lismore, to Jessie, daughter of Donald Rankine both crofters, Ballachulish.

Deaths.

At Ledaig, on the 7th of May, Collin, only son of Mr John Campbell, postmaster, aged 8 years.

On the 23rd March, at Fitzroy (on his way to Scotland), Duncan M'Fadyen, Esq., of Invercargill, N.Z., formerly of Glenamackrie Argylshire, in his 60th year.

IN THE PRESS.

A New Vol. of Gaelic Poetry, Foolscap 8vo. 2s.

NENIAE: With other Poems.

By Nigel Mac Neill, Author of "Dermud and Judith."

In Demy 8vo. neatly bound in cloth, lettered, 2s. 6d.

DERMUD AND JUDITH;

a Tragic Poem. By N. MAC NEILL.

[Opinions.]

"Mr. Mac Neill has shown great ability in this production which successfully accomplishes all that it attempts."—*Professor Nichol.*

"There are passages of genuine poetry in this poem which all through exhibits originality of thinking and freshness of expression and which gives a promise of ultimate excellence."—*Critic.*

"Upon the whole this is a juvenile poem highly creditable to its author."—*Oban Times.*

Glasgow: A. SINCLAIR, NICOLSON & Co.

ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR,
Gaelic and English Printer,
62 ARGYLE STREET,
GLASGOW.

THA G. Mac-na-Ceàrdadh deònach air innseadh d'a chàirdsan gu'n bheil e air leat tuinn air gnòthach a' Chloibhualaidh a ghluil air aghaidh anns a' h-uile dòigh mar bha e le 'athair, agus gur h-eòsan an t-aon Chloibhualaidh a thigheas agus a labhras Gàilig, nì a tha 'ga dheanamh comasach air ceartas a thoirt do agriobhaidh Gàilig a bhios ri'n cloibhualaidh.

AN GAIDHEAL.

I LEABH.]

TREAS MIOS AN T-SAMHRAIDH, 1872.

[5 AIR.

MU NA SEANN GHÀIDHEIL.

v.

Mu thoiseach na seachdamh linne bha ceithir fineachan a chòmhnuidh an taobh tuath Bhreatainn: b' iad sin na *Picti*, na *Scoti* na Breatainnach agus na h-*Anglaich* no na Goill. B' iad na *Picti* 'bu lìonmhoire agus 'bu treise dhe na fineachaibh so. Bha ceann tuath na h-Alba gu h-iomlan aca tuath air Cluaidh agus caolas na Friu ach a mhàin Earraghaidheal a bha aig na *Scoti*. Bha na *Scoti* an seilbh air Earraghaidheal agus Ìle maille ri pàirt de'n Eilean Mhuileach agus Eileanaibh beaga eile.—Bha na Breatainnach an Strath-Chluaidh agus an Dun-Breatann agus an ceann an iar-dheas na h-Alba.—Agus bha na h-*Anglaich* anns an tìr gu deas air caolas na Friu ris an abairteadh Braighnich (*Bernicia*) leis na seann Bhreatainnach, dùthaich a tha nis 'deanamh suas siorramachdan *Haddington*, Dhun-Eidinn agus Linn-Liobhainn, ris an abrar gu coitchionn na trì *Lothianan* maille ri *Berwick* agus *Roosburgh*, fearann a choisinn iad leis a' chlàidheamh o na *Picti* mu'n bhliadhna A.D. 547 'n uair a thàinig "Ida nam bratach teine" le 'chuid Ghall do thaobh Deas na h-Alba. B' e so ceud theachd nan Gall, no nan coigreach o Lochlainn agus o'n Ghearmailt gu tuineachas a ghabhail anns an dùthaich. Tha sliochd nan Gall so a' chòmhnuidh anns an tìr ud agus an là an diugh. Is ann a *Northumberland* an Sasunn a thàinig iad a stigh do thaobh Deas na h-Alba. B' àbhaist cogadh a bhi aig na Gaill *Anglach* so ris na *Pictich* mu thimchioll an fhearainn, agus bha aon chath fuil-

teach aca air 20mh là de'n Mhàigh, A.D. 686, aig *Linne Gharbhainn* ann an Siorramachd Aonghais, anns an do choisinn na Gàidheil Phicteacha' bhuaidh agus an do mharbhadh *Egfrid* mac *Oswy* rìgh nan *Gall Sasunnach* maille ris a' chuid dhe 'armailt. B' e Bruidhe a bha 'na rìgh air na *Picti* aig an àm sin, agus bha nachdaranachd aige thairis air Eileanaibh *Arcaimh*. Mu thimchioll dà fhichead bliadhna an dèigh sin A.D. 729, thàinig Aonghas Mac Fhearghais gu bhi 'na rìgh 'bu mhò agus 'bu chumhachdaiche a bha am measg nan seann rìghrean Gàidhealach. Cheannsaich e gach aon de na Cinn-fheadhna ris an abairteadh rìghrean beaga 'san àm sin, agus thug e iad fo ghéill da féin mar an "t-Ard-rìgh" ni's mò na b' àbhuist doibh a bhi roimhe sin. Mu'n bhliadhna 733 chaidh e a chogadh ris na *Scoti* an Earraghaidheal, cheannsaich e dùthaich *Latharna* agus *Chapadail*, agus thug e na *Scoti* fo chis do féin, agus chur e aon de a theaghlach féin d' am b' ainm *Aodhan* 'na rìgh os ceann na tìre sin. Theirear "Rìgh Albainn" ri Aonghas leis na seanachaidhibh Eirionnach, agus gun teagamh b' esan 'bu treise agus 'bu chumhachdaiche de na seann rìghribh agus is e a leag stéidh na Rìoghachd Albannaich mar a dh'fhàs i snas ann an linnibh an dèigh sin. Thog e Eaglais ann an *Cillrimhin* agus mar an ceudna an àitibh eile, agus chuir e an rìoghachd aige féin fo chùram Naomh Aindreis agus mar onoir do'n Naomh so chuir e air leth mòran de mhaoin aimsireil mar bheathachadh do na h-Eaglaisibh a thog e.

Mu'n bhliadhna 794 thòisich na *Lochlannaich* o thuath air taomadh a

stigh air Eileanaibh na Gàidhealtachd, agus loisg iad I-Chaluim-chille, agus mharbh iad trì fichead agus ochd manach no pears'-Eaglais ann an I-Chaluim-chille. Thachair an gnìomh oillteil so anns a' bhliadhna 800, agus air an aobhar sin chuir Cusantin Rìgh nam *Picteach* suas Eaglais mhòr ann an Dun-Chailein mar Phrìomh Eaglais na Rìoghachd. B' e *Cusantin* so ogha Aonghais Mhic Fhearghais rìgh nam *Picti*, agus thug e mòran fearainn do Eaglais Dhun-Chailein. B' e so an rìgh ris an abradh am bàrd anns an Duan Albannach "An Curai calma Cusantin." Fhuair e bàs mu thimchioll na bliadhna 820 agus rìghaich Aonghas a bhràthair 'n a àit', oir b' e an seann lagh Albannaca gun tigeadh am bràthair an àite bràthar. An dèigh sin thàinig a mhac féin agus mac a bhràthar gu bhì 'n an rìghribh, agus 'n uair a mharbh na *Lochlannaich* mac a bhràthar fhuair mic Bhargoid, a phiuthar, an rìoghachd, fear an dèigh fir. B' e ainm a' cheud aoin *Fearchar* agus ainm an fhir eile *Bride* na *Bruidhe*. 'Nan dèigh-san do bhrìgh gu'n do theirg na h-oighreachan frìonnach air na seann Rìghribh Pict-each fhuair Coinneach Mac Ailpein rìgh nan *Scoti* an Earraghaidheal an rìoghachd a chionn gu'm b' esan an t-oighre dlìgheach.

(*Ri leantuinn.*) D. B. B.

OISEIN: A LINN AGUS A BHARDACHD.

(*AIR LEANTUINN.*)

Tha ioghnadh mòr air iomadh neach gu'm bheil beusan cho mállda, stuama ann an dàin Oisein, agus gun iomradh air bith annta air an Dia 'tha uile-chumhachdach. Bithidh e furasda an ni draghail so a réiteachadh le bhì a' cuimhneachadh gu'n robh na Gàidheil ré iomadh bliadhna agus ginealach air an teagasg leis na Druidhibh subhaile, geamnuidh. Cha'n e daoine cealgach, saobh-chràbhach a bha annta mar

chunnaic sinn cheana. B' ann doibh-san a thigeadh e luadh a dheanamh air nithean naomha. B' e so dreuchd is dleasdanas nan Druidhean. Is ann eadardhealaichte gu mòr bho so a bha seirbheis nam filidhean ceòlmhòr, mòr ghaisge nan triath, is euchdan eireachdail nan daoine meamnach a dh' eug 's a choisinn dachaidh nam fiath, a sheinn ann an rannan fonnmhòr, ceileireach a chum treubhantas eiridinn ann an anam gach laoiach, agus brosnuchadh a thoirt seachad ann an garbh-chunnart nan sleagh; b' esò gairm is dreuchd nan Bàrd. Tha Oisein, ma ta, a' còimhlionadh gu fìor abhaist nam filidhean Gàidhealach 'n uair tha e a' seachnadh gach smuain chràbhaich, ged b' e so fiamh a bu dealraiche agus sgeadachadh a b' àille snuadh a b' urrainn do smuaintean àrda 's do dhàin mhòrail a chaitheamh.

Ach is i a' cheist a's mò a thog de bhruaillean ann an inntinnean nan Sasunnach 's nan Gall, "Cionnus a thàinig dàin cho lionmhòr agus cho fada ri dàin Oisein a nuas troimh chèd is troimh dhorchadas nan linnnean?" Ged dh' aidicheamaid gu'n do rìghaich Fionnghal an talla nan sonn, agus gu'n grad-éireadh na laoiach mu'n cuairt, 'n uair a ghlacadh e sgiath chaomhail 'n a làimh 's a chluinnteadh sgreadh na màille cruaidhe, cionnus a b' urrainn do dhàin nan treun snàmh gu téaruinte thairis air ceò is dorchadas nam bliadhnachan liatha? Tha mòran gun teagamh a' crochadh air a' cheist so. Chunnaic sinn cheana gu h-aithghearr cia mar a d' éirich dealachadh am measg nan Gàidheal, agus a bha gach clann a' leantuinn 's a' toirt ùmhlachd do'n ceannard no'n ceannfeadhna féin, oir bha iad uile a' giùlan an aon sloinnidh.

Cha d' fhàs guth nam Bàrd tosdach an dèigh do Oisein imeachd gu talla nan niall. Bha aig gach clann Bàrd doibh féin. Is ann bho ghaisgich na Féinne 'bha iad uile deònach a bhì 'tarruing an sinnsearachd. Bu mhòr am meas a bha iad a' cur air òrain na Féinne, agus bha

na Bàird min-eòlach air dàin Oisein. Cha robh ni cho comasach air sunnd is aighear is greadhnachas a dhùsgadh ri caismeachd nan treun-laoch ann an àm spealtadh nan donn-sgiath. Bhitheadh na Bàird ann am meas mòr mar so, agus bhitheadh iad dealasach ann an òrain na Féinne ionnsachadh gu poncail. Bha am mac a' leantuinn an athar anns an dreuchd so. Ach feudaidh neach febraich, "Ciamar a b' urrainn do inntinn neach air bith cuimhne a ghleidheadh gu cinnteach neo-mhearachdach air dàin co fada?" Anns an latha anns am bheil sinne beò, tha e da rìreadh duilich duinn breth chothromach a thoirt air comas na h-inntinn 'n uair a tha e air a churgu dùbhlán air a'mhodh so. Feumaidh sinn co dhìu, aideachadh gu'm fàs a' chuimhne ni's feàrr is ni's treise le cleachduinn. Bha na Bàird o thùs an làithean a' sgoithreachadh ann an rannan nan sean-laoch ionnsachadh. B'e so a b' obair doibh; agus cha'n iongantach ged bhitheadh iad fìleanta ann an rannan nan sean-laoch a sheinn. Cha do thionail fòs, dorchadas co neulach, doilleir air Albainn 's a chòmhdach rioghachdan eile ré ùine co fada. Calum-cill cràbhach agus manaich *Iona*—cha d' rinn iadsan tàir no dimeas air dàin Oisein. Chum iad lùchran iùil is soluis, is eòlas a loisgeadh agus a sgaoileadh gathannan greadhnach ann an dùthchannan eile. Cha'n eil an smuain gun bhunchar gu'n do sgrìobh iad sìos na dàin a bha air an seinn le mòran, agus gu'n do chuidich iad no sgeòil a dh' aithris Oisein. *o am o aois* aiseag a nuas thar stuadhan ciar-ghlas nan linn-tean. Thàinig, mar so, làithean a chaidh thairis a nuas, 's chaidh cuimhne a chur air àm nan triath, nan seòd, nam fàth is threun ghasda nan gnìomh. Ann an oidheachan fada a gheamhraidh, am feadh a bha teine aoidheil a' deanamh teach nan Gàidheal sunndach is àireamh mhòr mu thimchioll, is iad dàin Oisein is moladh na Féinne a bu chulaidh shùgraidh do'n chuideachd bhlàth-

chridheach a bha an làthair. Cha robh teagamh air bith acasan mu dhéibhinn Oisein is na Féinne.

An déigh dhùinn na h-nìread a ràdh agus fear-togail cliù mu mhac nan treun, tha sinn ullamh gu ni no dhà a chur an cèill mu thimchioll Sheumais Ic-a'-Phearsainn, a dh'eadartheangaich bàrdachd na Féinne. agus a shaor i gu bràth bho sgleò na dì-chuimhne 'bha tearnadh thairis oirre. Ged a b' éiginn da sgiath bhallach iomchar agus còmhraigea bheumadh an aghaidh cruth Loduinn nan gorm lann, cha bhitheadh a chàs agus a shuidheachadh mòran ni bu chruadal-aiche na bha e, 'n uair a dh' éirich feachd 'na aghaidh a' cur nithean uamhasach as a leth. Is e Mac Phearghuis a bha rithist 'na fhear-teagaisg ann an oil-thigh Dhùneidin, a dh' innis do *Home* 's iad 'nan oileanaich le chèile, gu'n robh air feadh na Gàidhealtachd bàrdachd mheasail, dhreachmhor a thàinig a nuas o aois a dh' aom. Bha Mac-a'-Phearsainn 'na oide-fòghluim ann an teaghlach duine uasail d' am b' ainm *Grahame* faisg air Dùneidin. Thachair gu'n d' thàinig *Home* an rathad. Bha seanachas aige ri Mac-a'-Phearsainn, agus thug e air cuid de dhàin Oisein eadartheangachadh dha. Chunnaic *Home* air ball àilleachd is éireachdas nan dàn, agus nochd e iad do dhaoineibh fòghluimte ann an Dùneidin. Mhosgail cridhe caoimhneil, faoilidh an Ollaimh Bhàirich le iognadh, agus ghabh e Mac-a'-Phearsainn air làimh. Cho-éignich iad an Gàidheal bochd gu cuairt a ghabhail air feadh eileanan is tìr mòr Albainn, chum 's gu'n cruinnicheadh e na dàin a b' urrainn e a thrusadh. Bhuin iad gu càirdeil fial ri Mac-a'-Phearsainn; agus shoirbhich leis gu maith 'na thurus. Thruis e mòran dhàn air a shlighe. Fhuair e cuid mar an ceudna sgrìobhta, agus sgrìobh e féin no iadsan a bha maille ris, mòran eile bho aithris nan Gàidheal blàth-chridheach d' am bu tlachdmhor dàin nan

gaisgeach a sheinn. Le deifir mhòir agus chliùiteich dh'eadartheangaich e'n t-ionmbas mòr dhàn a chruinnich e. Buinidh gu dligeach do gach Gàidheal teò-chridheach aig am bheil meas is suim do fhocail bhlàtha nam Bàrd a chaidh a labhairt ri gaisgich gun mheang agus a dhùisgeadh le'm fonn am blàr, ainm Sheumais Mhic-a'-Phearsainn a ghleidheadh air chuimhne le spéis is mòr-nrram. Chaidh Mac-a'-Phearsainn fa dhèidh a Lunnuinn, chum gu'n cuireadh e obair a' Bhàird Ghàidhealaich ann an uidheam, agus gu'n clò-bhualadh e i, air dha a h-eadartheangachadh a dh'ionnsuidh na Beurla. Am feadh a bha e dicheallach anns a' ghniomh so, dh' éirich còmhstri dhian mu dhéibhinn Oisein. Dh'fhàg Mac-a'-Phearsainn na dàin a dh'eadartheangaich e 'n am prìomh staid, mar thionail e féin iad anns a' Ghàidhealtachd, a chum cothrom a thoirt do gach neach leis am b' àill, a' chùis a rannsachadh air a shon féin. Thaom stoirm ghuineach mu 'cheann. Chuir iad as a leth gu'm b'e féin a b' ùghdair do na dàin a bha e 'g aiumeachadh air Oisein. Bhitheadh e 'na ni anabarrach iongantach gu'n rachadh Bàrd air bith a shireadh ainm am measg nan Gàidheal a bha cheana cian 'nan ciar thalla féin, an trath a bha iomadh comharradh agus dearbhadh aige, gu'n coisneadh e cliù a bu mhò le bhi 'gan aideachadh e féin. Chaidh buidheann a ròghnachadh a chum an ni so fhuasgladh le bhi a' deanamh rannsachaidh am measg nan Gàidheal a dh'fheuchainn an robh aithne aca air Oisein 's air an Fhéinn. Bha na daoine lìonmhor a bha mineòlach air comhthional nan sgeul a bha ann, agus air mòr ghaisge Fhionnghail, Oiscair, agus Ghuill an garbh-mheaghar a' chruaidh chòmhraig, nach cuala riamh iomradh air Mac-a'-Phearsainn no air a luchd-tuailis. Ma bha Mac-a'-Phearsainn calma, uaibhreath agus àrdanach, cha b'ann gun aobhar. Rinn e seirbhis mhaith do Oisein. Tha e duilich beachd a thoirt air an dòigh anns an d'eadar-

theangaich e na dàin a fhuair e, bho nach 'eil iad a nis air sgeula; gidheadh tha comharradh againn an sud agus an so a tha a' dearbhadh gu soilleir nach robh e comasach dèasan molaidhean a' Sheallamai nan curaidh nach b' fhann, a dhealbh air tùs. Gidheadh, aidichidh gach neach a leugh obair Mhic-a'-Phearsainn, gu'n robh inntinn féin fileanta agus bàrdail ann an tomhas mòr.

Tha mi a' saòilsinn nach 'eil e comasach do neach a stéidheachas aire gu dùrachdach air Oisein 's air a bhàrdachd, agus air gach ni a tha a' comharrachadh nan làithean anns an do mbosgail e farum nad teud ann an talla rìgh nan triath o shinnsèaran mòra a' mhonaidh,—gun aideachadh gu'n do sheinn Oisein 's gun do thog rìgh Sheallamai 'n a aonar a làmh le feart.

(Ri leantuinn.)

CONA.

LAOIDH

LE H. BONAR.

Chuala mi guth Ios' ag ràdh
Thig thugam is gabh fois;
Leag sìos air m' uchd do cheann 's tu sgìth
Leag sìos e 's bi aig clos;
Chum Iosa thàinig mar a bha,
Sgìth, claidhte, agus trom,
Is fhuair mi annsan ionad tàimh
Is chuir e mi am fonn.

Chuala mi guth Ios' ag ràdh
Feuch bheir mi seach gu saor
Do dh' uisge beò, crom sìos is òl
Aig tobar àigh nach traoigh.
Chum Iosa thàinig agus dh'òl
Do'n t-sruthan bheò nach gann;
Bha m' iota caisgt' is m' anam dhàisg
Is beatha, th' agam ann.

Chuala mi guth Ios' ag ràdh
Is mise soills' an t-saogh'il;
Seal rium, 's a' mhaduinn dealraidh ort,
'S do là bidh geal a chaidh.
Ri Iosa sheall mi agus fhuair
Annas mo reult, 's mo ghrian;
'S an t-solus bheò sin gluaisidh mi
Gu deireadh làith mo thrìall.

Eadar-theangaichte le R. B.

CANADA.

(Air leantuinne o "Chuaiartear nan Gleann.")

Tha sinn leis na leanas a' crìochnachadh na bha againn ri thoirt o "Chuaiartear nan Gleann" mu dhèidhinn Chanada. Tha nis deich bliadhna thar fhichead o'n chaidh so a sgrìobhadh, ach tha gach focal dheth a cheart cho freagarrach an diugh 's a bha e an uair sin. Ma tha atharrachadh 'sam bith 'sa' chùis 'sann ni's fearr agus ni's fàbharach air son an fhir iomruich. Cha mhòr gu'm bheil cèarn de'n dùthaich an diugh anns nach faighear pailteas de'n fhearann a's fearr (a tha o cheann ghoirid air fhosgladh a mach) saor agus a nasgaidh.

Theagamh 's gu'm faod so tuiteam an lámhaibh iomadh neach do nach bi e comasach ceud àireamhan a' "Ghàidheil" fhaicinn, tha sinn a' cur sìos an so beagan de'n bha 'sa' "Ghàidheal" roimhe so. Ach co dhù "fuilgidh an sgeula math 'innseadh dà uair:"--

"Gun teagamh air bith 's i so an dùthaich a's freagaraiche do Ghàidheil dol, a tha 'cur rompa tìr an athraichean fhàgail. Cha'n 'eil cosnaiche slàn, fallain a tha eòlach air obair, agus toil-each obair a dheanamh nach faod fearann saor a bhi aige dha féin ann am fìor bheagan bhliadhnachan, agus a bhi cho cothromach, socrach, 's a 's miann leis, ged nach 'eil peighinn air a shìubhal, ma bheir e 'n aire dha féin; 's ma tha e glic grunn-dail, faodaidh e chur cùl a lèimhe an ceann trì no ceithir a bhliadhnachan na chuireas 'n a chomas àite seasgar fhaotainn da féin agus a ràdh: "Tha mi nis air mo dhùnàn féin agus feuch cò a chuireas dheth mi!"

Iadsan aig nach 'eil airgid r' a thoirt leò, ach a tha 'dol a mach mar luchd-cosnaidh, chomhairlicheamaid iad a dh' fhalbh tràth 'sa' bhliadhna, a' cheud chosnadh math a thachras orra ghabhail, iad a bhi foighidneach, seas-mhach, fuireach 'nan luchd-oibre 's 'nan sgalaigaibh gus an tug iad gu math

nàdur an fhuinn, nàdur na dùthcha 's an dòigh a' s fearr gu cinneachadh, agus gu àite fhaotainn dhoibh féin.

Tha sinn 'ga innseadh mar fhlrinn gu'm bheil daoine 's an dùthaich sin aig nach robh aona pheighinn an latha 'chaidh iad air tìr gun sgoil gun ionnsachadh; ach stuama, riaghailteach, seasmhach, saothaireach, agus ann an ceann trì bliadhna, aig an robh leth-dusan mart, mucan. eunlaith agus a' h-uile goireas a b' urrainn doibh iarraidh. Ma thogras duine air bith an ainm fheòraich, bheir sinn doibh an ainm 's an sloinneadh agus an t-àit' as an d' fhalbh iad.

Iadsan is urrainn beagan airgid a thoirt leò, na cheannaicheas fichead no leth-cheud acair, agus is urrainn pòr agus earneis-tighe a cheannach, agus an teaghlaichean a chumail suas fad dà no trì bhliadhnachan, cha'n 'eil dùthaich 's an t-saoghal anns an asa do neach de'n t-seòrsa so éiridh o cheum gu ceum gu cothrom àrd, na ann an Canada: 's e sin ma chuireas e mach a chuid airgid le faicill agus aire. Neach air bith is urrainn ceud, no dà cheud punnd sasunnach a thoirt leis, agus a chuireas a mach e ann am fearann le tìr, cha'n eagal da, 's éigin gu'n éirich e gu cothrom agus gu saoihbheas. Ach tha mòran a' dol thairis do America agus do chearnaibh eile, nach d' rinn maith riamh 'nan dùthaich féin--'s cha mhò a ni iad math ann an dùthaich eile. 'Sminic a chuala sinn "Am fear a tha carrach 'sa' bhaile bhos bidh e carrach 's a' bhaile ud thall:" am fear a tha leisg lùndach an Albuinn, 'snach do shoirbhich an so, cha 'mhò thèid a' chùis leis thall. Tha seòrsa do dhaoine 's a' Ghàidhealtachd 'tha' cur seachad a' chuid a's fearr d' an làithean ann an amaideachd--sealgairachd air monadh, gunnaireachd air cladach--le abhagan 'n an déigh air tòir bhéise dubha, chat-fhiadhaich agus shionnach; a' luingeachd air bhàtaichean, ag òl leth-bhodach an so 's leth-bhodach

an sud, nach dùraichd an làmh a chur ri obair air bith, mur gabh iad ràchdan feòir car tiota 's an fhogharadh, no speal car treis 'sa' mhaduinn—a cheann-chas air uairibh gamhain firionn an sud 's an so—leth dhuin-uasal agus leth-dhròbhair—'na fhleasgach air gach banais—a thogas òran math, agus a dhannas gu gasda, agus an sin a phòsas. Tha a' bhochduinn a' tighinn gu grad air—'s éiginn dol do America no do Australia. Nis deir sinn riù so ann an clàr an aodainn, cha 'n i sin an dùthaich idir a fhreagras doibhsan; cha 'n eil Canada a' toirt mil a's bainne do gach neach gun saothair, mar a bha tir na h-Eiphit o shean. Tha cuid a dhaoine mar gum biodh dùil aca gu 'n robh spàin airgid air a cur an làimh gach neach 'nuair ruigeas e tir chéin—agus nach 'el dad aige r'a dheanamh ach suidhe sìos, ithe agus òl, agus a bhi subhach. Cha 'n ann mar sin idir. Do 'n duine eusgaidh stuama, shaoth-aireach, dheanadach, chruadalach, tha Canada, 'n àite math; ach do 'n lunn-daire cha 'n eil ann àite 's miosa. Tha e 'toirt droch ainm air America-mu-thuath, agus do chearnaibh eile, gu bheil mòran a' dol ann nach cinnich-eadh ann an àit air bith. Chunnaic sinn an diugh féin mòran fhigheadairean (tha a' chùis air atharrachadh bho 'n chaidh so a sgrìobhadh, gheibh eadhon an seòrsa so fhéin pailteas de 'n obair nis 'n robh iad cleachda an Canada andiugh) amhuinntir Ghlaschu a' falbh le 'n teaghlach, agus bu bhoichd an sealladh e—daoine nach urrainn ruamhar no cur no cliathadh—daoine nach do laimhsich tuadh, no tàl, no speal, no corran riabh—am basan co min ris an t-sìoda—daoine bochda lag, nach gearradh dithis diubh craobh ann an seachduin, nach b' urrainn aon oidhche chur seachad fo fhasgadh creige gun bhi air am meil-eachadh le fuachd; agus mnathan bochda fann leò, nach do chuir cas air cuibhle riabh, nach do bhleodhain mart

o 'n àm an d'rugadh iad. Co cinnteach 's a dh' fhalbh iad so, 's ann gu bochduinn agus truaighe ni 's miosa na dh' fhàg iad.

Tha iomad ni is còir dhoibhsan air a' bheil miann dol thairis, a thoirt leò, ach do na h-uile nithe 's e ni a's priseala 's urrainn duine thoirt leis do 'n àite sin no do dh' àite eile, *deagh bhean*. Tha so 'na bheannachadh mòr anns gach dùthaich, ach as eugmhais mnà maith ann an tìr ùr do 'n t-seòrsa so, 's gann gu bheil e comasach do neach cinneachadh na éiridh gu cothrom. 'Si luideag bhoichd usal, chuideil, leisg, spòrsail do mhnaoi, té nach cuir a làmh ris gach fearas-tighe 'thig 'n a rathad, an aona chlach-thuislidh a's miosa 's urrainn teachd an slighe duine san àite so.—Na mnathan sin a thogadh gu h-uasal, feadhain eile 'freasda' doibh, a chleachd aodach riomhach agus lòn sòghail, 'n an sìnèadh air uirighean sìoda, a' leughamh leabhraichean, le 'n làmhaineach geala leathraich air am basan mine—b' e 'n amaideachd do dhuine le gòraig chuideil do 'n t-seòrsa sin dol do thìr ùir: bha e cho math dha dol do 'n choille le cloich-mhuilinn m'a mhuineal. 'Si a' bhana-choisniche sgairteil, thapaidh eusgaidh, an t-aon ni a's priseala 's urrainn duine thoirt leis—'s luachmhoire i so na a cudthrom do dh' òr—té gun uail gun stràic, is urrainn a bhi aighearach sùndach, ged nach 'eil e comasach dhi dol air chéilidh o thigh gu tigh—té a laimhsicheas, ma 's éiginn e, caipe no gràp, no coran no tuadh, a bhleodhnas bò, a ni 'n t-im 's an càise, a bheath-aicheas mucan agus eunlaith, a spealgas connadh ma 's éiginn, agus a leagas craobh. 'S iomad ni is éigin do mhnaoi mhaith an tuathanaich ann an Canada a dheanamh. Imridh i bhi eòlach air siùcar agus siabunn, coinnlean, aran, agus ioma ni eile, gun tighin air clàdadh agus snlomh. 'S éiginn di bhi eòlach air feòil agus iasg a shailleadh—tha e feumail gu 'm bi i eòlach air

clò agus aodach a dhath ann an guirm-ean, madaid no scàrlaid, gu'n luaidh i e; gu'n gearr i e, gu'm fuaigh i; cha'n e amhain cota-bàn a's clia'-beag dhi féin, ach aodach do na caileagan agus do na balachain, ach 's éigin gu'n cum, gu'n gearr 's gu'm fuaigh i briogais d'a fear, agus cota-mòr agus osain; ann an aon fhacal gu'm bi i cosmhuil r'a sin-seanmhair, comasach air a làmh a chur ris gach nì. 'S éigin gu'm bi i aoidheil cridheil, gun ghruaim gun ghearan ged nach robh cupa tea r'a fhaotainn, no aran cruineachd, ach gabhail mar a thig. An duine aig a' bheil bean de'n t-seòrsa so, ma tha e féin mar bu chòir dha, 'n a chosnaiche math, a' gearradh chraobh, a' réiteachadh an fhearainn, a' ruamhar, a' cur 'sa' cliathadh; ma ch'è seann aois, ch'è se e féin ann an cothrom air nach ruig fear-cosnaidh gu dilinn 's an àite so. Tha h-uile pàisde mar thig e air aghart 'n a chulaidh-stòrais da, 'n a bhuannachd agus 'na bheannachd. Ma tha'n teaghlach so cuimhneach air an Dia, ag iarraidh a bheannachd, a' cur onoir air a latha naomh, air 'òrduighean naomh, is sona iad; bithidh piseach an dèigh an saothaireach, bidh beannachd Dhé fo aon fhàrdach leò.

Bidh piseach air an fhìrean chòir,
Mar phailm-chrann ùrar glas;
Mar sheudar àrd air Lebanon,
A' fàs gu dìreach bras.

LITIR O RUNASDACH.

FHIR MO CHRIDHE,

Thàinig an Gàidheal còir a stigh an latha roimhe is théid mise an urras gu'n deachaidh furan fàilte a chur air. Agus cha'n ann ri brosgul no ri sotal a tha mi mar their mi gur h-airidh e air fàilte chridheil fhaotainn aig gach cagailt far am bheil Gàidhlig air a labhairt is air a leughadh. Cha'n eil mi ag ràdh gu'm bheil e saor o mhearachd, no gu'm bheil e air gach dòigh iomlan. Ach c'àite am bheil an nì talmhaidh a tha saor o mhearachd no iomlan?

Cha'n aithne dhomhsa. Na'm biodh a leithid sin do ni ri 'fhaotainn, bhitheadh e am measg seachd iongantais an t-saoghail, agus b'fhaic e an t-saothair dol ni b'fhaide na "thar trì chrìocha baile" gu 'fhaicinn. Tha mi an dòchas air an aobhar sin ann an àite a bhi 'stri ri coire fhaotainn, gur h-ann a chuireas gach Gàidheal a ghualainn ris a' ghnothach gus an oidhirp chliùiteach agaibh a dheanadh cho iomlan is a tha i comasach a bhi. Tha e air a chur as leth 'ur luchd dùthcha, gu'm bheil iad anabarrach dèigh-eil gu bhi a' cur buille air a chèile a thaobh sgoileireachd Gàidhlig. Tha e air a ràdh ma tha neach air bith aig am bheil a bheag do dh'eòlas air cànan aosta na h-Alba, gur e a' cheud fheum a ni e do'n eòlas sin, tòiseachadh air dearbhadh gu'n robh gach neach riamh a sgrìobh Gàidhlig an toiseach air féin tur ceàrr. Nach robh eòlas aca aon chuid air co-dhealbh na cànan no air a brìgh, nach b' aithne dha a litireachadh no a cur gu snasmhor an eagan a chèile. 'S i so barail nan Sasunnach mu'r dèidhinn agus cha bheag a chulaidh spòrs a stras cuid dhiubh a dheanadh mu'n chùis. Is cha'n fheud mi a ràdh nach eil beagan aobhar aca air son am barail. Ach tha mi ann an làn dòchas nach bi an ni mar so ni's fhaide, is gu'm faic sin gach Gàidheal cia be na baraillean a th' aige, a' leigeil dheth a bhi a smadadh muinntir eile, is le 'uile chomas a deanadh na dh'fhaodas e gus an Gàidheal a dheanadh airidh air cànan agus clùt nan Finneachan. Tha fhios gu math "Gu'n saoil am fear a bhios 'na thàmh gur e 'làmh féin is fheàrr air an stiùir". Ach ni's lugha na gu'm bheil a mhiann air am bàta a chur fodha, mar dean e cuideachadh, fanadh e 'n a thòsd. a chum is nach cuir e mairadh air an stiùradair a tha 'deanadh a dhìchill, gu na trast chuislean mealltach agus na cuartagan taosgach, fhiaradh air gualainn is sliasaid na seasgairt, a tha mar fhaolan bhig a' leumnich 'sa' g'èiridh air barraibh caorach geal nan tonnan uaibhreach, chùlghorm. Tha mi an dòchas a Ghàidheil rùnaich gu'n gabh sibh féin agus luchd-dùthcha mo ghaol mo leth-geul air son labhairt air a mhodh so. Is tha fhios agam gu'n dean sibh sin mar a dh'innseas mi dhuibh an t-aobhar. Tha caraid fìachal agam anns a' bhaile, Gàidheal cho glan fìrinneach dileas 'sa sheas riabh air balt broige. Tha e, faodaidh sibh bhi cinnteach, am measg luchd-leughaidh a' Ghàidheil; ach

cosmhuil ri iomadh aon eile tha e anabarrach moiteil as an eòlas mhionaideach a tha aige air a' Ghàidhlig. Dh'aithnich e co a sgrìobh an litir a chuir mi gu' r n-ionnsuidh. Is ma dh'aithnich, 'se nach do chaomhain an neach a sgrìobh i. Cha robh coire fo'n bhrataich nach robh oirre. Cha robh sid ceart is cha robh so ceart. Ach mar thug e fainear nach d' thug mi iomradh air a' "Chomunn Chòmhlaich" chaidh e air bàinidh uile gu léir. 'S ann do mhuinntir Chòmhail e féin, is tha e's an làn bharrail nach 'eil ceàrn eile 's an domhan mhòr cho maiseach ri Còmhail, no daoine eile air aghaidh na cruinne cho dìreach deas, is cho fearail treun ris na Còmhlaich. Air an aobhar sin cha b' urrainn dha 'thuigsinn ciamar nach d' thug mi iomradh air a' chomunn mheasail sin. Cha chuireadh ni no neach iompaidh air nach b' ann le làn thoil a dh'fhàgadh a mach iad. Cha mhòr nach d' thug e an t-seiche dhìom, 'g am chàineadh is 'gam smàdadh. "Thusa," ars' esan "a sgaoimire gun sgoinn ag gabhail ort féin fìosrachadh a thoirt mu gach comunn Gàidhealach 's a' bhaile, is a' chuideachd Chòmhlaich a dhearmad. Nach 'eil fhios aig a' h-uile duine ris an fhiach duine a ràdh gur h-e Còmhail gu àraidh dùthaich na Féinne. Nach ann air son athair Fhinn a chaidh an t-ainm Còmhail a thoirt air a cheàrn mhaiseach sin do dh'Earraghaidheal? Nach 'eil so air a dhearbhadh gu soilleir le co liutha àite mu'n cuairt a' chladaich o Ard-na-teine, gu Cill-Chatrina a tha air ainmeachadh air Fionn. Nach 'eil gach "Sron nam Fiann" gach "Ardfhinn" is "Fionabhacan" seadh is "Loch Fhinn" féin (ris an abrar gu ceàrr a nis "Lochfiona," a' dearbhadh cho cùramach 's a bha Triath ard na Féinne, Fionn gun bheud, a' dlò oighreachd athar. Is cha b' fhiach leatsa a bhuimileir gun mhòd a ghabhail ort gu'n robh a leithid do dh'àite ri Còmhail ann, no Comunn Chòmhlaich anns a' bhaile." Ud, arsa mise, air d'athais a charaid chaoimh, nach fhada o'n a chualas "tuitidh an capull ceithir-chasach." Is ma bha an comunn agadas gun iomradh air cha b' di meas idir, ach di-aire a b' aobhar, "Dì aire!" ars' esan. "An cualas a leithid?" "Ni air a chlà-bhualadh agus mearachdan de'n t-seòrsa so ann! Nach bu chòir do mi a tha air a chlà-bhualadh a bhi saor o gach mearachd, is mur 'eil a' chùis mar sin cha'n fhiach e gnùis a thoirt dha. Is beag a ghabhainn is am Fear-deasachaidh a ruigheachd agus toirt air mo chùig tasdain a

thoirt air an ais dhomh, ni 's lugha na gu'n toir e dhomh a làmh nach bi an deigh so aon fhacal air a mhi-litireachadh, aon lide as a h-àite, no aon mhearachd a' cur mihaise air gnùis A' Ghàidheil" "Thalla, thalla, arsa mise, cha'n e ni faoin a dh'fhògh-nas leat, cha lugha na làn iomlaineachd, ach tha eagal orm "gu'm bi a' chòir mar a chumar i"—is tha mi làn bheachdaidh nach ann air taobh duilleagan A' Ghàidheil a mha'n a tha mearachdan ri am faotainn. Is theagamh gu'm bheil cuid do na nithean a tha thusa a' cur sìos mar mhearachdan ceart gu leòir, ged a tha t-eòlas-sa cho neo-iomlan air a' Ghàidhlig is nach aithnich thu mar tha an gnòthach ceart. Ciod an riaghailt ris am bheil thu a' tomhas an ni? Tha dìreach ri do bharrail féin, agus nach fheud e bhi gu'm bheil barail neach eile a chearta cho fiachail ri do bharrail-sa. Gabh mo chomhairle-sa ma ta, agus an àite a bhi 'stri ri mearachdan fhaotainn ann an obair muinntir eile, ma tha 'mhian ort aobhar na Gàidhlig, agus nan Gàidheal a sheasamh, cuir do ghualainn ris a' ghnòthach is dean na dh'fhaodas tu gus na mearachdan a chur ni 's lugha, is gus An Gàidheal a dheanadh ni 's fiachala, is théid mis an urras dhuit, nach e mha'n gu'm bi am Fear-deasachaidh ann ad chomhain ach bheir gach neach aig am bheil gràdh d'a dhùthaich 's d'a chàinain cliù dhuit. Ach na smaointich air dol a thagradh nan cùig tasdain, oir tha Fear, deasachaidh A' Ghàidheil 'n a dhùine geur-tapaidh a chunnaic roinn mhath de'n t-saoghal is tha fhios aige ciod is ciall do "dh'eun an làimh." "Ma tha e geur, tapaidh" fhreagair mo charaid, "bheir mise air gu'n toir e do nàire asad-sa; ma 's e is nach sguir thu do bhi 'cur litirichean g' a ionnsaidh." Cha d' thubhairt mi féin dìog, ach smaointich mi gu'n robh sin ni b' as a ràdh na dheanadh, oir cha'n 'eil e furasda nàire a thoirt as an neach anns nach 'eil i. Ach coma dh' fhalbh mo charaid ann an deagh shad is tha mi fìosrach nach e a' chiad aon a thionndaidheas a chùl air A' Ghàidheal. Ach smaointich mi an deigh dha m' f'hàgail, gu'r h-ann mar sud a tha muinntir tuillidh is deas a dheanadh. Gheibh iad coire, ach oidhirp cha toir iad air ni chur ceart, no a dheanadh ni 's fearr. Tha mòran ann is tha iad mar am madadh 's a' phrasaich, cha'n 'ith iad féin a chòmh-lach ach cha leig iad do chreutair eile dol g' a còir. Tha féinealachd is farmad de'n t-seòrsa so a' milleadh iomadh oidhirp

chàiteich. Ni 's lugha na gu'm bi mi air a dheanadh anns gach puinn a réir na barail aca-san, tha iad fionnhor nach toir air aon rathad gnùis, do dh'oidhirp air bith a tha air a deanamh air son math an t-sluaigh. "Is e sin an toll a mhill an t-seiche" a thaobh iomadh ni Gàidhealach. Ach tha mi àr-thoilichte fhaicinn o na Freagairtean a thug sibhse seachd 's an àireamh mu dheireadh, gu'm bheil sibhse a' cur roimhibh nach éirich dhuibhse is do 'N Ghàidheal mar a dh'éirich do "Bhodach na h-asail." Tha mi ag iarraidh maithanasais air son uiread d'ur n-hine luachmhoir a thoirt suas. Gabhaibh mo leth-geul ris na Comcinn Ghàidhealach eile air nach d'thug mi iomradh. Oir tha aon no dhà dhiu cho math ris a' Chomunn Chòmhlaich air an do rinn mi dearmad. Tha Comunn Chlach-na-cuddin, as an còrr, a bu chòir a bhi 's an àireamh. Ach cha 'n'eil agam air, ach aiceachadh gu'm bheil mise, cosmhuil ribh féin, buailteach do mhearachdan. Ach cha bu mhat leam air a thàilleabh sin gu'n cuir-eadh càirdean oit rium. Slàn leibh. Rath is piseach gu'n robh oirbh. Buaidh is soirbheachadh leis A' Ghàidheal. Gu ma fada a bhitheas a' teachd air tùs gach mìos gu fàille a chur oirnn. Is mi, 'ur deadh charaid,

RUNASDACH.

Glaschu air Clusaidh,
20mh de'n Og-mhìos, 1872. }

BEATHA-EACHDRAIDH CHALUIM-CHILLE CAIB. III.

'N a phearsa, bha Calum-Cille àrd duineil, agus eireachdail. Bha a ghuth binn, agus làidir; air chor is gu'n cluinnteadh e aig astar mòr. Bha e ro ghaolach air seinn nan Salm. Chluinnteadh gu poncail ann am Muile e, thairis air a' chaolas, 'nuair a bhitheadh e 'seinn nan Salm ann an I. Tha e air innseadh le a luchd-eachdraidh, aig aon àm, air do shagartaibh Drùidheil, agus Rìgh nam Pecht, ionnsuidh a thoirt air casgadh a chur air 'aoradh Chaluim-Chille gu'n do sheinn e féin agus beagan do a bràithribh an cuigeamh Salm thar dà fhichead, air dhòigh cho drùidhteach, 's gu'n robh an Rìgh air a ghluasad gu

domhain, agus dh'ionn e Calum-Cille o na sagartaibh, 's ghabh e ris gu caoimhneil. Chaidh Rìgh Brid' iompachadh fo 'éisdeachd. Chaluim-Chille, agus bhaisteadh e leis. Mar thoradh air so, bha e ro bhàigheil ri Calum-Cille, agus ri 'bhràithribh, agus thug e cead agus cuideachadh dhoibh airson searmonachaidh air feadh a Rìoghachd; agus tha e coltach gu'n robh e féin a' moladh a' chreidimh Chrìosdail d'a shluagh. Aig càirt an Rìgh so, choinnich Calum-Cille ri prionnsa Eileanan Arcaibh (*Orkneys*), agus mhol e dha *Cormac*, fear d'a fhògh-lumaichibh, mar theachdair soisgeulach, a bheireadh e do na h-eileanaibh sin. Bha Calum-Cille agus a chompanaich ro shaoithreachail am measg bheanntan agus ghleanntan na Gàidhealtachd, a' craobh sgaoileadh an t-soisgeil. Bha iad mar an ceudna gu tric a'seòladh air feadh nan Eileanan an Iar, a' searmonachadh, agus a' togail thighean-aoraidh anns gach eilean. Bha tlachd àraidh aige anns an Eilean Sgiathanach, àit' anns an deachaidh a shaothair gu mòr a bheannachadh. Tha cunntas air a thoirt, gu'n robh e latha a' searmonachadh 's an eilean sin faisg air a' chladach, 's gu'n do ghlaodh e mach, "Mo chlann, chì sibh an diugh ceann-feadhna aosda, a chum rè a bheatha gu cùramach an lagh nàdurra, a' teachd gu bhi air a bhaisteadh agus gu bàsachadh." Air ball, bha bàta air a faicinn a' tighinn a dh'ionnsuidh a' chladaich, agus sean duine lag 'n a toiseach,—ceann-cinne treubh anns an nàbachd. Ghiùlain dithis d'a chompanaich suas e, chum a' cho-thionail, agus dh'éisd e le dùrachd ri teagasg Chaluim-Chille, a bha a' labhairt troimh eadar-theangair. 'N uair a chrìochnaicheadh an t-searmoin, dh'iarr an seann duine baisteadh. Chaidh a ghabhail a stigh do 'n eaglais Chrìosduidh tre òrdugh a' bhaistidh aig an àm sin féin; agus air ball dh'eng e! 's chaidh 'adhlacadh anns an dearbh ionad 'san robh an co-thional cruinn. Thachair so aig beul aibhne, a chaidh ainmeachadh

naithe sin, "*Tobar Artbrannain*." Bha eaglais agus Tigh-Mànach air an togail le Calum-Cille, no a luchd-leanmhuinn, ann an eilean a bha ann an Loch Chalum-Chille, ansgireachd Chillmhoire, 's an Eilean Sgiathanach. Bha eaglais mar an ceudna air a h-ainmeachadh air ann an eilean a tha ann an abhainn Shùisort. B' e *Loch Chalum-Chille* an t-ainm a bha air Loch Phort-rìgh, o chionn cheudan bliadhna, agus tha eilean anns an loch sin, ris an abrar fathast "*I-Chaluim-Chille*," Is ainneamh sgrìeachd an Iar na h-Alba, nach 'eil ainm Chalum-Chille, no fear d' a theachdairibh, air a chumail air chuimhne ann an ainm eaglais no claidh.

Bha Calum-Cille mar an ceudna saothreachail aig a' bhaile ann an I. Bhitheadh e a' teagasg na h-dìge, 's ag uidheamachadh nam fòghlumach air son dreuchd na ministreileachd, Bha e a' caitheamh mòran ùine ann an ùrnuigh, leughadh, agus sgrìobhadh. Bha e a' cur theachdairean soisgeulach, cha 'n e 'mhàin air feadh na h-Alba, ach mar an ceudna do Shasuinn, agus do chearn-aibh eile, do 'n robh eilean I-Chaluim-Chille 'n a àrd lòchran. "B' fhionnar an tobar do 'n uisge bheò a dh'fhosgladh 's an eilean uaigneach sin, agus b' ioc-shlaint do dh'iomadh dhùthaich thioraim, thartmhoir, na sruthana fallain a bha 'sgaoileadh uaithe gu fada, farsuing."

Air latha na Sàbaid, an naoitheamh là de mhìos mheadhonaich an t-samh-ruidh, 's a' bhliadhna 597, -anns an t-seachd bliadhna deug thar thrì fichead d' a aois, chrìochnaich Calum-Cille a thuras, agus chaidh a ghairm leis an Ard-Mhaighstir o shaothairbhliommhor, chum suaimhneis sìorruidh. An latha roimh 'n oidhche a chaochail e, dhirich e an cnoc os ceann a' Chlachain. ann an I, ghabh e a chead do 'n eilean 's do na tighibh-aoraidh, agus dh'fhàg e a bheannachd aig a' bhràithribh. Air dha teachd a nuas, lean e air ath-sgrìobhadh Leabhair nan Salm, gus 'n do ràinig e meadhon an treas salm deug thar an

fhichead, 'n uair a stad e; agus dh'ainmich e *Baithein* mar an neach a ghabhadh 'aite. Chuartaich e an sin an t-aoradh gnàthaichte anns an eaglais, 's thug e na h-aitheantan mu dheireadh do 'bhràithribh, a' guidheadh gu 'm bith-eadh sìth agus gràdh ghnàth a' riaghladh 'n am measg. Aig meadhon-oidhche chaidh e a ris do 'n eaglais a dh'ùrnuigh. 's fhuaradh an sin e 'n a shineadh gun làs, le Diarmad. Chruinnich a' bhuidheann uile mu chuairt dà, a' gul airson esan a bha 'n a athair dhoibh a bhi nis a' bàsachadh. Dh'fhosgail e a shùilean 's dh' amhairc e orra le gràdh agus aoibhneas, an sealladh mu dheireadh. An sin dhùin e air an t-saoghal so iad a chum am fosglaidh ann an glòir. "Agus chuala mi guth o nèamh, ag ràdh rium, Sgrìobh, Is beannaichte na mairbh a gheibh bàs 's an Tighearn, á so a mach: Seadh, tha an Spiorad ag ràdh, chum gu faigh iad fois o 'n saothair; agus leanaidh an oibre iad." (Taisb. xiv. 13.) "Agus dealraidh iadsan a tha glie mar shoilleireachd nan speur; agus iadsan a thionndaidheas mòran gu fireantachd mar na reultan, fad saoghal nan saoghal." (Dan. xii. 3.) "Aig Dia 's ro-phrìseil bàs a naomh." (Salm cxvi. 15.)

"Ach co an cridh' a bhreitanica e,
No 'n t-sùil a chunnaic riamh,
Mòr mheud is gnè an ulluchaidh,
D'a phobull féin rinn Dia!

Ach 's sona dhoibh 's is beannaicht' iad
'Fhuair aithne ghlan air Crìosd:
Oir meallaidh iad, 'n a chomunn-san,
An sonas ud, gu sìor!"

Chaidh an obair a thòisich Calum-Cille a ghiùlan air a h-adbairt leis na teachdairibh a dh'fhàg e 'n a dhéigh gu soirbheasach; agus bha I-Chaluim-Chille fad lùntean an déigh an amh sin 'n a chathair dhiadhachd, eòlais, agus fòghluim. Cha robh Calum-Cille air dhòigh 's am bith fo riaghladh Eaglais na Ròimhe, a bha eadhon aig an àm sin a' toiseachadh air fas truailidh; agus fad cheudan bliadhna an déigh a bhàis, bha

ministeirean I-Chaluim-Chille dealaichte o'n Eaglais sin, agus a' dol fo'n ainm *Cùildich*, a thugadh dhoibh do bhrìgh 's gu 'n robh an còmhnuidhean, mar bu trice, ann an àitibh uaigneach. Bha ministeirean ionnsaichte agus ainmeil a ghnàth a' tàmh ann an I-Chaluim-Chille; agus bha cruinneachadh mòr do leabhraichibh luachmhor air an gleidheadh ann an Tigh-nam-Mànach, no Chathair-Chùildich, an sin. Bha cuid de rìghribh na h-Alba, Eirinn, agus Lochlainn, agus mòran de chinn-feadhna Ghàidhealach air an adhlacadh 's an Eilean iomrait-each so. Tha e air aithris gu 'n dubhairt Calum-Cille, ùine bheag mu 'n do chaochail e,—

"I mo chridhe, I mo ghràidh,
'An àit' guth Manaich bi'dh geum bà;
Ach mu 'n tig an saoghal gu crìch
Biridh I mar a bha."

Thàinig a' cheud chuid de 'n fhàigheadaireachd so gu teachd; chaidh Cathair nan Cùildeach a chreachadh, 's thuit aineolas agus dorchadas air an Eilean sin, a bha 'na lèchran a measg nan eileanan. Cha 'n 'eil e mi-choltach nach 'eil coimhlionadh na cuid mu dheireadh de 'n fhàigheadaireachd air tòiseachadh. Tha I-Chaluim-Chille gach bliadhna a nis air a fìosrachadh le mìlteibh as gach dùthaich, a tha a' taghail a chbimhead air seann làraichibh a mòrachd. Maith a dh'fheudtadh nach deachaidh na smaointean a dhàisgear anns an inntinn ann a bhi a' gluasad mu chuairt air ballachaibh briste eaglaisean I-Chaluim-Chille, agus air na leacaibh-lighe aosmhor fo 'm bheil daoine a bha aon uair cumhachdach 'n an luidhe, a chur an caimt ni's eir-eachdaile, na mar a labhair an t-Olla *Johnson*, agus a tha air an eadar-theangachadh mar a leanas, ann an *Caraid nan Gàidheal*:—"Bha sinn a nis 'n ar seasamh air an Eilean ainmeil sin, a b' àrd lèchran fad linntean, do Ghàidhealtachd na h-Alba—as an d'fhuair Cinnich fhiadhaich agus ceathairne bhorba soch-

airean eòlais, agus beannachdan na saorsa. Cha bu chomasach, ged a dh'fheuchdadh ris, an inntinn a thogail o na smaointibh a dhùisg an t-àite so, agus b'amaideach an oidhirp, ged a bhiodh i comasach. Ge b' e ni a thàirngear air falbh sinn o chumhachd ar ceud-fàithean; ge b' e ni a bheir do na shiubhail o chian, no do na tha fathast ri tachairt, làmh-an-uachdar air na tha a làthair, tha so ag àrdachadh ar n-inbhe mar bhithibh tuigseach. Gu ma fad uam-sa agus om' chàirdibh an fheallsanachd reòta sin a dh'aomadh mi gu gluasad gu caoin-shuarach, eutrom, thar aon àit' a dh'fhàgadh urramaichte le gliocas, le fearalas, no le maise. Cha chulaidh fharmaid an duine sin nach mothaicheadh a ghràdh d' a dhùthaich air a neartachadh air blàrcatha Mharatoin, no an cràbhachd nach blàthaicheadh am measg làraichean briste I-Chaluim-Chille."

A' CHRIOCH.

RUATHAR MHIC-MHUIRICH.

[Air eadar-theangachadh bho Bheurla *Aytoun*, le Alasdair Mac Neacail.]

Rinn Mac Mhuirich bòid
An aghaidh Chloinn Mhic Thàbhais,
Chaidh 'thogail creich' na 'n tìr,
Le rèubainn is le ànnradh;
Oir mhionnaich è gu teann,
Gu 'n sgriosadh è bho 'n tìr iad,
Le cuig-thar-fhichead fear,
Is deich-thar-fhichead piobair!

Ach 'n nair 'ràinig è.
Sios mu leth Srath-Chànain,
Cha robh dhe 'chuid seoid.
Ach na triuir 's an làthair:
Sud na bha ri chùl,
Gu dìon 'an àm an tuasaid,
Cach bha thall 's a bhos,
A cuir a chruidh air fuadach.

'Ro mthath'! ars' Mac Mhuirich,
'Chaidh ar cliu a dholaidh!

Ghilleann, feùmail spàirn,
Air beothach mu 'n déid corrag!
So Mac-Mhic-Mhethusalah,
'Tighinn le 'chuid sluaigh,
Tri fichead fear 's a tri,
'S na h-uireid de Dhaoin-'uaisle'!

(Arsa Mac-Mhic-Mhethusalah)

'Fàilte mhaith dhuibh féin!
Nach sibhse Triath nan Cattan?
Cò dha 'm bheil ur céilidh,
'An àm tigh 'n so air astar?
So! So! mhic a choin!
Tha sè ceud bliadhn' bho n' dhùraig
Annail bheo na m' ghleann
Tigh 'n air turas spùinnidh.'

(Ars' Mac-Mhuirich)

'Dè sud 'tha thu 'g ràdh?
Tha do bhathais làidir;
Seallam dhuit, á bhobag,
Ciod è 's eubhaidh gnàth dhuit.
Chanell latha tuilleadh
Agad gu bhì beò,
Thugad bho mo ghunna,
'Sbho 'n chlaidheamh 'tha na m' dhòrn'!

'S ait, 'N àil', an sgeul'!
Arsa Flath Chloinn Thàbhais,
'S furasda dhomh fhéin
Stad 'chuir air do rànaich.'
'N sin thug Mac-Mhethuselah
Sgal mar leomhan gionach,
Tharruing è 'sgian-dubh,
Is sparradair 'n a mhionach.

Air an dòigh so fhéin,
Thainig bàs do 'n ghaisgeach,
Dha 'm bu chliu ri 'bheo
'Bhì na dhuine gasda,
Thainig mac na dhéigh,
'Bha pòsd air nighean Noah,
Theab gu 'n thraoigh an Dile
Leis dhe 'n uisg' na dhòl è.

'S bha è air a dheanamh,
'S mise féin 'tha cinnteach,
Nam biodh air tachairt ann
Blasad còir dhe 'n *Ileach*.
Ràinig erioch mo sgeòil,
Tha mi 'm beachd gur 'h-ùr i,
Cuir mu 'n cuairt an stòp,
Is marbhaig air an '*Duty*'!

SAMHLAIDHEAN

AIR NITHIUBH SFIORADAIL O NA CREAGAIBH.

Bha e 'n a chleachdadh cumanta aig
Criosd, 'n uair bha e air an talamh bhì
'gnàthachadh shamhlaidhean 'na theag-
asg. Bha iad sin a' deanamh an ni a
bha e 'cur an cèill ni bu shimplidhe ni
bu so-thuigsinne do 'n t-sluagh a bha
'g éisdeachd ris. Tha an dòigh theag-
aisg so feumail anns a' h-uile linn;
's cha 'n eil ni air am bheil eòlas againn
nach feud sinn samhladh a dheanamh
dheth a thaobh theagasgan na diadh-
achd. Tha sinn anns na leanas ma ta,
a' dol a ghabhail beachd air na creag-
aibh. Tha sinn eòlach gu leòir orra;
agus chì sinn ciod a dh' fhòghluimeas
sinn uapa.

AOSMHORACHD.

Tha luchd eòlais a' cumail a mach
gu 'm bheil aois gle mhòr aig na creag-
aibh. Their iad nach 'eil ann am
beagan mhlèan bliadhna ach neo-ni
an coimeas ris an ùine mhòir a chaidh
seachad o 'n rinneadh iad mar a tha
iad,—'s gu 'm feum sinn àireamh mhòr
de mhuilleinibh a ghabhail gu ruigsinn
air ais gu breith nan creag. Ach mòr
's mar tha a' leithid sin a dh' aois, is
faoin e ri taobh aois an Tì ris an abrar
"Carraig nan Al." Tha àireamh a
bhliadhnai-san a' dol thar àireimh.
Bha E ann an uchd an Athar shiorr-
uidh mu 'n robh creag no craobh ann
am bith; oir 's E a rinn iad uile; 's tha
E Féin a' dol air ais fad am measg nan
làithean a dh' fhalbh, 'n uair a tha E
'sgriobhadh mu thimchioll Féin,—
"Chuireadh suas mi o shiorruidheachd."

DÌOMHAIREACHD AGUS NITHEAN SO-
THUIGSINN.

Tha cuid de na creagaibh a tha so-
làmhsaichte. Gheibhear iad air uachd-
ar nan raon; 's feudar an tomhas no 'n
cothromachadh. Chithear iad air an
taobh a tha fodha, 's air an taobh a tha
'n àird, 's air gach taobh mu 'n cuairt
dhiubh; 's tha sinn mar sin comasach
air bhì a' gabhail làn eòlais orra. Ach

tha creagan eile ann 's cha 'n fhaic sinn ach earrann ro bheag dhiubh; oir tha a' chuid a's mò dhiubh folaichte gu tur ann am broinn na talmhainn, 's iad a' dol sìos a dh'ionnsuidh mòr dhoimhneachd a' chruthachaidh, far nach ruigear le stùil orra, 's far nach fhaighear eòlas air an nàdur no an suidheachadh a thug Dia dhoibh.

Tha nithean a tha 'co-fhreagairt ris na puincibh so am measg theagasgan an t-Soisgeil. Tha cuid a dh'fhìrinnibh a' Bhìobuill de a' leithid de nàdur simplidh 's gu 'm feud inntinn an leinibh bhig an cuartachadh; 's tha teagasgan an taghaidh 's na Trianaid, a tha ann an tomhas mòr do-rannsaichte. Cha 'n 'eil sinn a' faicinn dhiubh sin ach mar gu 'm biodh an eudain, 's tha iomadh taobh eile dhiubh air an làn chòmhdach le diomhaireachd, air nach cuir dad ach an t-siorruidheachd solus duinn. Tha mòran de theagasgaibh prìosail mar so 's an fhìrinn a tha air iomadh dòigh air an slugadh suas ann an dorchadas troimh nach faic stùil duine beò—'s tha iad cho àrd 'n an nàdur 's nach faigh inntinn gu bràth làn bheachd orra. Tha e fìor nach 'eil ni o aon cheann gu ceann eile a' Bhìobuill nach 'eil feumail gu 'm bith-eamaid 'g a chreidsinn agus a' beachd-smuaineachadh air; ach tha iomadh ni a tha mar sin feumail a thaobh am feum sinn fuireach ann an tomhas mòr a dh'aineolas, agus a thaobh gur h-i a' chainnt a's freagarraiche ann am beul an fhìor Chrìosduidh." O saoihbheas araon gliocais agus eòlais Dé! Cia do-rannsaichadh a bhreitheanas a agus dol-gachaidh a shlighean!"

A' CHREAG MAR BHUNAIT.

An tì leis am miann tigh a chur suas nach tilg a' ghaoth sìos agus nach giùlain an t-uisge air falbh togaidh e air bonn làidir na carraige e. Ach tha nithe eile a bharr air tighibh a tha 'g iarraidh bunaite seasmaich chum 's gu 'm bitheamaid 'gan socruchadh oirre. Tha againn anama neo-bhàsmhor a tha

gach là ann an cunnart; 's cha 'n 'eil ni feadh an t-saoghail air am bi iad sàbhailt ach air Crìosd. Cosmhuil ris a' chreag tha Easan seasmhach gu leòir, agus coma cìod an t-uallach a shuidhichear air. Cha 'n 'eil peacach fo 'n ghreìn nach fheud a thaice a leigeil air; 's ged robh a chiont gu bràth cho mòr, ma bheirear e gu bhì a' socruchadh a mhàin air an Tì so cumar suas e gun charuchadh 's cha tig call dha a chaoidh.

A' CHREAG MAR OHLADH.

Gabh beachd air na creagaibh mar àit-adhlacaidh do ainmhidhibh a fhuair bith anns na seann linnibh a dh'fhalbh. Tha e 'na ni cho iongantach 's a choinnicheas ri duine 's an t-saoghal nàdurach gu 'm faighear ann am broinn nan clachan cruaidhe sligean agus earrannan de lusaibh 's de ainmhidhibh de gach seòrsa. Gheibhear na mìltean 's na deich mìltean dhiubh so air a' leithid de dhòigh 's gu 'm bheil ann am bailtibh mòra, eaglaisean agus tighean costail eile a tha gu h-iomlan air an deanamh suas de chlachaidh anns nach 'eil dad ach sligean 's cloisichean nam bèistean marbha a chruthaich Dia linnntean gun àireamh roimhe so. Tha so 'na ni ro iongantach da rìreadh; 's tha luchd-fòghluim a' tarruing iomadh leasan uaith. Ach 's ann a tha sinne ag iarraidh feum' spioradail a dheanamh deth. Tha sinn 'ga shamhlachadh ri ni a tha 'co-fhreagairt ris am measg àrd theagasgan an t-Soisgeil.

'Se Crìosd, ma ta, "Carraig nan Al;" agus theirear mu 'n dream a tha 'creidsinn ann gu 'm bheil iad ann. Tha 'n Fhìrinn ag ràdh, "ma tha neach air bith ann an Crìosd is creutair nuadh e;" 's tha E féin a' toirt seachad mar àithne, iad bhì a' fantuinn ann. Tha iad ann an Crìosd a bhrìgh a' Choicheangail shìorruidh anns am bheil E 'seasamh air an son, agus 'g an gabhail a stigh maille ris; 's tha iad ann mar an ceudna a bhrìgh aonaidh dhìomhair a tha an Spiorad Naomh a' deanamh 'sa' daingneachadh. Tha mar so co-fhreagairt-

eachd eadar na creagan nàdurach agus Criosd, a' Charraig spioradail; ach le a' leithid so a dh'eadar-dhealachadh, ged 's e na *mairbh* a gheibhear annta-san, gur sluagh *beò* iad ann an Criosd; a réir mar tha E féin ag ràdh, "Do bhrìgh 's gu'm bheil Mise *beò*, bithidh sibhse *beò* mar an ceudna."

A' CHREAG MAR BHIADH.

Cuiridh so mòr iongantach air-san a leughas e. A' chreag mar bhiadh! Cò riamh a chuala a' leithid! Gidh-eadh is ni e a tha cho fìor 's a tha e cho iongantach. Cha'n 'eil anns an aran a th' air a' bhòrd ach ni a thàinig as an talamh; 's cha'n 'eil anns an talamh ach a' chreag, air a pronnadh 's air a deanamh min. Bha là ann, mar a tha luchd-fòghluim a' cur an céill, 'n uair nach fhaicinn ach uisge is cruaidh chreagan feadh farsuinneachd a' chruthachaidh. Cha threabhadh crann ann an sin—cha sgriobadh cliadh—'s cha'n fhàsadh siol. Ach rinn reòthadh is uisge—rinn fuachd agus teas—min-phronnadh air na creag-aibh sin; 's thionndaidh earrann mhòr dhiubh gu ùir; 's tha duine agus ainmhidh a' faotainn a nis an ni a dh'itheas iad. 'S ann mar sin a tha sinn a' ciallachadh, agus 's ann mar sin a tha e fìor, gur h-ann o'n chreag a tha'm biadh a' tighinn. Ach deanamaid a nis ar samhail o'n so. 'S e Criosd an fhìor chreag; 's e Carraig nan Al E; ach 's e mar an ceudna an t-aran spioradail e air am bheil an t-anam gràsmhor a' beathachadh chum na beatha shìorruidh; agus mar is éigin do'n chreag a bhi air a pronnadh mu'n tig biadh aisde; 's ann mar sin a tha sinn a' tuigsinn nach beathaichear an t-anam air Criosd ach do réir agus mar tha Criosd air a bhruthadh. Tha sinn uime sin a' leughadh gu'n do "Iotadh E air son ar n-cucairtean." Bhuineadh gu cruaidh ris a' chreig mu'n d' thàinig i gu bhi 'n a meadhon beathachaidh do chorpan duine; 's bhuineadh gu cruaidh mar an ceudna ri Criosd ann E bhi air

a throm-smachdachadh leis an Athair mu'm b'urrainn ar n-anama bhi 'sealbhadh na beatha shìorruidh.

A nis ann an co-dhùnadh, 's e ar miann a bhi 'moladh, do'n dream a leughas na briathran so, an Tì Mhòir ris am bheil ar samhlaidhean ag amharc. Gabhaibh eòlas air mar an Tì a tha gu léir luachmhor. Tuigibh gur neach E a tha aron ro mhòr ann féin, agus a rinn nithe iongantach air son a shluaigh. Seallaibh ris mar an Slàn-uishear Uil'-fhoghainteach, 's cuiribh bhuir dòchas a thaobh tìm is bith-bhuantachd Annsan.

Baile-nan-cnoc.}

C. D.

1872. }

CUIMHNEACHAN O SHEANN GHAIDHEAL 'S NA STAIDIBH AONAICHTE.

BAILE GHRAIDH-BHRATHAIREIL*

ANNS NA STAIDIBH AONAICHTE.

Ceud mhios an Earraich, 1872.

Faillte ort a Ghàidheil Oig,—Chuir caraid araid an treas àireamh a m' ionnsuidh, oir bha fios aige air a' mhòr ghràdh a bh' agam do chànan mo leanbaidheachd. Mo thruaighe mi gu'm bheil mi nis air meirgeadh innte. Thog an leabhar beag sùnd air m' aigne, agus bha m' inntinn a' sìor-chnuasachadh cìod a sgriobhainn a d' ionnsuidh. Thàinig àireamh do nithibh a dh' ionnsuidh mo chuimhne, ach ròghnaich mi air an àm so labhairt riut mu dhithis dhaoine misneachail, sgairteil, agus féin-spéiseil nach gabhadh spìd no masladh o'osal no o' uasal. Cha robh aon aca cùig troidhean air àirde. Bha aon dhiubh 'na mharsanta a ghnàth a' falbh mu'n cuairt feadh na dùthcha le 'mhàladh air a' ghuaillnibh. 'N uair a thigeadh e chum aon de na bailtibh beaga, chruinnicheadh a' chlann bheag agus ruitheadh iad an dèigh a' mharsanta agus thionailleadh iad mu'n cuairt air féin agus air a' mhàladh, ni a bha 'na mhòr thrioblair, do'n mharsanta. B' sin a' mhàladh luachd mhor! 'N uair a dh' fhosgailleadh i thogadh a' chlann bheag an lèmban agus dh' fhosgladh iad an sùilean le mòr ioghuadh ag ràdh ri chèile,—“Seall! O seall! am fac thu riamh a' leithid sin.” Gu deimhinn bha a' mhàladh iongantach! Bha àit air gach seòrsa innte, agus bha gach seòrsa 'na àite féin. Ribinnean riomhach de gach dath, neapaiceanan sìde agus cainneach; meurain; snàthan agus snàth-foadhail; dubhain chuilleag a suas gu dubhain throg; dathan de gach gnè; gidh-

Philadelphia.

eadh bha gach ni 'n a hite féin. Bha a' marsanta borb ris a' chloinn bhig; agus gu minic gheibheadh iad stailc leis an t-slaith-thomhais mu 'n claisg'nibh. Bha e leonta an-aon d'a lùmbaibh; air son sin fhuaire e'n t-ainm suaicheanta, *Marsant' a' chliutain*; agus air son a chrosdachd ris a' chloinn, leanadh iad e o thigh gu tigh a' glaochaich 'n a dhéigh, *cliant! cliant!*

Air là araidh bha a' chlann ghaisgeil ag éigheach 'n a dhéigh air a' mhodh so; dh'fhàs e ro fheargach riù agus air faicinn fuire feòir dha, ghabh e'm forc agus ruith e as an déigh. Thachair do shean duine còir teachd a mach o thigh oibre, agus 'n uair a' chunnaic e a' marsanta 'ruith an déigh na cloinne leis an fhorc, ruith e am measg na cloinne a' saoil-sinn gu'n deanadh a làthaireachd tèarmun dhoibh. Thilg a' marsanta am forc air thuairamas agus bhuail e'n sean duine mu'n chalda; agus chaidh aon d'a mhèid troimh 'n osan agus troimh 'n chraiceann, a' deanadh loit craiteich an calpa an t-sean duine, agus thubhairt e, "Cìod uime thilg thu'm forc orm 's mi neo-chiontach!" Fhreagair a' marsanta, "mur an robh thu ciontach car son a ghabh thu sgaoim?"

Aig àm eile thachair gu'n d' thàinig marsanta chliutain gu baile araidh anns an robh duine beag sgairteil a' gabhail còmhnuidh d'an d' thug an luchd-àiteachaidh an t ainm suaicheanta, *Am Prionnsa*. Bha tigh còmhnuidh a' Phrionnsa air bruaich gaineimh, agus bha sruthan beag uisge a' ruith dlùth ri oir na bruaich. Thachair do'n mharsanta bhi 'gabhail an rathaid seachad air an tigh, 's bha'm Prionnsa 'n a sheasamh f'a chomhair an doruis. Labhair iad ri chèile air tùs; ach mu dheireadh thàinig briathran searbh agus feargach eadar na suinn, an sin scròbail is builleann. Mu dheireadh ghlac na feara a chèile, gach fear a' strì ri nàmhaid a chur gu talamh agus an d' thàinig iad gu oir na bruaich; na feara a' tuiteam muin air mhuin anns an t sruthan. Dh' fhuaraich an t-uisge mòr-fhearg nan gaisgeach treunmhor agus chuir e crìoch air an streup. Bha mi 'n am bhall-achan anns an àm agus cha do dhi-chuimhnich mi riamh là blàr a' Phrionnsa agus a' Mharsanta. Thubhairt neach ris a' Phrionnsa 'n uair a thàinig e'n àird air a' bhruaich, "fhuaras gu math thu mu dheireadh." O an duine bochd, thubhairt esan; bha e 'g am bhualadh far an ruigeadh e orm! Bha'm freagradh so 'n a aobhar ghàire do mhòran fad an déigh a' còmhraig; oir cha robh fhios co de'n dithis a b' àirde. Bha a' marsanta tana ann am feòil, agus bha 'm Prionnsa sultmhor, a' chuid a bha dh'uireasbhuidh air ann an àirde bha e aige ann an leud.

SEANN GHAIHDAL.

SUSPIRIA

LE LONGFELLOW.

Gabh iad O Bhàis is thoir air falbh
Gach ni a their thu a 's leat féin;
Tha t' iomhaigh càraicht' air a' chriadh
Ag ràdh gur leatsa sin, ach sin a mhàin.

Gabh iad O Uaigh a's luidheadh iad
Faisgte air do sgeilpibh caol'
Mar aodach 'chuir an t-anam dheth
Luachmhor ach a mhàin dhuinn féin.

Gabh iad O Shiorruidheachd mhòr
Cha 'n 'eil 'n ar beath' ach osag fhaoin
'Tha 'sgaoileadh anns an tìr a blàth
'S gu làr a' lùbadh gheug do chraoibh.
Eadar-theangaichte le R. B.

LAOIDH NA BEATHA

LE LONGFELLOW.

(Freagairt cridhe an òganaich do 'n Bhàrd.)

Na innis dhomh am briathran dubhach
Nach 'eil 'n ar beatha ach brudair faoin;
Oir tha an t-anam marbh a chaidleas
'S cha 'n 'eil nithe mar a shaoil.

Tha ar beatha anabarr sòluimt'
'Scha 'n i 'n uisge fhuar crìoch ar saoghail;
Is duslach sibh 's gu duslach pillidh,
Cha d' thubhairt' riabh ri anma dhaoin.'

Cha 'n e toil-inntinn 's cha 'n e mulad
Ar crìoch àraid no ar ra'ad
Ach bhi 'deanadh chum 's gach latha
Gu 'm bith 'ur maithas 'dol am meud.

Tha ealain llongmhor 's ùine 'siubhal
'S ged robh 'n cridhe fearail treun
Cha 'n 'eil ann ach *drama* 'mhulaid
'Bualadh coranach an éig.

Ann am faich an t-saoghail fharsuing,
Ann an camp na beatha fhlor,
Na bith mar ainmhidh balbh gun toinise,
Bi ad ghaisgeach anns an strì.

Na cuir earbs' an gean ri tighinn
'S na bi 'caoidh na h-ùine a thréig;
Dean, O dean, 's an àm a th' agad
Fò cheannsal Dhé le cridhe treun.

Tha beatha dhaoine mòr 'g ar teagasg
Gu 'm feud sin uile strì ri euchd;
Is air dhuinne siubhal dhachaidh
Ceuma fhàgail as ar déigh.

Ceuma theagamh 'chì neach eile
Air a thurus troimh an t-saogh'l,
Bràthair bochd tha 'call a mhisnich
'Sgu'm faigh e spiorad ùr d'an taobh.

Bith'mid suas ma ta 's ag obair
Le cridh' gun gheilt roimh chruas an
t-saogh'l

A' sìor-bhuidhinn 's a' sìor-leantuinn
'Fòghlum, foighidin, is saoth'ir.

Eadar-theangachta le R. B.

RANNAN AIR NOTE PUNND SASUNNACH

A bha am paipean salach, saraichde a fhuar-
adh ann am Malairt o sheann bhean aig
an robh ainm Aìrgiod a bhi, agus a bha
'g a àicheadh.

Tha thusa sin a phrabag ragach
Ribeach, robach, phrabach thruagh;
Meadhon sraichde, aodan salach,
'S blàth na dosgairinn air do ghruaidh.

Fhreagair ise.

"O cha 'n iognadh mi bhi prabach,
'S iomadh car a chaidh mi luaidh,
'S iomadh aon a dh'fhàg mi sona,
Is suil 'bha air mo dhéigh truagh."

Thubhairt mise.

"Suidh a stòs is inns' do naidheachd
Is na greas ro ealamh uam;
Bheir mi féin dhuit àit 's am fan thu,
'S fàsgadh tighe a bhios buan."

Fhreagair ise.

"O cha 'n fheud mi fuireach agad,
'S allaban fo m' chois is ruaig;
Cha luaithe a tha mi ann am baile
Na tha mi le cabhaig uaith."

'N tìm a b'fhaid' a fhuair mi dh'anail
B'ann aig cailleach Eachain Ruaidh;
Shnuim-i mi am mogan stocaidh
'N seotal ciste glaiste cruaidh.

Luidh mi 'n sin fad iomadh latha
'N toit 'g am dhalladh 'call mo shnuaidh;
'S bhòidicheadh a' chailleach charrach
Nach robh aic' aon fhàirdean ruadh.

Ach air dhi bhi mach air chéilidh
Thàinig reubanach mu 'n cuairt;
Tholl an anainn; bhris na glàsan;
'S fhuair mi cead na coise uair!

Ach ma fhuair cha b'fhada 'mheal mi,
Chaidh an tòir 'n ar déigh gu luath;
Thug iad mi á sàil na bróige,
'S crois is céir chaidh air mo ghruaidh.

Sheas mi air là mòr na cùirte,
'S thug mi fianuis 'measg an t-sluaigh;
Fhuair a' chailleach air a h-ais mi,
'S fhuair am bàs i féin gu luath.

'S ged 'bu chruinn a sgrìob i còmhlaith
Am bonn òir, 's an sgillinn ruadh,
O bu bhraise 'chaidh a sgaoileadh
Na ni gaoth am moll a ruag'.

Leum na càirdean air a chéile
'Mu 'n robh 'n crèutair fuar 's an uaigh,
Bha 'n luchd-lagha 'n an cuid féin deth,
Is gach aon ri streupaid chruaidh.

Och, mo léireadh nam bu ni e
'Bhiodh r' a innseadh anns an t-saoghal,
A' chailleach fhaotainn comas éiridh
Dh'fhaicinn 'n dhol' 'bha air a saothair.

O 's ann aice 'bhiodh an cuibhrionn
An och, och 's an guileadh truagh;
Càch a' faotainn math a cuibhrionn
Is i féin dhol bàs le cruas.

'S iomadh piuthar agus bràthair
A tha 'n dràs aic' am measg dhaoine;
'N cuid 'n a luidhe 'meirgeadh làmh riu
'S feum gu leòr air air gach taobh.

Gabh-sa rabhadh nis o m'òran
Is do dhòrn na gléidh co dùint';
Dean-sa math le d' stòr 's tu 'n làthair;
Sgaoilidh càch e 's tu 's an ùir.

Ledaig.

J. CAMPBELL.

MAIRI AGUS AN T-ADMIRAL.

Is cleachda leis na Goill a bhi ri fotheid
air na Gàidheil bhochd', air son cho àineol-
ach, maol-theangach 's a gheibhear iad an
coitcheannas an uair a dh'fheuchas iad ris
a' Bheurla; agus, air uairibh, cha'n'eil teag-
amh nach bi iad a' deanadh thuistidhean agus
mhearachdan gle neònach; ach dèna 's mar
tha na Goill, cha 'n'eil daoine air bith ann
a tha ni's toithiche air a' bhi a labhairt deth
a chéile, agus ri fala-dhà neo lochdach de
gach seòrsa, na na Gàidheil iad féin. Tha
an sgeulachd bheag a leanas glé chumanta
ann an cuid de chearnan de Earraghaidheal
agus theagamh gu 'n toir i gaire air bhuir
luchd-leughaidh. Cha 'n'eil mise 'dol a
ràdh co dhiù a tha i fìor no nach 'eil; ach

cia mar 's am bith a bhàtar 's an àm a dh' fhalbh, is cinnteach mi nach faightear ann an ceàrn d' an Ghàidhealtachd an diugh, aon fhear no té cho fada air an ais 's nach bith-eadh fios aca co dhiù 'bu bheathach no duine a bha ann an *Admiral*.

Bha aig boireannach deanadach, glic, aon uair, tabhartas beag de uibhean ri chur o dh'ionnsaidh an Tigh-Mhòir. Air dhith an cur a suas gu tèaruinte ann am bascaid ghairm i an searbhanta, caileag òg gun mhòran de eòlas an t-saoghail, agus dh' earailich is sheòl i dhi cia mar a ghluaiseadh i i-féin aig an Tigh-Mhòr. "Is bith-eanta," ars' ise, "leis an *Admiral* e féin a bhi 'gabhaill a shràid fo sgàil nan craobh anns an rathad-dhiomhair eadar an Tigh-Mòr agus an geata, agus ma thachras e ort feuch gu'm bi thu flior mhodhail 's gu'n toir thu a' h-uile urram da. Ma dh' fheoraicheas e dhìot co as a tha thu, no c' àite am bheil thu 'dol, no ciod a tha agad, innsidh tu dha gu pongail, 's bi cinnteach gu'n abair thu, *Le'r cead*, aig deireadh gach freagairt a bheir thu dha. Aithnichidh tu an t-*Admiral* cho luath 's a chì thu e le cheum flathail, àrd, agus is àbhaist da sràidimeachd am bith-eantas le 'churrachd-oidhche dearg air mar chòmhdach cinn, agus a nis, a Mhàiri, bi 'faibh agus mo bheannachd a'd' chuideachd!" Thog a' chaileag bho chd orra gu sùrdail, làn de na comhairlean a fhuair i; ràinig i an geata mòr 's ghabh i a stigh. Air dhi a bhi 'dlùthachadh air an tigh faicidh i coileach-Frangach briagh a' steòcadh a nuas 'n a coinneamh cho moiteil 's ged a bu leis féin an oighreachd - earball sgaoilte 's e 'cur smùid as an talamh le bàrr a sgiathan—"Ma tha *Admiral* 's an dùthaich," thuirt i rithe féin, "is e so e. Cò nach faodadh aithneachadh le 'cheum mòrail, uasal, 's mar a tha e a' dlùthachadh orm, combharrachidh mi gu soilleir a churrachd dearg ceart mar a thuirt mo bhana-mhaighstir. Ach is mithich a bhi bogadh nan gad' so e 'tighinn!" Bhog an coileach a cheann mar fhìor dhuin' uasal 's chuir e fàilte chridheil orra. Arsa Màiri, agus i aig a' cheart àm a' deanadh a beic, "Tha mi á Lismòr, le'r cead, le'r cead." Thug an coileach an dara mìolaran as.— "Tha mi 'dol d' an Tigh-Mhòr, le'r cead, le'r cead." An treas uair thug e guileag sùndach as, agus fhreagair Màiri, "Uibhean chearcan is gheadh, le'r cead, le'r cead." Le so leig e seachd i Rinn i a gnothach 's thill i gun 'fhaicinn tuilidh. An uair a ràinig i dhachaidh dh' fheoraich a bana-

mhaigstir cia mar a chaidh dhi. "Chaidh gu math 's gu ro mhath," "Am faca tu an t-*Admiral*?" "Is mi a chunnaic,— an t-uasal grinn, cùrteil, agus fhreagair mi a' h-uile ceisid a chuir e orm, ged is i *Fraingis* a labhair e!"

MAC MHAERCUIS.

Rugha-nam-faoileann, }
Bealltainn, 1872. }

NITHE NUADH AGUS SEAN.

CHaidh botul *portair* a thairgse do Dhròbh-air-each Gàidhealach ma'n aidicheadh e an dèigh dha each a bh' aige a rèic faillinnean an ainmhidh. Chaidh am botul òl, agus an sin thubhairt e nach robh ach dà chron air an each. 'Nuair a leigte e mu sgaoil bha e duilich breith air, agus 'n uair a gheibhte greim air cha robh feum 's am bith ann.

ALTACHADH EIRIONNACH os ceann mìr beag de fheòil bhrùich agus gràinnin de bhuntàta beag:—

O thusa a bheannaich na buillinn 's na h-èisg Nis seall air a' bheagan 'tha'n so 'san dà mheis; 'Sged nach 'eil na buntàta am meudachd ro mhòr

Do na h uile an so biodh iad lìonmhor gu leòr; Oir 's cinnteach gu'm biodh e 'n amhiorbhuil as ùr

Nan lìonadh an cuibhrionn so dhuinne ar brù.

Air do shearmoin anabarrach dhrùidhteach a bhi air a toirt seachad ann an Eaglais a mach air an dùthaich, thòisich an luchd èisdeachd uile air gal ach aon duine. Dh' fheoraicheadh dheth-san, dé mar a bha e cho cruaidh chridheach? Fhreagair e gur h-ann a bhuineadh esan do sgìreachd eile.

Thuirt an dara seirbhiseach ri 'chompanach nach robh ach car mi-chùramach mu 'anam, "car son nach 'eil thu a' tasgaidh ionmhais duit féin ann an Nèamh?" "Car son? Dé am feum a tha ann a bhi a' gleidheadh ionmhais an sin far nach faic duine e gu bràth tuilleadh."

'S i an dòigh a's fearr a chum cridhe duine a dhaingneachadh an aghaidh sgainneil creidsinn gu'm bheil gach sgeul breugach nach bu chòir a bhi fìor.

Bha dà uasal a' fàilteachadh a chéile gu cridheil, 's 'g am moladh féin air son cho stuama 's a bha iad. "A nis, a charaid, am faca tu mise riamh," arsa aon diubh, "le barrachd 's a b' urrainn mi a ghiùlan?" "O cha'n fhaca gu dearbh," ars' am fear eile; "ach shaoil leam iomadh uair gu'm b' fhearr duit dol dà uair air tòir na bha agad."

Dh' fheoraich bean-usal aon uair d' a Lighiche co dhiù a bha snaosain cronail do'n

canchainn? "Cha'n'eil," ars' esan, "oir cha do ghabh fear aig an robh eanchainn snaosain riamh."

SHEARMONAICH ministear ainmeil aon mhaduinn o'n cheann teagaisg, "Tha sibh 'n'ur clann aig an Diabhlul," agus an déigh mheadhon latha o na facail, "A chlann, bithibh umhal d'ur pàrantan."

THUIRT an Tighearna Mac Néill (Lord Nelson) "bha mi a ghnàth ceathramh na h-uaireach roimh'n am, agus rinn e duine dhìom."

AN DROBHAIR MAC THAMHAIS.*
So agaibh uaigh Phara Mhic Thàmhais,
Drobhair Gà'lach—baraigis gun iochd!
Bho'n Fhéill-rathainn gus an Fhéill-Mhàrt-
ainn

Ia cha bhiodh Paraig fionnar bho'n dibh!
Seachnaibh a choluinn a chnuimheagan
pàiteach

Fòghnaidh a fàileadh gu'r fagail air mhisg!

THA Inntinn mhòr a' deanamh tàir air dioghaltas.

CHA'N'EIL esan nach gléidh rùn dìomhair airidh air caraid a bhi aige.

NA pòs ach air son gaol; ach thoir an aire nach gabh thu gaol ach aircuspair ionmhuinn.

CHA'N e cuibhrionn beag de'n t-sàtan a th'anns an neach a tha'g ùrnuigh ri Dia agus a' lot a chòimhearsnaich.

THA firinn air a breith leinn; agus feumaidh sinn aineart a thoirt d'ar nàdur mun crath sinn dhinn ar gràdh do'n fhìrinn.

NAIDHEACHDAN.

BHA Ard-Sheanaidhean na h-Eaglais Stéidhichte agus na h-Eaglais Saoire cruinn aig an àm àbhaisteach an Dunéidinn,—'s e sin an deireadh a' Chéitein agus an toiseach an Og mhios. 'Si aon de na Ceisdean a bu chudthromaiche a bha f'an comhair, Ceisd an Fhòghluim. 'Sléir duinn gu'm bheil e 'nan rùn uile, lagh math air son fòghluim rioghachdail fhaotainn a dh'Alba; ach tha iad gu math eadar-dhealaichte 'nam beachdan a thaobh a' chruth a bu chòir a dh'Achd Pàrlamaid air son fòghluim rioghachdail a ghabhail. Tha buidheann bheag anns an Eaglais Stéidhichte aig am bheil an t-aon bheachd air a' phuinc ris an Eaglais Chléir.

*Here lies Peter McTavish,
A Highland Drover, and a terrible savage,
He was always drunk and never sober,
From Fort-William in June, to Falkirk in October.
Ye greedy worms beware of his body,
For 'twill make you drunk with whisky toddy.

† Fort-William and Falkirk Cattle Trysts.

each Aonaichte, agus ris a' bhuidheann mhòr anns an Eaglais Shaoir. 'Si brìgh seasamh na muinntir so gu'm fàgadh a' Phàrlamaid aig Buill Bhòrd nan Sgìreachdan co dhiubh a bhiodh am Biobull agus Leabhar-Aithghearr nan Ceisd air an teagasg anns na Sgoiltibh. Tha a' bhuidheann mhòr 's an Eaglais Stéidhichte agus a' bhuidheann bheag 's an Eaglais Shaoir air son gu'm bina Sgoilean Ura de ghné nan Sgoilean Sgìreachd a tha againn an dràs,—gu'm bi iad, a thaobh teagasg a' Bhiobuill agus Leabhar-Aithghearr nan Ceisd agus nithe eile, cosmhuil ri u so. 'S ann mar so a bha guth nan Ard-Sheanaidhean air a' phuinc, agus a réir so chuir iad iarrtuais gus a' Phàrlamaid mu dhéibhinna' *Bill*. Tha am *Bill* a nis gu math roimh 'n Phàrlamaid, agus tha dòchas math d' a thaobh gu'n tig e roimhe.

A thaobh Ceisd an Aonaidh 's an Eaglais Shaoir thug an t-Ard-Sheanadh air a' bhliadhna so breith a réir a' chùrsa a bha air a ghabhail le Ard-Sheanaidhean nam bliadhnachan a chaidh seachad;—'s e sin gu'm bheil an taobh mòr a' leantuin air an aghaidh, ged nach'eil iad a' dol cho bras, leis an aon rùn, 's ag oibreachadh gu sàmhaich cinnteach chum na h-aon chrìche,—gu'm bi Aonadh ann, agus nach bi ro fhada thuige. A chum na crìche so bha dà ni a bha ro fheumail ri'n oidhirpeachadh. An toiseach bha e iomchuidh gu'n gabhadh iad air mhodh an t-Iomradh a thug an Comunn Sònruichte air an Aonadh a steach. Anns an Iomradh so bha e air a mholadh mar ni ro ionmhiannaichte gu'm biodh cead air a thoirt do na h-Eaglaisean fa leth gairmean a thoirt seachad am measg a' chéile; 's e sin, gu'm faodadh coimhthional anns an Eaglais Shaoir gairm a thoirt do mhinistear anns an Eaglais Chléirich Aonaichte. Ghabh an Eaglais Chléireach Aonaichte ris an ni cheana; agus tha an Eaglais Shaoir air a' ghnòthuch a thug gus na Cléiribh air fad feadh na rioghachd chum am beachd agus an guth fhaotainn air a' phuinc roimh'n ath Ard-Sheanadh. B'e an dara ni oidhirp a thoirt air an Eaglais Stéidhichte a dhi-stéidheachadh. Rinn an t-Olla Rainy gluasad air a' phuinc air son an d' thug a' mhòr chuid an guth. Oir tha iad ag amharc air cho fad agus a bhi theas an Eaglais Stéidhichte mar a tha i gu'm bi an taobh beag 's an Eaglais Shaoir a' sealltuinn rithe le stùil chaoin, blàs cridhe, agus theagamh air son cuideachadh uaispe, no aonadh rithe fadheòidh. Ma'n tachradh an ni mu dheir-

eadh so bhiodh an t-seann Eaglais Albannach ni bu treise na an fheadhainn nach 'eil Stéidhichte ged bhiodh iad air fad 'nan aon.

Tha an Eaglais Stéidhichte air an laimh eile 'g a neartachadh agus 'g a h-athleasachadh féin mar a's féarr is urrainn di. Mar a's mò a théid aice air so a dheanamh 's ann a's dorra do chàch a tilgeadh sìos.

Le bàs an Olla Urramaich, Tormoid Mac Leòid, ministear a' *Bharony* an Glaschu, chaill Eaglais na h-Alba an t-aon a b' ainmeile d'a ministeiribh. Rugadh e am Baile Cheann-Loch an Ceanntìre 's a' bhliadhna 1812, 'n uair a bha 'athair, "Caraid nan Gàidheal," 'n a mhinistear ann. Fhuair e 'fhòghlum an Glaschu, an Dunéidinn, is anns a' Ghermailt. B' e fear de 'n fheadhainn a tha air an sònruachadh gu bhì 'searmonachadh do 'n Bhan-rìgh 'nn, air an robh e fìor eòlach agus aig an robh mòr mheas air. Shiubhail e as a' bheatha so air an 16mh là deug de dhara mìos an t-samhraidh, 'se trì fichead bliadhna dh'aois. Tha mòran caoidh air feadh na rìoghachd air fad, agus gu sònruichte ann an Glaschu. Bha e ainmeil mar Albannach treun, tapaidh, le ceud-fathan mòra, feadh an t-saoghail air fad. 'S fad' mu 'n faicear a leithid 'n ar measg a rithis. Fhad 's a bha e beò bha aig na Gàidheil aon neach ainmeil d'an cinneadh féin as am feudadh iad le ceartas mòr uail a dheanamh.

A thaobh Ceisd na h-Alabamai tha na còirichean neo-chuimseach air son an robh na Stàidean Aonaichte a' tagradh an tùs ri bhì air an leigeadh seachad. Le so tha an enap-storra a bu mhò eadar sinn féin agus na Stàidean air a thoirt as an rathad.

D A N

MU BHAS CHAILEIN CHAIMBEIL TRIATH CHLUVAIDH.

Tha airm an laoi ch f' mheirg 'san tùr;
Chòmhdaich ùr an curaidh treun;
Bhuail air Alaba speach as ùr:
A feachd tròm, tùrsach, 'sileadh dheur.
Mu Ghaisgeach Ghaidheil nan sàr bheairt,
Fo ghlaiss a bhàis, mar dhùil gun toirt:
Triath na Cluaidh bu bhuadhaich feairt;
Ga chaoidh gu tròm, le cridhe goirt.
Air oidhe 's mi m' laidhe 'm shuain,
'S mo smuaintean air luath's na dreig;
Uair agam, 'sa' n sin uam;
Bhrudair mi 'bhi shuas air creig.
Thoir leam gu 'n robh teachd 'nam choir,

Fo bhratach bhròin de shròl dubh
Sar mhaighdean mhaiseach, mhòr;
Tiamhaidh, leont' bha ceòl a guth.
Mar dhrillsheadh reult, bha gorm shùil;
A' glan ghnuis cho geal 's an sneachd;
Bha falt donn air sniomh mu 'cùl:—
Tiugh chiabha dluth nan iomadh dath.
M' a ceann bha clogaid do dh-fhior chruaidh,
Ri barr bha dualach o'n each ghlas;
A laimh dheas, chum sleagh na buaidh;
Claidheamh truaile, suas ri 'leis.
Sgiath chopach, obair sheòlt',
Le mòrchuis 'na laimh chli.
Luireach mhaileach, greist' le h-òr,—
Bu chomhdach do nighean rìgh.
Laidh leoghann garg, gu stuama stòlt'
Mar chaithir dhi-modhair fo reachd:—
Chuir leth-ghuth o beul seòlt
A bheid fo shamhchair, 's fo thur smachd.
Ghrad phlog mo chridhe 'nam chòmh,
Fo uamhas a's trom gheilt,—
Rinn rosg tlàth o'n rìbbinn rium,
Fudachadh lom air m' oilt.
Chrom mi sìos le mòr mheas
Is dhiosraich mi do threin na mais',
Cia fàth mu 'n robh a h-airm na 'n crios;
Mar shonn 'chum sgrios, a deanamh deas.
Ged 'bha a' gnuis mar òigh fo lòn,
No ainneir og 'chuir gaol fo chràdh,
Sheall i rium le plathadh bròin,
Measgta le mòralachd is gradh,
Lasaich air mo gheilt 's m' fhiamh;
'N uair labhair i 'm briathraibh ciùin:—

"A Ghaidheil aosda, ghlas do chiaph
Mar cheatharnach a liath le ùin.
Triallaidh tu mar 'rinn do sheòrs'
Chum talla fuar, reòt' a bhàis;
Eisd guth binn na deagh sgeòil,
'Toirt cuireadh glòir ri latha grais.
Bha agam-sa curaidh treun—
Gun chomhalt fo 'n ghréin 'am beairt:
Ceannard armait na' mòr euchd
Thug buaidh 's gach streup, le ceill thar neart.

Och mo leireadh, beud a leon
Breatuinn còmhladh le 'trom lot:
O'n Bhan-rìgh 'chum an duil gun treoir—
Uile còmhdaicht' le bròn-bhrat.
Chaill m' armait ceannard corr,
Air nàmh 'sa' chòmh-strì toradh grath:
Mar dhealan speur na 'n deigh 's an toir;
Bhiodh cosgairt leontach 'n còir a chath,
Air thus-nan Gàidheal, 'stìùireadh streup;
Mar fhìreun speur, 'an geuraid beachd;
Gaisg' leoghann garg, 'measg bheathach frith,

Chad' gheill 's an t-srith, a dh-aindeoin feachd.

Cha chualas ceannard a thug barr
An teas a bhlàir air sàr uan euchd:
Misneach fhoirfidh, 'an gleachd nan àr;
Tròim acainn baia, o chràdh nan creuchd.
Do Ghaidheil ghaisgeil, misneach chorr
'Am builseigin còmhraig, mor na'm beachd:
A' toirt na buaidh 'sa cosnadh glòir,
A dh-aindeoin seòl a's mòrachd feachd.
Mar chogadh Oscar fathail, garg;
'Us Conn 'na fheirg a' dol 's an spairn;
Le Diarmad donn a thuit 's an t-sealg,
'San Sonn a mharbh an Garbh-mac-Stairn.
Gach buaidh 'bha annta sud gu leir;
An neart, an trein, an gleus, 's am mùirn—
Bha cliù a Chaimbeulaich dha 'n reir,
'S 'dol thart an éifeachd anns gach tuirn.—
Cìthin mar mhaighdeann ghràidh 'san t-sith;
Uasal, sìobhalt, min 'am beus,
Gaisgeil, gargant, crosag 'san t-srì;
Le cumhachd rìgh 'cur feachd air ghleus.
Fhuair e urram anns gach ceum,
Thaobh barrachd euchd, 'an streup nan lann.
Rinn d' ar rioghachd 'n a feum,
Air thoiseach thréin-fhìr thir nam beann.
'S na h-Innsean thug e buaidh ro mhòr,
Le 'ùil 's le seoltachd 'dol thar neart:
Thredraich e na brataich shroil,
'Sa' chomhraig anns bu ghlòir-mhor beairt.
C' aite 'n cualas sparradh cath
Bu bhuadaich sgath na Alma dheurg?—
Fuil a's cuirp air beinn 's air srath
N' a milltean sreath, fo 'n laoch na fhearg.
Fhuair 'o 'n rioghachd meas 'us glòir
Anns gach doigh mar thòs-fhear cath:
Dhiol ar Ban-rìgh mar bu choir
Dha onair oirdhearg 'measg nam fath.
Triath Chluaidh nam fuar shruth,
Mu 'n cualas guth an Oisein bhinn,
A' caoidh nan saoidh, 'ruith dheur gu tiugh,
Bha mòralach 'an talla Fhinn,
Ghairmeadh air an uisge 'n sonn
Mar agh nan glonn bu bhoindail còir;—
Cho fad 's a bhuailas creag an tonn,
'S air uachdar fonn 'bhios fas an fheoir."
Chriochnaich sgeul an ainneir mhoir,
Mu euchdan glòir-mhor an laoch threun;
Mhosgail mi a' m' shuain le bròn;
A' sìleadh dhèidh gu 'm b' fhior an sgeul.
A Ghaidheil Ghlaschu, sìochd nan sonn,
A dhfhuadaicheadh o thir nam beann;
Da 'n dual le coir an sruth 's am fonn;—
Dhuibhse coisrigem mo rann.
Sibhs' da 'n dealaidh am prìomh shar,
'S gach euchd 'thug barr 'rinn Gaidheil riamh;

Ri stiùireadh feachd nan gleachd nam blàr
Bbiodh buaidh na laraich sàil' ri 'ghnìomh.
Dearbhaibh gur sibh àl nan treun,
Ginealach do reir nan sonn;
A bhuanaich cliù thar sìochd fo 'n ghreim,
'Am blar nam beum 's an streup nan tonn.
Cumaibh cuimhn' air laoch an airm
A ghairmeadh air an abhainn Cluaidh
'S a' meall e urram 'theid a sheirm
'S gach linn le toirm ri sgeul a bhuaidh.

AONGHAS MAC-DHÒMHNUILL.

—o—

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Millidh air asad.
Ceilidh gràdh gràin.
Thig math a mulad.
'S e farmad a ni treabhadh.
Ceid bradaig air briagaig.
Dean fanaid air do sheann bhrògan.
Cha robh miann dithis air aon mhéis.
Dean do gharadh far an d' rinn thu t' fhuar-
achadh.
Ge cruaidh sgarachduinn, cha robh dithis
gun dealachadh.
'S tric a bha claidheamh math an droch
thruaill.
Ged éignichear an sean-fhocal, cha bhreug-
aichear e.
'S fearr a bhi leasg gu ceannach, na rìghinn
gu pàidheadh.
Comhairle caraid gun iarruidh cha d' fhuair
i riamh am meas bu chòir.
Cha tig am cota glas cho math do na h-uile
fear.
'S duilich triubhas a thoirt o thòin luim.
Biodh iadsan a' bruidhinn 's bithidh na
h uibhean againne.
Chaill e'm baile thall 's cha do bhuinig e'm
baile bhos.
Mar thuirt Clag Sàin, an rud nach buin
duit na buin da.
"A chailleach, an gabh thu an rìgh?"
'Cha ghabh o nach gabh e mi"
B' fhearr greim caillich na tarruing laoch.
"Gaoth a deas, teas is toradh;
Gaoth an iar, iasg is bainne;
Gaoth a tuath, fuachd is feannadh;
Gaoth an ear, meas air chrannaibh."
Cha bhi tom no tulach,
No cnocan buidhe feurach;
Nach bi seal gu subhach,
Is seal gu dubhach, deurach.

—o—

TOIMHSEACHAIN.

1. Théid e null air abhainn,
'S thig e nall air abhainn,
'S gearraidh e 'm feur,
'S cha 'n ith se e.

2. Bothan beag is solus as
'S a dhà dhòrus dùinte.
3. Oiseag bheag, bhiorach,
'S a mionach slaodadh rithe.
4. Muc dhubh a steach an dorus,
'S cnàimh duine 'n a beul.
5. Bha i'n Eirinn, 's bha i'n Ros,
'S bha i 's a' bheinn éibhinn chais,
'S bithidh i 's a' bhaile so 'n nochd,
Bean a rinn crios m' a cois.
6. Bò mhaol odhar air an tràigh,
'S laogh 'n a gobhal 's i gun dàir.
7. Théid mi do'n bheinn, a chromada chruim,
'S cha 'n 'eil anns a' choill, a chromada
chruim,
Nach leag mi lem' dhruim, a chromada
chruim.
8. Cha mhac peathar no bràthar dhomh e,
Cha mhac athar no màthar dhomh e,
Ach 's i mo mhàthair-se,
'Bu mhàthair do mhàthair an fhleas-
gaich.
Dé 'n càirdeas a bh 'aice ris?
9. Slat chaol, chaol,
Ann an taobh tigh an tuairnir,
'S cha 'n 'eil air an t-saoghal,
Na dh' fhaodas a gluasad.

10. Tha toimhseachan agam ort,
Cha 'ne d' fhionnadh, 's cha 'ne d' fhalt,
No aon a bhallaibh do chuirp;—
Tha e ort 's cha tomhais thu e.

FREAGAIRTEAN do na Toimhseachain anns
a' cheathramh Aireamh do 'N GHÀIDHEAL.

1. Poit.
2. Ceò.
3. Gunna.
4. Na Tonnann.
5. Am Bàs.
6. Am Bogha-frois.
7. Litir.
8. Loinid.
9. Clàir Tuba.
10. A' chlach-stéidh.
11. Cù air an robh "Idir" mar ainm.
12. Uisge-beatha.

FREAGAIRTEAN.

Do I. MAC MHAIR.—Bidh "Freagradh
Gaoil" do "Fhàilte Gaoil" "LILIDH NAN
GLEANN" 's an ath Aireimh.

Do M. MAC M.—Bha e 'n a aobhar gearain
leinn féin cuideachd nach d' thainig AN
GAIDHEAL a mach ni bu luaithe. Bidh e an
am as a dheigh so.

D U A N A N B R O I N

Air Bàs Thormaid 'ic Leòid.

A Leòdaich Urramaich 'bu bhinne cliù
"Tha nis an dùthaich anns nach rioghaich pian
Tha clann nam Fiann 'g ad chaidh le deuraibh fial'!
Tha 'n gearan cian air son mar chuir thu cùl
Ri saogh 'l neo-chiùin, 's nach dìon thu iad o thnù
Nan Gall ni 's mò! Do chridhe gaoil bha riamh
A' lìonadh thairis le fìor sheirc, 's le miann
Air math do chàch. Dhearrs thu mar shoillse iùil
Troimh shaoghal dùbhrach 's am bheil stitradh dall.
Tha thusa thall, 's is faoin ar cumha guil;—
Trom sgaile thuit; 's cha téid ar fradharc fann
Troimh 'n doille thruim 'tha 'snàmh os ceann na tuil;
A' pàillun corporr' dh' iadh thu troimh 'n bhrat-roinn
Gu tìr nan spiorad 's am bheil caoidh air sgur.

Niall Mac Néill.

EILEAN AN FHRAOICH.

Tha Leòghas bheag riabhach,—bha i riamh 's an Taobh Tuath,—
 Muir tràghaidh is lionaidh 'g a h-ìadhadh mu 'n cuairt;
 'N uair a dhearrsas a' ghrian oirr' le riaghladh o shuas
 Bheir i fàs air gach sìol air son biadh dh' an an t-sluagh.

Fonn:—A chiall nach mise 'bha 'n Eilean an Fhraoich!
 Nam fiadh, nam bradan, nam feadag, 's nan naosg!
 Nan lochan, nan tòban, nan òsan 's nan caol—
 Eilean innis nam bò, 's àite-còmhnuidh nan laoch!

An t-Eilean ro mhaiseach, gur pailt ann am biadh;
 'S e Eilean a's àillt' air 'n do dhealraich a' ghrian;
 'S e Eilean mo ghràidhs' e, bha 'Ghàilig ann riamh;
 'S cha 'n fhalbh i gu bràth as gu 'n tràigh an Cuan Siar!

'N am éiridh na gréine air a shléibhtibh bidh ceò,
 Bidh 'bhanarach ghuanach 's a' bhuarach 'n a dòrn
 Rì gabhail a duanaig 's i 'g uallach nam bò
 'S mac-talla nan creag ri toirt freagairt d' a ceòl.

Air feasgar an t-samhraidh bidh sunnt air gach spréidh;
 Bidh 'chuthag is fonn oirr' ri òran di féin;
 Bidh uiseag air lòn agus smèdrach air géig,
 'S air cnuic ghlas' is leòidean uain òga ri leum.

Gach duine 'bha riamh ann bha ciatamh ac' dha,
 Gach ainmhidh air sliabh ann, cha 'n iarr as gu bràth;
 Gach ian 'théid air sgiath ann bu mhiann leis ann tàmh;
 'S bu mhiann le gach iasg a bhi 'cliathadh ri 'thràigh.

Nam faighinn mo dhùrachd 's e 'lùiginn bhi òg,
 'S gun ghnothach aig aois rium fhad 's a dh' fhaodainn bhi beò;
 Bhi 'n am bhuachaill' air àiridh fo shàil nam beann mòr
 'M bad 's am faighinn an càis' 's bainne blàth air son òil.

Cha 'n fhacas air talamh leam sealladh a's bòidhch'
 Na 'ghrian a' dol sìos air taobh siar Eilean Leòghais;
 'N'crodh-laoidh anns an luachair, 's am buachaill' 'n an tòir,
 'G an tional gu àiridh le àl de laoidh òg'.

Air feasgar a' gheamhraidh théid tionndadh gu gnìomh
 Ri toirt eòlais do chlainn bidh gach seann duine liath;
 Gach iasgair le 'shnàthaid ri càradh a lion,
 Gach nighean ri càradh 's a màthair ri snìomh.

B'e mo mhiann bhi 's na badan 's na chleachd mi bhi òg,
 Ri dìreadh nan creag anns an neadaich na h-eòin;
 O'n thàinig mi 'Ghlascho tha m' aigneadh fo bhròn,
 'S mi 'call mo chuid claiستهachd le glagraich nan òrd.

M. MACLEÒID.

THE G A E I,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

JULY, 1872.

BILINGUAL PREACHING

AND ANTI-GAELIC PREJUDICES.

It has been poetically observed, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing:" and we are indeed very fain to thank the poet for having chiselled out so faultlessly a caution destined to be so serviceable to erring humanity. This line alone might be sufficient to preserve among the names of the immortals that of the peevish author of the poetical Essay on Criticism. The application of its teaching, with the view of putting people on their guard, would be highly useful in dealing with many of the utterances of the public oracles of our day. The youth of the third quarter of the nineteenth century have very great need of having this observation dinned into their ears in season and out of season; they have become—the blessed heavens deliver us!—so utterly and lamentably unconscious of the superficial habits of their intellectual being! Nevertheless, the young man of the period is learnedly pretending; he is even occasionally colossal in his apparent capacity of dealing with many questions which are truly momentous. His quick wit and ready tongue, voluble in many terms of whose exact meaning he is never aware, must busy themselves with every mortal thing. And he is particularly eloquent in the expression of his thoughts on such sacred questions as the inspiration of Holy Writ, which he summarily disproves by reference to the contradictions of the sacred writers and to the conflicting opinions of preachers. In-

quire for the source of his light on the subject, and he refers to some stereotyped *dicta* of Dean Stanley, Colenso, Wilkie Collins, or Dickens! This is a specimen of the youth whose critical and æsthetic education has been fed on detached newspaper crumbs; whose knowledge, if anything he has, deserves that designation, consists of an undigested, unassimilated "cram" which he has plucked from the pages of some *Information for the People*. His whole system of learning is based on an element of Popular Delusions. One would think, however, that the newspaper press where talent and common-sense generally exist, would despise to treat subjects of earnest and sacred importance after the fashion of the superficial young man of the period. Such is not the case. Questions of religion, and especially those of ecclesiastical interest are jestingly dealt with, and settled in a hollow, unthinking style, so that their very solemnity is made to appear ridiculous. Where, above all, subjects of sacred and *Celtic* interest arise blended or combined together, then very insanity and stark recklessness parade themselves before our vision—even the very stars begin to wander! Highland Theology, Highland Preachers, Highland Church-Government, Highland Life, and finally, the unfortunate Celt himself have, whenever the least opportunity offers, their several characteristics sportingly criticised and condemned as narrow, fanatical, and not in harmony with the progressive spirit of this practical enlightened age. The abiding frequency

of this style of superficial criticism has been the general cause of our remarks at present; but the particular one, is a recent article in *The Glasgow Herald* on "The Free Church Highlanders of Dunoon and the Gaelic Language."

It is an unfortunate as well as an unpleasant conclusion to the famous Dunoon case, that the original authors of the wrangling are left sorrowfully exclaiming with the *Herald*, that "Gaelic will not entirely die away in Dunoon while the second Free Church Congregation exists to bear testimony for it and in it." It is a great pity that Gaelic in this thriving town has been permitted to live a little longer in this particular way. This town thrives—and, lest progress, prosperity, and Gaelic appear to have any natural affinity, let the latter be stamped out,—all traces of the town's Celtic pre-existence be swept out of the way! Men like ourselves, into whose bones and sinews it has entered, are not at all vexed that Gaelic in Dunoon has not been sent to the very grave by its late oppressors, where it might sleep in the ashes of its kindred Celtic productions. Long may itself and the Free Church Highlanders of Dunoon live ere they finally visit the tombs of their fathers! It is really a great grievance to the *Herald* and all other ill-wishers of the Gaelic, that it has survived as living evidence of Celtic existence. Should the living Gaelic, however, cease to be, the fond hopes of the *Herald*, seeing all traces of Celtic disappear would not be realised. Still the Rev. Mr. Macmorran would be left, and such like. In this veritable *Macmorran*, though destitute of the lingual proof, is found a living monument of Celtic influence, even in him a trace of Celtic life survives. Even after the Gaelic is dead and buried—after its fabric has vanished—much "rack" is left behind; *Dunoon* itself, and the names of the very hills will continue

to speak the ancient language of Caledonia.

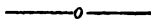
But one of the objects of the *Herald's* most venomous shafts is "the sort of cross-bred preacher, who thunders in Gaelic in the forenoon and twaddles in broken English in the afternoon;" he does "not quite suit the taste of this, (the English Free Church people of wealth residing at Dunoon,) which is the wealthier and more numerous portion of the congregation. At a *fit opportunity*, an English-speaking clergyman was appointed. The Celtic language had nearly died out. Why maintain a useless recognition of it by Gaelic sermons? Those who argued thus miscalculated the strength of the Highlanders. They objected, they protested, they appealed, they determined to open a place of worship of their own, and, if need be, start a new sect, having for its dominant doctrine the beauty and necessity of Gaelic preaching." It is difficult to deal patiently or seriously with statements so unfair, so unworthy of an educated mind as the above. It is only a specimen of the undermining style in which the press deals with many vital questions. It is the legitimate offspring of that uncircumcised Philistinism which has been so long nursed in the bosom of English literature; and against which the true-bred, finely-tuned English mind of our day raises its unavailing voice. The cross-bred preacher has really many enemies to encounter; not only has he to meet and grapple with the great adversary with his legions of roaring young lions, and all the other spiritual foes of humanity, but he has to defend himself from the modern Philistines who set themselves in opposition to all real or *transcendental* renovation of the world. These same Philistines never pay their respects to the beautiful; they merely concern themselves with things that are of the earth, earthy. And many a terrible

onset they make on the bilingual preaching of the Highlander. But the attack is not always successful. In the present instance it has been signally unfortunate. The bilingual preaching, which the Dunoon people have been accustomed to for a generation or two back, must have been of no inferior species. They enjoyed for a long time the services of a learned father and even-going divine, whom even Free Church Philistines delighted to raise many years ago to the dignity of Moderatorship of the Free Church Assembly.—We refer to the Rev. Dr. Macintosh Mackay, whose perfect shapeliness of body, and general fine physical appearance, along with gentlemanly, highly dignified bearing, used to attract, when he stood in the Free Church pulpit of Dunoon, the admiring attention of the nobly born. His sermons, on the other hand, whether delivered in the sonorous language of Ban Macintyre, or in the sharp hissing tongue of Shakespeare, always partook of the excellent, whether we consider the matter, the style, the manner, mode of utterance, or accuracy of pronunciation. Is it possible that a man of a different stamp would be so honoured by high and low, Gall and Gael, at home and abroad, as he has been? Is it possible that, in an Assembly in the Scottish Capital where you meet on such occasions with the flower, the wealth, the chivalry, and the learning of all the land, the fashionable lady whose ear is so finely-strung as to distinguish the sounds of the various breezes, or the lawyer who has devoted years to the acquisition of faultless accent and accurate English pronunciation, or the lady and lord of high degree, would endure for a moment the torture of listening to “twaddle in broken English” from the Moderator’s chair? The thought of the possibility of such is simply harrowing to the feeling. Now the fact that Dr. Mac-

Kay, a Gaelic-speaking Celt, once occupied the Moderator’s chair, leaves no reasonable ground of existence for the *Herald’s* exulting sneer. The late Dr. Calder Macintosh, the last Gaelic-speaking minister the Dunoon people had, was no common-place man. He, the man of cultured intellect, of refined feeling, of piety, and of holy unction, was as capable of appreciating the true, the beautiful and the good, in the highest sense of the terms, as the *Herald* has hitherto proved itself to be. And this mind of his would make itself known and felt in English.

Other Gaelic-speaking ministers have been, and are, who have shown themselves highly acceptable even to English-speaking congregations;—the whole of the Macleod family, four of whom have been Moderators of the General Assemblies of their respective churches,—the two Normans, John of Morven, and Roderick, Skye. Among the most eloquent ministers in Glasgow could you point, while he lived, to a more excellent preacher in every way, to a man of really greater power, greater unction, than the Rev. Duncan Macnab, late of Renfield Free Church? Among the living there are two whose eloquent voices are well known in Glasgow—the Revs. Dr. MacGilvray of Aberdeen, and D. MacGregor of Dundee. The accomplished, the refined, the widely-esteemed Mr. Kennedy of Dingwall is well known. In broad Scotland, can you point out one who is a more *real* preacher, one more refined even in English? Many do not know that the learned and deep-cultured Dr. Taylor of Crathie, to whose preaching the Queen delights to listen, is also a Gaelic-speaking Celt. Even the generic Highland preacher we do not hesitate to set side by side with the English-speaking preacher any day; and this we can specially affirm regarding the *matter*, because the former is as yet more truly Puritanic, possesses more of the flesh and bone of Calvinism.

But we forbear. And beg in conclusion to express our abiding sorrow and contrition of soul at seeing a public organ of the *Herald's* standing, treating in such boyish, superficial style, many questions of serious importance,—frequently disinterring out of the remembrance of the grim past bitter feelings of race which retard the consolidation of our common Celt-and-Angle-Land.



ANNUAL REPORT OF THE GAELIC SCHOOL SOCIETY.

THIS Society has this year issued its sixty-first Annual Report, which evidences wonderful vitality, and a widely-ramifying organization, which, perhaps, has never been more thorough and efficient than it is at the present day. That the Society, preserving its original energy and gathering more, has outlived the civil, social, and ecclesiastical changes which have come over the Highlands since its institution strongly evinces the crying need that existed for schools of the kind, as well as the practical and far-seeing wisdom which dictated the form it should assume and the mode of its operations. At the time of its formation, the prejudices of the Sasunnach against the Celt, and everything Celtic, were powerful and universal; even the teaching of the Gospel, that we are all of one pair, human, and sinful, was scarcely able to overcome the might of such antipathies of race. It is this race-feeling, this element of race-bitterness that has so fearfully stained and marred the history of unfortunate Ireland. At length the brimming charity of the nineteenth century has begun to take effect, mollifying the hardness of men's thoughts of each other. In this Society for the support of Gaelic Schools, we find the German (as our Sasunnach friends will have themselves called), and the Celt laudably bearing the yoke

together in the interest of our common Christianity. There is so much truth, vigour, and unction in the following, that we cannot refrain from quoting it from the Report:—

“Two generations have come and gone since the Society was instituted, but it is still in the vigour of life, and far, it is hoped, from ‘the sere and yellow leaf.’ During the sixty-one years of the Society’s life, it were strange if no obstacles had occurred calculated to arrest its progress; but though a few storms have spent their force upon the goodly tree, they have but served to show that its roots were deeply imbedded in the soil of practical wisdom and enlightened Christian philanthropy, while at the same time they have contributed to fix them all the more firmly there.

“The practical sagacity which has dictated the plan upon which the operations of the Society are conducted, becomes continually more apparent the longer it is tested. One might have imagined common-sense would have suggested that the most direct way of educating—in the strict and proper sense of the term—of drawing out and developing the intelligence of a people, as of an individual, is by beginning with what they already know, and from that leading them on to what they do not know. But obvious as it is, and now an acknowledged truism in education, some societies proposing to themselves the benefit of the Highlanders educationally, were expending their funds to no good purpose in systematically ignoring this principle. Their sole object was to teach the Highlanders English, and in order to effect that purpose Gaelic was turned out of doors as a barbarous language, a jargon of uncouth, if not meaningless sounds, ability to pronounce which constituted a badge of degradation, besides proving a hindrance to all wordly advancement. English was to be taught,

and English alone. This effort to drive home the wedge of education by putting the broad end foremost, naturally enough did not succeed, and the poor Highlander came to be regarded as almost hopelessly impenetrable. On the other hand, the Gaelic School Society, intent chiefly on advancing the moral and spiritual welfare of our Gaelic-speaking fellow-countrymen, and knowing that truth could be introduced to their minds through the medium of the language they were already in possession of, more readily than through any other, did not go about to invent a more circuitous way of accomplishing that object. Looking abroad upon the state of the country, after a century of misdirected zeal in trying to make the inhabitants forget their native language and take kindly to the foreign tongue of the Sassenach Lowland, it was seen that many parts of the Highlands and Islands continued in a state of great ignorance, and that only a small proportion of the inhabitants could read in any language. Here the originators of the Society perceived a door of usefulness open before them, and felt that consideration both of patriotism and religion called upon them to enter in. Possessing the means, and with it the responsibility, they solemnly asked themselves,

“Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?”

“Forthwith they girded themselves to the task, and founded the Gaelic School Society, which as time wore on, became a Home Mission, Bible Society and Educational Institute, all in one. The Bible has been translated into Gaelic at an earlier date; but as nothing had been done to enable a Gaelic-speaking population to read it, very few copies were in circulation. The Book was sealed even from those for whose benefit

the translation was intended. This state of things was remedied by the Society sending out a staff of men with the love of Christ burning in their own breasts, to bring the record of that love to their famished fellow-countrymen, and teach them how to read with their own eyes, and in their own tongue, ‘the wonderful works of God.’ ‘He that winneth souls is wise,’ and in this labour of love the Society has been largely owned from on high throughout its history. Often has ‘the blessing of Him who was ready to perish come upon it,’ and it is cause for praise to the Father of Mercies that you are not altogether without this blessing in the present. The Word of God, appealing to the heart and conscience of the young in your Schools from day to day, has its own secret influence distilling as the dew, and the kingdom of God comes to one here and there ‘without observation.’ Most of the teachers, besides their ordinary week-day work, in which the Bible is the chief book read, have also the charge of Sabbath-schools. To these, parents come and listen as their children read the Word of Life and are examined on what is read, and upon questions from the Shorter Catechism; while at times they themselves also gladly submit to be catechised. In many places, also, owing to the remoteness from church of the stations, the teachers have to conduct meetings on Sabbath for prayer and reading of Scripture, and often a week-day meeting besides.

“But it may be asked, after teaching Gaelic for sixty-one years, what further need can there be now for such work as engages this society? To this it may be replied, that the Society has sought to work in localities that are otherwise totally neglected; that it has never since its origin been able to overtake the whole field;—that the teachers only remain for a few years in the same station; and that,

even when they return to a former station after a lapse of years, the new generation which has risen up in the interval requires to be taught from the beginning. Above all, it may be answered that it is likely that, for many years to come, a large portion of the peasantry of the Highlands and Islands will not know any other language than Gaelic. At any rate, they know no other at present." * * *

"And the Directors can not think that the Society has found any reason to slacken its hold of the fundamental principle, that *'it is essential for every man to be able to read the Word of God in his own tongue.'*

The Society gives employment to 38 Teachers, 8 of whom are located in the Highlands, and 30 in the Islands. Of those in the latter there are 13 in Lewis, 5 in North Uist, 5 in Skye, 3 in Mull, 2 in Harris, 1 in Coll, 1 in Islay. Of those stationed on the Mainland, there are 5 in the county of Ross, 2 in that of Inverness, and 1 in North Knapdale, Argyshire. The attendance on week-days in these 38 schools reaches the aggregate of 842 males and 1031 females, making a total of 1873. This is no small number; and it is very gratifying to find so many of the young of our land benefiting yearly by the healthy kind of teaching which is given in these schools. Even by these figures a stranger can have no idea of the number of scholars taught by these teachers, on account of the *circulating character* of the schools. Many of the teachers are only stationed for three or four years in the same place when they are removed to more necessitous districts. The burden of the working of the machinery falls mainly on the Rev. Dr. Maclauchlan, who knows so well, and is so well known in, the Highlands. He has an excellent co-adjutor in the inspector of schools, the Rev. A. Macrae, M.A. The Society has the names of the highest in the land among

its supporters:—the Queen for its Patroness, and Ewen Macpherson, Esq., of Cluny Macpherson, for its President, the Vice-Presidents and Governors, &c., are all of very high standing and influence. It truly deserves the support of all who wish to see the Highlands advance in matters social, moral, and religious.

—o—

THANKFUL BREATHINGS.

A veil of gloom fell darkening on my being;
Sorrow undying rooted in my soul;
Despairing anguish on my vitals stole;
I sought dread solace in my God's decreeing,
But ah in vain! possessing heav'nly seeing
No rest deceitful satisfied; the whole
Had birth in sin unmortified; the coal
Of wild despair burned fiercely till, fast fleeing
From wretched self, I found thy gentle aid
Which saved me from an outcast, self-
doomed fate
For whose dim welcome awfulness I
prayed;—

O for a seraph's tongue in tones elate
To utter breathings of my gratitude!—
Thy kindly counsel saved from fatal mood.

N. AMBROSE.

—o—

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

'Tis Love that bears us to the Land
Of Life and Light above;
Thou art not of the Minstrel Band
Till Lays of Love thy lyre demand,
Till thou canst truly understand
The smile of Woman's Love.

MARY MILLER.

—o—

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

On the 6th of June, the Rev. Angus Maolver, preacher, was ordained minister of Macdonald Free Church, Glasgow.

The Marquis of Lorne is said to be suffering from low fever.

The Highland railway returns for the week ending 9th June, were £4681, against £4405 last year, and for the 14 weeks, £61,976 against £55,603, showing an increase of £6373.

An elopement recently took place in the west of Ross-shire, and the event caused

considerable excitement. The parties are said to have been a "good-looking good girl" and a "son of the shears and goose, wanting part of the leg.

IONA.—VISITORS.—Among the visitors in the island at present are a sister and the youngest daughter of Dr. Livingston, the African traveller. They intend visiting the Island of Ulva, the birthplace of the great traveller's father.

STORNOWAY.—LAUNCHES.—The schooner *Raven* has been launched from the patent slip at Stornoway, having undergone considerable repairs, after being wrecked on the coast of Skye last spring. Lately a new schooner was also launched by Mr. Wm. Cook, shipbuilder, for Mr. John Wignall Fleetwood, London. Her tonnage is 109 tons register. She was christened *The Thornton* by Mrs. Spittal, wife of Sheriff Spittal.

ECCLIASTICAL.—The Free Presbytery of Lorn and Mull met on Wednesday, the 11th of June, in Oban, Rev. D. Macvewan, of Mull moderator. It was stated that the congregation of Ardow and Torloisk had been raised by the last General Assembly to a sanctioned charge, and that it is now in a position to call a minister.

FREE PRESBYTERY OF DUNOON AND INVERARAY.—This reverend Court met on Tuesday, the 11th June, at Rothesay—Rev. John Clark, of Minard, Moderator. Regarding the Dunoon Gaelic case, Dr. Elder proposed, seconded by Rev. Mr. Russell of Glendaruel, "that the Presbytery, having before them the deliverance of the General Assembly in this case, and finding the Assembly having sustained the reference, sanction the setting-up of a preaching station for the Highlanders." MR. MACPHERSON, on behalf of the Free Church Highlanders of Dunoon, acquiesced in the finding of the Presbytery, and thanked them for erecting them into a station.

DEFINITE arrangements, it is said, have at length been made for laying the telegraph to the Lews. A steamer chartered by the Government was expected with the cable at Stornoway on Friday, the 21st June, and on Saturday or Monday following the line would be laid from the island to the mainland. The cable starts at a point a short distance from Stornoway, and is carried across the Minch to the prominent headland which forms the south west shore of Loch Ewe. The distance is about thirty or thirty-

five miles. Stornoway at the one end, and Poolewe at the other, are connected by land line; and the wire from the latter place comes along by Gairloch and Achnasheen to Dingwall and Inverness. The circuit is to extend from Stornoway through the island of Rodil Bay; and a cable will connect Harris with Lochmaddy, in North Uist. A short cable is also to be laid at Kyleakin, connecting Skye with the mainland.

Another grievance of long standing, the uselessness of the Dingwall and Skye line of telegraph, has at length been removed. Government has agreed to pay to the Railway Company the sum of £4250, and an additional wire for the service of the Post-Office is now in course of erection on the telegraph poles along the railway.

FATAL ACCIDENT IN THE HEBRIDES.—FOUR FISHERMEN DROWNED.—The skiff *Mayflower*, of Minard, having on board Messrs Alexander Campbell (owner), Crawford, Turner, and Campbell, after completing her engagement at the North fishing, left Lochboisdale on Saturday, 22d June, along with other three skiffs, for Minard. When between the islands of Muck and Coll the *Mayflower* broached the wind and sank with all her crew. As there was a high wind and a heavy sea, the other boats could render no assistance. It is presumed that the rudder broke, and consequently the skiff became unmanageable. The crew had about £60 on board, being the amount of their hard-wrought earnings in the North. The owner, who was married, has left a widow and three of a family to mourn his loss. The others were unmarried.

We regret to find that up to this date, June 28, the herring fishing in the Hebrides has been considerably below the usual average. The fishing season is now nearly over which leaves scarcely any prospect of the average of last year being reached.

MY CAPTIVITY IN SKYE.

BY D. LAMONT.

(Formerly of B.N. America.)

Some forty years with all their ills,
Have come and are gone by;
Since last I saw my native hills,
The rugged hills of Skye.

I view again my childhood's home,
But now no home of mine,
The fields where I was wont to roam,
In seasons of langsyne.

How sadly changed the little glen,
Its gladness turned to gloom,
And friends that lived around me then,
Laid in the silent tomb!
The brook still runneth in its course,
The tide doth ebb and flow,
But things have altered for the worse,
Since forty years ago.

I see the sights that tourists seek,
Bleak hills and mountains high,
Where the Coolin's loftiest peak,
Is towering to the sky;
Those ancient cairns and craggy nooks
That travellers deem so fair,
But then what signify their looks,
When one can't live on air?

I oft my residence did change
And many a place I've been,
My native place seems now more strange,
Than anywhere I've been;
My pockets being so scarce of crowns,
That no one will me know,
For I have had my ups and downs,
Since forty years ago.

If round the coasts you take a peep,
From Oban to Portree;
You'll scarcely see but flocks of sheep,
Where dwellings used to be;
The hardy, honest, Highland race,
Now thrive in other climes;
Who had to leave their native place
Through dearth of former times.

Who had while here to go in youth,
From the parental soil
To ask their neighbours of the South,
"To give them leave to toil."
While many of them were opprest;
In poverty extreme:
Their emigration to the West,
Was an alluring scheme.

Had I but means at my command,
Were I but hale and strong,
My exile in my native land,
Would not continue long.
Here did I pass life's pleasant morn,
In joyful sunny bow'rs;
Now there is left but want an
The thorns without the flow'rs!

For better health I sought this shore,
And crossed the ocean wide;
From lands that I would see once more,
And where I would abide;
Once more I'd venture o'er the wave,
Ontario to see,
Its people generous and brave,
Have oft befriended me.

Through the above verses their rings a cry of the human which is peculiarly indicative of the struggles and misfortunes of Celtic life in the Islands. Some of the more pathetic and plain-spoken of the stanzas we have left out. D. Lamont, "in the struggle for existence," sought some time ago the shores of Canada from which he has returned again to Skye with the view of benefiting his health. "I am glad to say, however," says the gentleman who has favoured us with the "Captivity" of Lamont, "that his health has much improved, and that he is making laudable efforts among his countrymen to enable him again to reach the land of his adoption." We trust this poetical brother Celt will not be long pining for want of means to bring him across the Atlantic once more.

WHAT DETERMINES NATIONALITY?

The following extract from Mr. Max Muller's Third Volume of Chips will be interesting and instructive to many. Men who glibly and seriously talk of difference of blood and pure races, ought to listen to the voice of science before they deliver themselves with oracular certainty on such subjects:—

"People speak indeed of blood, and intermingling of blood, as determining the nationality of a people; but what is meant by blood? It is one of those scientific idols, that crumble to dust as soon as we try to define or grasp them; it is a vague hollow, treacherous term, which, for the present at least, ought to be banished from the dictionary of every true man of science. We can give a scientific definition of a Celtic language; but no one has yet given a definition of Celtic blood, or a Celtic skull. It is quite possible that hereafter chemical differences may be discovered in the blood of those who speak a Celtic, and of those who speak a Teutonic language. It is possible also that patient measurements, like those lately published by Professor Huxley, in the 'Journal of Anatomy and Physiology,' may lead in

time to a really scientific classification of skulls, and that physiologists may succeed in the end in carrying out a classification of the human race, according to tangible and unvarying physiological criteria. But their definitions and their classifications will hardly ever square with the definitions or classifications of the student of language, and the use of common terms can only be a source of constant misunderstandings. We know what we mean by a Celtic language, and in the grammar of each language we are able to produce a most perfect scientific definition of its real character. If, therefore, we transfer the term Celtic to people, we can, if we use our words accurately, mean nothing but people who speak a Celtic language, the true exponent, ay, the very life of Celtic nationality. Whatever people, whether Romans, or Saxons, or Normans, or, as some think, even Phœnicians and Jews, settled in Cornwall, if they ceased to speak their own language and exchanged it for Cornish, they are, before the tribunal of the science of language, Celts, and nothing but Celts; while, whenever Cornishmen, like Sir Humphrey Davy or Bishop Colenso, have ceased to speak Cornish, and speak nothing but English, they are no longer Celts, but true Teutons or Saxons, in the only scientifically legitimate sense of that word."

REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To M. M. C.—Stewart's Grammar is out of print. The subject of your recommendation that a new edition of his Grammar should be brought out at our office has been considered already to some extent. We have no doubt that an edition embodying the philologic results of recent German writers and others would be very acceptable to the Gaelic public.

To J. MacL. Ross-shire.—We shall be happy to receive for consideration any article sent us; but cannot be held responsible for them if lost; so we recommend all writers to preserve a copy themselves. We may also remind our readers too that we can not as a general rule undertake to return the MSS. of communications considered unsuitable.

To D. Mac M.—We have given the "Epitaph" among "Nithe Nuadh agus Sean." We are not at all jealous of the prospective existence of "Bratach na Firinn," the new Gaelic Magazine you refer to. There is enough of field and to spare. The more the merrier. Besides, its title is not indicative of rivalry;

—let every man pursue his own ideal, in his own humour, in his own element. We do not quite understand your question whether we "give a life of MacPherson of Ossian?" Do you mean in THE GAEL or in THE GAELIC BARDS? You can find in the present Number something on *Ossian MacPherson* in the Article contributed by "Cona."

To R. B.—Our Gaelic pages were just made up before your extended notice of the late Rev. Dr. Norman MacLeod's death reached us, so that we could not give it in the present Number as we were anxious that the latter should appear in time. This excellent tribute to the memory of the great and good Norman—the large-hearted Celt who has been among the most illustrious Englishmen of this quarter of the nineteenth century, will be given in the next Number to show our loyalty fully. Our thanks are very much due to R. B.

COMUNN GAILIG INBHIRNIS.

Tha 'n Luchd-Riaghlaidh a' toirt fios do Chlann nan Gaidheal anns gach àit, gum bi CEUD CHOINNEAMH BHLIADHNAIL a' Chomuinn so air a cumail air feasgar Diar-daoine Féill-na-Cloimhe (11mh de'n VIlmh Mios), ann an Inbhirnis.

Bithidh an Ridire COINNEACH S. MAC-CHOINNICH, TRIATH GHEARROCH, 's a' Chathair; agus labhraidh uaislean ainmeil eil' aig an àm—Fhuair an Luchd-Riaghlaidh oighean 'us aigearan a sheinneas òrain Ghailig 'us Bheurla; agus dannsairean a dhannas cuid de sheann dannsabh na Gaidhealtachd.

'Se miann a' Chomuinn gu'n tionail na Gaidheil às gach cearnaidh chum na fearas-chuideachd so.

VILLEAM MACAOIDH.

Rùn-Chleireach.

67, Sraid na h-Eaglais,
Inbhirnis,
22mh de'n VIImh mios, 1872.

ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR,
Gaelic and English Printer,

62 ARGYLE STREET,
GLASGOW.

THA G. Mac-na-Ceàrdadh deònach air innseadh d'a chàirdean gu'm bheil e air leantainn air gnothach a' Chlobbhualaidh a' ghabhail air aghaidh anns a' b-uile dòigh mar bha e le 'athair, agus gur b-èsan an t-son Chlobbhualaidh a' shuigeas agus a' labhras Gàilig, ni a tha 'ga dheanamh comasach air ceartas a thoirt do a' ghàidhealtachd Gàilig a' bhios ri'n clobbhualaidh.



EMIGRATION TO THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

To Capitalists, Tenant Farmers, Agricultural Labourers, Mechanics, Day Labourers, and all parties desirous of improving their Circumstances by Emigrating to a New Country.

The attention of intending Emigrants is invited to the great advantages presented by the Province of Ontario. Persons living on the Interest of their Money can easily get EIGHT PER CENT. on first-class security.

TENANT FARMERS WITH LIMITED CAPITAL,

Can buy and stock a Freehold Estate with the money needed to carry on a small farm in Britain. Good Cleared Land, with a Dwelling and good Barn and out-houses upon it, can be purchased in desirable localities, at from £4 to £10 sterling per acre.

Farm Hands can readily obtain work at GOOD WAGES.

Among the inducements offered to intending Emigrants, by Government, is

A FREE GRANT OF LAND!

WITHOUT ANY CHARGE WHATEVER.

Every Head of a Family can obtain, on condition of settlement, a Free Grant of TWO HUNDRED ACRES of Land for himself, and ONE HUNDRED ACRES additional for each member of his family, male or female, over 18 years of age.

All persons over eighteen years of age can obtain a Free Grant of ONE HUNDRED ACRES.

The Free Grants are protected by a Homestead Exemption Act, and are not liable to seizure for any debt incurred before the issue of the patent, or for twenty years after its issue. They are within easy access of the front settlements, and are supplied with regular postal communication.

REGISTERS OF THE LABOUR MARKET

And of Improved Farms for sale, are kept at the Immigration Agencies in the Province, and arrangements are made for directing immigrants to those points where employment can be most readily obtained. Several new lines of Railway and other Public Works are in course of construction, or about being commenced, which will afford employment to an almost unlimited number of labourers.

Persons desiring fuller information respecting the Province of Ontario

are invited to apply personally, or by letter, to the Canadian Government Emigration Agents in Europe, viz : WM. DIXON, 11, Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C. ; J. G. MOYLAN, 14 South Frederick St., Dublin ; CHARLES FOY, 11 Claremont St., Belfast ; and DAVID SHAW, 24 Oswald St., Glasgow.

Also to the Immigration Agents in Canada, viz :—JOHN A. DONALDSON, Toronto ; R. H. RAE, Hamilton ; WM. J. WILLS, Ottawa ; RICH. MACPHERSON, Kingston ; L. STAFFORD, Quebec ; J. J. DALEY, Montreal ; E. CLAY, Halifax, Nova Scotia ; ROBT. SHIVES, St. John, and J. G. GLAYTON, Miramichi, New Brunswick,—from whom pamphlets, issued under the authority of the Government of Ontario, containing full particulars in relation to the character and resources of, and the cost of living, wages, &c., in the Province, can be obtained.

JOHN CARLING,

*Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works,
for the Province of Ontario.*

DEPARTMENT OF IMMIGRATION,
Toronto, February, 1871.

AN GAIDHEAL.

I LEABH.]

CEUD MIOS AN FHOGHARAIDH, 1872.

[6 AIR.

AN T-OLLA MAC LEOID.

Chaochail an duine ainmeil so air latha na Sàbaid, an 19mh do 'n mhìos so chaidh. Is mar a sgaoil an naigh-eachd, bha do-bhròn anns gach cridhe, agus tiamhachd air gach aghaidh. Oir cha robh iad ach tearc, ma bha iad idir ann, air an robh an dùthaich cho eòlach agus cho gaolach 's a bha i air Tormoid Og MacLeòid, Ministear ùrlabhrach, sgrìreachd a Bharoni. Cha b' ann a mhàin am measg muinntir na h-eaglaise Stéidhichte, anns an robh e 'n a mhinistear cho ainmeil agus cho foghainteach a bha caoidh air a deanadh air a shon, ach bha an dùthaich gu léir, do gach ainm agus aidmheil a dh' aon inntinn ann an togail fianuis gu 'n do thuit curaidh treun is gu 'n robh caltachd mòr air teachd air an rìoghachd tre bhàs an Diadhair Urramaich so. Nochd a' Bhan-rìgh féin air iomadh dòigh cho goirt 's a bha a cridhe tlàth is cho trom is a dh' fhairich i am buille a thuit, mar a ghabh esan, a thug iomadh uair comhfhurtachd agus misneach dhi féin ann an uair a bròin is a dorchadais spioradail, a thuras do "thìr na dì-chuimhne." Cha b'e mhàin gu 'n do chuir i litir fhada, làn do chomhfhurtachd Chrìosdail, agus do cho-fhair-eachdainn bhlàth, a chum càirdean brònach an neach a dh' fhalbh, ach chuir i féin agus a dà mhac Fir-ionaid a chum a thòrraidh, agus comharraidhean gràidh uaipe féin agus na buill òga do 'n teaghlach rìoghail. Cha 'n 'eil iad ach tearc da rìreadh air am bheil urram do 'n t-seòrsa so air a chur. Ach cha deachaidh riabh onoir a chur air neach a b' fhearr an airidh na Tormaid MacLeòid. Ach cha b' ann a mhàin

am measg uachdrain agus dhaoine mòra a bha caoidh air a deanadh air a shon, is a bha ainm is a chliù aithnichte, ach anns na caol shràidean agus na bothain bhochda, far an tric a thàinig e mar ghath gréine a' toirt soluis a's solais gu iomadh leapa bàis, bha e air a mhothachain gu 'n robh fìor charaid agus dearbh bhràthair air a thoirt air falbh. Is air an aobhar sin bha sealladh air fhaicinn air latha a thòrraidh a leig ris mar a ghluais a bhàs-san cridhe mòr na dùthcha gu léir—Chruinnich namilltean gu am meas air a chliù, is am bròn air son a chall a thaisbeanadh. Bha Bàilidhean agus Luchd Rìaghlaidh a' bhaile an sin, Luchd-teagaisg an Oilthigh le deise a dhreuchd air gach aon diubh, Ministerean an t-soisgeul, do gach aidmheil, is uailsean as ilsean do gach seòrsa. Is a bharr air na bha lathair aig an tòrradh, bha na milltean eile ag amharc air a ghiblan thiamhaidh, is air gach aghaidh bha bròn agus mulad air am faicinn gu soilleir. Is iomadh aghaidh fhearail a bha fliuch le tuil thaosgach a bhròin, mar a chuimhnich iad nach cluineadh iad a chaidh tuillidh guth oscarra caoimhneil, an Olla Leodaich a sparradh dhachaidh le dùrachd tairgse ghràs-mhor an t-soisgeil. Air an t-sàbaid andéigh a bhàis, bha iomradh air a dheanadh air a chliù a's air a' challa thàinig air an rìoghachd, annsgach crannaig ach gann ann am baile Ghlaschu. Labhair aon no dha do na ministeirean as ainmeile 'san Eaglais Shaoir, ann an dòigh dhealasaich, dhileis, bhlàth, mu dheibhinn, is thog iad fianuis ghràdhach air a' mheas mhòr a bha aca air, mar mhinistear dìleas do Chrìosd, is mar dhuine air an do bhuilich Dia

tàlanta mòra nàdurra agus gibhtean a ghràis ann am pailteas. Is cha robh an Eaglais Chléireachail Aonaichte (U.P.) an Eaglais Easbuigeach, na Baistich is na h-Eaglaisean eile 's a' bhaile, air deireadh air na h-Eaglaisean Suidhichte agus Saor, ann an togail fianuis gu'n do thuit da rìeadh "ceannard ann an Israel," is gu'm bu shaighdeir dileas do'n Ard Cheannard, a bha 's a' chaomhan chrìosdail a bha air iomachd dhachaidh gu fois. Bha so uile a' dearbhadh airidheachd is mòr bhuidhean a' Ghàidheil ainmeil so, is a' leigeil ris ged a bha e ceangailte ri aon Eaglais, d'an d' thug e gràdh agus sin le dùrachd mhòr, gu'm buineadh e do'n dùthaich gu léir, is tha e 'n a fhianuis ro thaitneach air an dòigh anns am bheil sluagh Chrìosd 'n an aon, ged a dh' fhaodas roinnean a bhi eatorra 'san leth a muigh. Cha'n eil air an aobhar sin lethsgèul sam bith feumail air son iomradh sònruichte a thoirt air a' leithid so do dhuine anns 'A' Ghàidheil.' Gu sònruichte a chionn is nach be mhaìn gur mac Gàidheil a bha ann, ach gum b' fhìor Ghàidheal e féin a b' urrainn canain aosda a dhùthcha a labhairt is a leughadh gu fìleanta réidh, is aig an robh gaol mòr do thìr nam beann is d'a cleachdainnean.

Rugadh Tormod MacLeòid ann an Ceannloch Chille Chiarain ann an Ceanntìre, Earraghàidheal, air an treas latha do mhìos meadhonach an t-samhruidh, anns a' bhliadhna 1812. Bha athair aig an àm 'n a mhinistear 's a' bhaile sin, mu 'n d' thàinig e do sgìreachd Champsie, far an robh e ré mòran bhliadhnachan mun do ghluais e gu Eaglais Chillum Chille an Glaschu. Bha an aon ainm air an athair is air a mhac. Agus is ainm e air am bheil gach Gàidheal eòlach, is mu am bheil gach aon a labhras a' Ghàidhlig moiteil mhinistear. Oir dhearbha seann Tormod MacLeòid, gu'n robh e anns gach dòigh airidh air an ainm leis am bi e air aithneachadh cho fhada 's a bhitheas

diog Ghàidhlig air a labhairt, no facadh air a leughadh, se sin "Caraid nan Gàidheal." Is bha a mhac mar an ceudna ro mhùirneach mu na Gàidheil. Oir is ann 'n am measg a chaidh a thogail ann an tùs òige. 'Nuair bha e 'na bhalachan òg chaidh a chur do'n Mhòrairne, a chum a sheanar, d'am b' ainm mar an ceudna Tormod MacLeòid, a bha 'n a mhinistear anns an sgìreachd sin. Is dhearbha e cho domhaain is a rinn coimhneas agus cleachdainnean nan Gàidheal greim air inntinn, anns an leabhar a chur e mach o chionn beagan bhliadhnachan air an d' thug e mar ainm "Cuimhneachan na sgìreachd Ghàidh'lich." Mar a dh' fhàs e suas chaidh a chur do'n Oilthigh, a chum a dheasachadh airson na ministreileachd. 'S ann an Glaschu agus an Dun-Eidin a fhuair e fhòghlum. 'Nuair bha e an Glaschu 'na Oileanach, bha Gilleasbuig Caimbeul Tait, a tha na àrd Easbuig *Chanterbury* am measg a chompanaich. Ann an Dun-Eidin bha e bho theagasg an fhìor dhuine ainmeil agus mhaith sin, de am bheil gach Albannach moiteil, gaolach, an t-Olla Chalmers. Bha gràdh mòr aig an duine chliùiteach sin do Thormod MacLeòid. Is ged a bha iad mu dheireadh ann an Eaglaisean a bha dealaichte o cheile cha do bhàsaich am meas a bha aca air a chéile, no an càirdeas a bha eatorra. Chaith e bhliadhna, no còrr, d'a ùine air tìr mòr na h-Eòrpa mu'n d' iar e cead searmonaiche. Air dha tilleadh dhachaidh chaidh a chur air leth a chum dreuchd na ministerealachd, is cha robh e fadagus an d' fhuair e gairm gu bhi 'n a mhinistear ann an Sgìreachd Loudoin. Bha so 's a' bhliadhna 1838. Ré na h-ùine a bha e 's an sgìreachd so rinn e obair le dùrachd is eud a choisinn dha cliù o gach neach, eachdon uathsan nach robh, aig an àm, dheuchaineach sin, air an aon taobh ris féin air na ceisdean gluasadach a bha air an deasboireachd ann an cùirtean na h-eaglais. Anns a' bhliadhna 1843, chaidh e do Dhal-a-

ché far an robh e 'na mhinisteir dùrachdach dileas ré ochd bliadhna. Anns a' bhliadhna 1851 fhuair e gairm o chothional a' Bharoni, gu bhi 'na aodhair orra an àite an Olla Mac 'Ille Dhuibh, a chaochail goirid roimhe sin. Anns an sgìreachd fharsuing, mhòr-shluaghach sin rinn e 'dhleasdannas air dòigh a dhearbhadh air modh sòruichte àilleachd nam buadhan a bha air am buileachadh air, is a bha ro-bhuanachdar do dh' aobhar Chrìosd an measg milltean misheimeil baile mòr Ghlaschu. Chuir e suas Eaglaisean anns gach cèarn do 'n sgìreachd far nach robh cothrom aig aphobullfeitheamhair meadhonagràis, is bha e an còmhnuidh deas gu gnùis a thoirt do gach oidheirp a bha air a deanadh gu cor an t-sluaigh a dheanadh ni's fèarr. Comharraichte am measg nam meadhonan a ghabh e air son feum an t-sluaigh bha an t-seirbhis fheasgair a bha aige air gach Sabaid air son muinntir ann an aodach obair. Ma'n tigeadh neach a chum na seirbhis sin le cota dubh suasmhor air, bha e air a thilleadh aig an dorus.—Bha trid so àireamh mhòr air an cruinneachadh a steach, de mhuinntir a bha air tuiteam air falbh o bhi 'feitheamh air an Tighearn' ann am meadhonan nan gràs. Tha iad lionmhor ann a tha nis le an deagh chaithe beatha a' dearbhadh gu'm bheil iad "a' giùlan toradh sìochail na fir-eantachd" a bha trid na seirbheis so air "an spionadh mar àithnean às an lorgadh." Cha'n 'eil iad ach tearc an àireimh a tha idir cho comasach ann an rathad an dleasdanas mar mhinist-eirean 's a bha Ministear clìtiteach a' Bharoni. Ach cha do stad obair aig a so. Rinn e 'dhleasdanas mar mhinisteir air dhòigh chomharraichte, ann an cumhachd, dìlseachd agus bith-dheanadh. Gidheadham measg nan oibrel lionmhor aige, fhuair e ùine gu mòran a sgriobhadh, is gu iomad leabhar a chur a mach. 'Nuair a bha e na fhìor dhuineòg, thòisich e air cur a mach leabhraichean, as air a bhi 'na fhear-deasachaidh. Am

measg nan leabhraichean aige tha an fheadhainn a leanas. "An t-oileanach dùrachdach," anns am bheil e air beatha Mhr. Iain Mhic an Tòisich, a bha 'teachd a mach mar mhinisteir anns an Eaglais Shaoir innseadh. Tha ni còmharrachtaichte mu'n leabhar so gu'n d' thug e do'n Eaglais Shaoir a h-uile sgillinn bhuanachd, (a ràinig caigionn chiadan punnd Sasunnach) a bha aige o reic an leabhair so. Sgrìobh e mar an ceudna "An sgoil aig an tigh" air a chur a mach 'sa' bhliadhna 1856. "Deborah," 1857. "An Snàthain òir," 1861. "An sean cheannard airm 'sa mhac," 1862. "Paipeirean Sgìreachd," 1862. "Gu'n Ear, 1866, "*Eastward*," anns am bheil e 'toirt cunntais thaitneach air turas a thug e do dh' fhearann a gheallaidh is do'n Eiphit. Thug e cunntas ro-thaitneach, ann an leabhar a chuir e mach an uiridh, air an turas a thug e air iarrrtas na h-Eaglais o chionn thrì bliadhna, do dh' Innsibh na h-aird-an Ear, a choimhead na *missionaries*. Chuir e mach mar an ceudna "Daibhidh Beag," agus "An Truideag" is bha e 'na Fheardeasachaidh aig "Na deagh Fhocail" a tha 'teachd a mach gach mìos. Mar so chì sinn gu'n do chaith e a bheatha gu saothrachail, is nach do chaomhain e e féin. Tha gach aon do na h-oibreansin a' leigeil ris cho dirdhear is a bha na buadhan inntinn aige, is mar an ceudna cho farsuing 's a bha a chofhaireachdainn, is cho blàth 's a bha a chridhe. Cha'n 'eil neach a leughas na leabhraichean sin, nach mothachadh gràdh a' dùsgadh 'na chridhe dhasan a sgriobh iad. Ach is ann mar Fhearlabbhairt a bha cumhachd comharraichte aige thar inntinnean sluaigh. B' urrainn dha a réir a mhiann muinntir a dhùsgadh gu luathghaire ait, no an gluasad gu dèir a shileadh. Cha'n 'eil neach riabh a chuala e a leigeas gu grad air dì-chuimhne na briathra cumhachdach a bhitheadh gu fileanta rèidh a' froiseadh o 'bhilean. Bha e air leth cumhachdach 'sa' chrannaig is anns --

talla far am biodh labhairt ri 'dheanadh. Ach 'sannan uair a choinnicheadh neach airleisféin annan uaigheas, a bha buaidh air leth aige, is a bha fìor mhaitheas agus cumbachd an duine ri am faicinn. Dh' fhaodadh iadsan a chuala e a' labhairt am folais, meas as urram a thoirt dha, ach bheireadh gach neach a bha eòlach air, is a choinnich tric an uaigheas e, gràdh teth dha á cridhe dùrachdach. Bha e cho iriosal, caoimhneil, tèd-chridheach; cho làn do cho-fhair-eachdainn ri deuchainnean, agus cruadalán muinntir eile, cho deas gu e féin a chur as a ghabhail air son an uallaich aca aotromachadh, nach robh e comasach do neach air bith a b' aithne e gu ceart, gun ghràdh a thoirt dha. Dh' fhaodadh neach a bhi do chaochladh barail ris air iomadh puinc ach cha 'n eil aon a b' urrainn àicheadh nach robh gràdh dùrachdach, fìor, aige do Chrìosd, agus eud domhain aige air son a ghloirsan a chur am meud. Ma bha e fìor mu neach riamh, bha e fìor mu Thor-mod Mac Leòid "gu'n robh gràdh Chrìosd 'g a cho-éigneachadh." B' e rùn agus miann a chridhe an còmh-nuidh a bhi 'deanadh maith d'a cho-chreutairean as a bhi 'g a' tìr treòrachadh gu eòlas air an neach ud a bha comasach air beatha a thoirt dhoibh. Is ma bha e mar so iarrtasach air a dhleasnas a dheanadh a thaobh a dhreuchd is oibrìbh eile, cha do dhearmad e na dleasdanas a bha luidhe air mar mhac, mar fhear pòsda, agus mar athair. Is ainneamh teaghlach anns an robh gràdh is carantachd air an nochdadh a thaobh gaol a chéile mar bha iad 'san teaghlach aigesan. B' urr-antar mòran a ràdh mu dhéibhinn so, ach is nì ro naomha air son suilean an t-saoghal dìomhaireachd an teaghlach Chrìosdaidh, is air an aobhar sin gabhaidh sinn tharais air a sin. Chaidh iomadh onair chur air rè a bheatha. Bha e an dlùth chaidreamh is chàirdeas ris a, Bhan-rìgh is r'a teaghlach. Bha e ann am meas ard a measg a bhràithre anns a' chléir, a bhuilich air an onair as àirde

a tha aig an Eaglais Chléireachail ri thoirt seachad le a dheanadh 'na Ard Cheann-suidhe air an Ard-Sheanadh. Ach cha do mhùgh aon do na nithean sin an cridhe blàth, aige, le a bhi 'g a lionadh le àrdan. Bha e gu crìoch a bheatha iriosal càirdeil, is mar so a' dearbhadh nach b' urrantar na buadhan ard cinn is cridhe a bhuineadh dha mar fhìor Ghàidheal a mhill-eadh. Ma bha nì air bith as an do rinn e uail is às an robh e bòsdail, b' e so e, gu'm buineadh e do Fhinneachan cliùiteach tìr nam beann. Cha bhi e furasda an t-àite a dh' fhàg e falamh a lionadh, is cha 'n fhaic sinn an cabhaig a shamhuil a rithis. Tha e nis 'na chadal ri taobh "Caraid nan Gàidheal" fo sgàile nam beann, ann an cladh *Champsy*, anns an leapidh chaol, far am bheil fois aig luchd alabainis sgis. Slà leis. Dh' fhàg e dìleab luachmhor againn 'na eiseimpleir. Eiseimpleir a tha 'labhairt ruinn 's ag ràdh

"Bithibh suas mata 's ag obair
Le cridh' gun gheilt roimh chruas an t-saoghail
A' sìor leantuinn 's a' sìor-bhuidhinn
'Fòghlum, faighidh is saothair."

Glasgo,
Mìos deireanach an t-Samhraidh, 1872. } R.B.

DUBH-A'-GHIUBHAIS.

Anns na làithibh a dh' fhalbh bha Alba gu léir còmhdaichte le coille ghiubhais. Chunnaic rìgh Lochlainn seo, agus bha mòr fharmaid air ris na h-Albannaich, oir bha iad a' milleadh a chuid fhéin malairt, agus chuir e roimhe gu'm faigheadh e teine chur ris na bha choille 'n Alba. Mar seo bha. Chuir e a nighean a dh'ionnsachadh na "Sgoile-Duibhe;" agus an uair a bha i air a fòghlum, chuir e air tìr i ann an Alba, agus a h-ultach làn de theine. Leis an ultach sin, shìn i air cur teine ris na bha de choille 'n Alba. Ach cha deach i fad air a h-aghaidh 'n uair a chunnaic na h-Albannaich nach bu chreutair Crìosdail a bh' innte, agus 'sann a dh'fheuchadh iad an robh rian air a glacadh. A dh'aindeoin an cuid

innleachdan cha ghlacadh iad Dubh-a'-Ghiubhais (oir 'se sin an t-ainm a thug na h-Albannaich oirre, thaobh 's gun robh i cho dubh le ceò a' ghiubhais a bha i 'cur 'na theine). Nam faigheadh iad idir am fagus di, dh' éireadh i air iteig, agus cho luath 's a bhiodh i gu maith suas anns an iarmailt bha nial ag iadhadh mu'n cuairt di, 's ga folách o gach neach a bh' air an talamh. Mar seo bha i 'gabhair air a h-aghairt, agus bha e 'na dhubb-fhocal air na h-Albannaich cia mar a gheibheadh iad a cur gu bàs. Latha dhe na làithean 's ann a smuainich duine de mhuinntir Loch-bhraoin air innleachd gu cur às di, nach cualas riamh roimhe a leithid. Thuirt an duine seo, gu'n robh Dubh-a'-Ghiubhais eòlach air spréidh bho h-òige, agus na'n rachadh 'al féin a thoirt o gach seòrsa beathaich, 'n uair a chith-eadh iad Dubh-a'-ghiubhais anns an nial, gu'm faodadh i teàrnadh gu talamh. Mar seo bha. Chaidh mòran spréidhe 'thional air Achadh-bad-a'-chruiteir 'am braighe Chillydonnain, ann an Loch-bhraon, agus air do'n t-sluagh an nial anns an robh Dubh-a'-ghiubhais fhaicinn, ghrad thearb iad an t-àl òg o 'màthraichean, 's ma thearb! 's ann an sin a bha ghleadhraich—gach bò a' geumraich, gach làir a' sìtirich, gach caora 'méllich, gach gobhar a' meig-eadaich, 's gach seòrsa beathaich eile 'sireadh an gnè féin. Chuala Dubh-a'-ghiubhais am fuaim 'san troimhe-chéile bh' air an achadh, 's théixinn i, ach cha bu luaithe 'bhuin a buinn ris an talamh na chaidh a tilgeadh le saighead. Laidh i marbh ann an sin, agus cha robh fhios co a dh' adhlacadh i.

Aig an àm bha dà long Lochlainnich ann an Camus-nan-Gall; agus air dhaibh cluinntinn gu'n d' fhuair nigh-eanan rìgh bàs, chaidh an dà sgioba a dh' iarraidh a cuirp. Chuir iad 'an caiseal-chrò e; agus ghiùlain iad e a chum na luingeis. Sgaol iad an cuid sheòl; ach cha bu luaithe 'sgaol, na dh' éirich an doinnion bu ghailbhiche

'chunnaic mac duine riamh. B' éiginn tilleadh. An ath là, thug iad gu falbh, ach dh' éirich an doinnion cho mòr 's a bha i riamh. Dh' aindeoin cho tric 'sa bheireadh iad gu falbh, bha an aon mhi-shealbh a' tighinn 'n an car. Agus air dhaibh géilleadh thòrr iad Dubh-a'-ghiubhais ann an Cill-donnan. Sheòl iad á sin do Lochlainn, agus air an t-slighe, fhuair iad an soirbheas a b' fheàrr a fhuair iad riamh. Dh' innis iad do'n rìgh mar 'thachair. Bha e fo mhòr bhròn; agus sin gu h-àraid, air son nach robh duslach a nighinn 'na laidhe 'an ùir Lochlainn. Chuir e'n dà long cheudna air an ais luchdaichte le ùir Lochlainnich; agus ràinig iad Cill-donnan. 'Scha bu luaithe 'ràinig iad na 'chuir iad an ùir air tìr, agus chàirich iad Dubh-a'-ghiubhais innte; agus an neach leis a' miannach ch' e a h-uagh gus an latha 'n diugh.

[Dh' innis mise a nise 'n sgeula mu Dhubb-a'-ghiubhais, agus ma's a breug uam e, 's breug thugam e.—IAIN MOIREASTON.]

EACHDRAIDH NA SMUID-SHOITHEACH.

LE IAIN MACILLEBHAIN.

Cluinnear am beul gach duine gur lionmhor agus gnr iongantach na h-àr-innleachdan agus na h-atharrachaidhean a ghabh àite 'n ar linn 's an dùthaich, ach is teare 'n ar measg 'na's urrainn innseadh cuin, c' àite, no co leis a thòisich mòran diubh. Tha mi anns na leanas gu oidhirp a thabhairt, gu h-athghearr an cainnt mo dhùthcha, air cùnntas a thabhairt air aon do 'n is comharraichte a ghabh àite riar cuimhne, cha 'n e mhàin 'n ar rìoghachd fèin ach anns an t-saoghal.

Tha beachd agam gu math an uair a bhitheadh muinntir gu dol do Ghlaschu o'n chearna so d' an dùthaich,* a bhi 'gan cluinntinn ag ràdh gu'm bu truagh gu'n robh a choimhlean loch 's an rath-

* Sgrìobhadh so ann an Eisdéal.

ad,—nach bu ni 's am bith leò an t-as-dar mar bhi na h-aisig. Is ann a tha daoine 'nis air caochladh am beachd cho mòr 's gur ann a tha iad a' caoidh gu'm bheil fearann Chinntire anns an rathad,—gum b'fhearr gu'm b'uisge an t-slighe gu h-ìomlan, 's gu'm faighte air aghart na bu luaithe, na bu shaoire, agus na bu shocaire no air sheòl 's am bith eile. M'am b'urrainn so a bhi b'èiginn gu'n d'fhuair daoine dòigh a's fearr air siubhal air an uisge na bha aca riamh roimhe. Cha ruig mi leas innseadh gu'n d'fhuair no gur h-i ùr-innleachd na Smùid-shoitheach a rinn an t-atharrachadh.

Shaoileadh duine nach bitheadh e doirbh 'fhaotainn a mach co 'rinn a cheud smùid-shoitheach, a tha cho eadar-dhealaichte o gach soitheach eile, ach cha 'n ann mar sin a tha. Cha 'n e mhàin gu'n robh mòran dhaoine fa leth, ach bha rìoghachdan a' sanntachadh 'sa strì ri 'dheanadh a mach gur h-ann doibh a bhuineadh cliù agus ainm ùr-innleachd cho comharraichte.

Tha na Spàinntich toileach a chur an cèill gur h-ann doibhsan a bhuineas ùr-innleachd na smùid-shoitheach, a chionn gun d'fhuair iad anns a' bhliadhna 1826. ann an tigh-tasgaidh, paipeir sgrìobhta a bha 'toirt cùnntais mu fhear d'am b'ainm *Blasco de Garay* a rinn, anns a' bhliadhna 1543, innleachd a chur ann an soitheach a chuireadh gu seòladh gu sìubhlach le coire de uisge goileach. Shaoileamaid n'am b'fhiòr so gu'n cuireadh iad gu feum e anns a' bhliadhna 1588, an uair a thug iad an ionnsaidh air Sasunn leis an *Armada* mhòir. Is i mo bharail an àite toiseach a bhi aca gur h-ann a bha 'sa tha iad fathast fada air deireadh air na coimhearsnaich 's a' chùis. Is gann a chluinnear iomradh idir air smùid-shoitheach Spàinnteach, agus tha e mòran ni's coltaiche gu'n d' rinn iad am paipeir anns a' bhliadhna 1826 na gu'n do rinn iad smùid-shoitheach anns a' bhliadhna 1543.

Tha Sasunn ag agradh còir air an ùr-innleachd a chionn gu'm faighear ann

an leabharan beag a sgrìobh Iarla Worcester anns a' bhliadhna 1665, gu'n gabhadh smùid-innleachd cur ann an soitheach a bhitheadh ro ùiseil a chum loingis a shlaodadh a stigh no mach á acarsaidean, ach cha chluinn sinn gu'n deachaidh so ceum ni b'fhaide na bhi an sgrìobhadh agus mar sin cha 'n airidh e air a bheag de shuim. Tha iad a' toirt oidhirp eile ann a bhi ag innseadh gu'n d' fhuair fear *Jonathan Hulls* anns a' bhliadhna 1736, Litir-Rìgh* air son gu'n robh e gu soitheach uidheamachadh le smùid-innleachd a sheòladh loingis an aghaidh sruth agus soirbhis, ach cha mhò 'tha cùnnas air bith gu'n deachaidh so riamh 'fheuchainn: faodar uime sin a chur a leth-taobh mar ubh anns nach robh gur, agus gu cinnteach ás nach d' thàinig riamh eun.

An àite muinntir Shasuinn a bhi 'feuchainn a thoirt air daoine a chreidsinn gu'n robh làmh aca ann an ùr-innleachd na smùid-shoitheach, b'fhearr dhoibh gun a bhi a' brosnachadh dhaoine gu bhi a' rannsachadh ro mhion 'sa' chùis, oir faodar a thilgeadh orra nach e mhàin nach robh iad air thoiseach, ach gur ann a bha iad bliadhnachan air deireadh air Albainn.

Is ann á Glaschu a chaidh a cheud smùid-shaoitheach a bha riamh ann an Sasunn. Toiseach an t-samraidh anns a' bhliadhna 1815, thàinig *Captain Dodds* le sgioba á Lunnainn a cheannach té dhiubh. Fhuair e an *Elizabeth*. Dhubb e dhi an t-ainm is 'n a àite chuir e air a deireadh an *Thames*. Sheòl e leatha rathad Eirinn agus mu 'n cuairt ìochdar Shasuinn is i 'n a h-ìoghnadh do na chunnaic i. Ràinig i *Plymouth* mu mheadhon an t-samhraidh far an d'fhuair i latha a thoirt cothroim do luchd-riaghlaidh a chalaidd a faicinn agus a feuchainn, is i 'n a sealladh do mhiltean nach faca 's nach cuala a' bheag de iomradh riamh air a leithid. An ath latha sheòladh leatha gu *Portsmouth* far an do

* Patent.

chruinnich na mìltean 's na deich mìltean g'a faicinn—gach neach diubh a' meas na *Thames* 'na h-ìoghnadh do-labhairt. An àm dhi ruigheachd bha luchd-riaghlaidh na Cabhlaich Bhreatainnach* cruinn ann an cùirt 's cha d' fhan iad ri sgaoileadh na cùirt, ach ruith iad a mach mar chloinn á tigh-sgoil a dh' fhaicinn seallaidh nach fhacas a leithid riamh roimhe, agus iad fo eagal nach beireadh iad air fhaicinn a rithisd. Dh' fhan an *Thames* latha ann am *Portsmouth* far an d' thàinig coisridh riombach air bòrd—ceithir àrd-cheannardan loingis, mòran mhnathan uaisle, saighdeirean mara agus buidheann de luchd-ciùil; ach bu bheag d' an ceòl a chluinntean an àm dol seachad air loingis na cabhlaich a bha 'sa' chadaladh, le àrd-chaitheam nan seòladairean a bu leòir a dhùsgadh mhic-talla féin as a shuain. An àm pilleadh mu fheasgar bha gach neach a' moladh buaidhean a's murrachas na *Thames*. An déigh so shaoileamaid nach ruigear leas a bhi 'cosd cainnt ann a bhi 'dearbhadh nach buin an innleachd do Shasunn. Na'm bitheadh dad de'n t-seòrsa roimhe so aca féin, cha deanadh iad a leithid de othail ri aon a thigeadh á Albainn.

Is iad na h-Americanaich is dlùithe a dh' fhaodas dol air cliù agus creideas na h-àr-innleachd a thoirt uainn. Is iad gun teagamh a chuir gu feum an toiseach i. Rinn fear dhiubh d'am b' ainm *Robert Fulton*, anns a' bhliadhna 1807, smùid-shoitheach d'am b' ainm an *Clairmont* a chur gu gleus air an abhainn mhòr an *Hudson* agus b'e so a' cheud chosnadh a chaidh a dheanadh riamh leò. Cha robh iad air an cur gu ùis an Albainn roimh 'n bhliadhna 1812, an uair a chuireadh an *Comet* an òrdugh le *Henry Bell* ann an Glasehu, gidheadh, tha mi an dòchas gu'n dean mi soilleir nach iad na h-Americanaich ach na h-Albannaich, agus gur e fear a mhuinntir Dhùnfrìs d'am b' ainm *Seumas Taylor*, an duine, leis an do rinneadh a cheud

smùid-shoitheach.

Bha *Seumas Taylor* air fhòghlum ann an àrd Oil thigh Dhunéidinn. Bha e ro thùrail agus toigheach air a bhi 'dealbh 's a' feuchainn innleachd. Chaidh e anns a' bhliadhna 1785 do theaghlach *Mr. Patrick Miller* ann an *Dalswinton* a theagasg a chloinne. Bha *Mr. Miller* mar an ceudna 'n a dhuine innleachdach agus mar so thachair iad air a chéile. Fhuair iad bàta a thogail air son réis a bha ri feuchainn ann an Lìte 's a' bhliadhna 1787. Bha am bàta air cumadh ùir agus an àite bhi air a cur air falbh le raimh 's ann a bha cuibheall ag oibreachadh 'na meadhon. Bhuidhinn iad an réis ach chunnaic iad gu'n robh am bàta cho goirt ri h-oibreachadh 's nach bu chomasach do dhaoine a sheasadh,—gu'm feumta an dara cuid a chuibheall a leagadh seachad no innleachd a bu chumbachdaiche na neart dhaoine fhaotainn 'ga h-oibreachadh. An déigh breathnachadh air a' chùis thubhairt *Mr. Taylor* nach b' aithne dha ni cho freagarrach ri smùid-innleachd a dh' oibricheadh gu sàrdail gun fhàs sgèith. Cha robh *Mr. Miller* 'ga fhaicinn cho freagarrach, ach ma dheireadh dh' aontaich e leis cho fada 's gu'n deachaidh bìrlinn a thogail agus smùid-inneal beag de umha a chàradh an òrdugh innte 's a mach air loch uisge *Dhalswinton* chaidh a feuchainn a's sheòladh i gu siùbhlach mu choig mìle 's an uair, an sealladh nan ceudan a chruinnich a dh' fhaicinn bàta a falbh cho luath gun ràmh, gun seòl, chithear fathast ann am paipeirean naigheachd an àm sin mion chunntas air soirbheachadh na ceud oidhirp a chaidh riamh a thoirt air soitheach no bàta a chur gu h-asdar le smùid-inneal.

Shoirbhich leò cho maith 's gu'n do chuir iad rompa an ùr-innleachd a thionndadh gu ùis a's buannachd gun dàil am beachd Litir-rìgh fhaotainn chum a dheanadh cinnteach dhoibh féin. M'am bitheadh iad aig cosdas a cheum so rùnaich iad tuillidh dearbhaidh fathast a chur air a chùis le soitheach beag

fhaoitainn a thogail. Chaidh *Mr. Taylor* gu fùirneis mhòir *Charroin* a chum na buill throma iarruinn fhaoitainn a thilgeil air son na smùid-innleachd a bha ri 'cur anns an t-soitheach ùr agus a chum an obair a bheirteachadh an òrdugh innte. Thuarasdalaich e fear d' am b' ainm *Symington* a bha ag oibreachadh a réir stiùradh *Mr. Taylor* fhéin. Chaidh an soitheach a chrìochnachadh 'sa feuchainn an lathair mhòran, uaislean a's chumanta air a' *Chanal* dlùth do *Charroin* air an 26mh latha de mhìos deireannach na bliadhna 1789. Dh'fhaibhadh i gu siùbhlach, socair a' ruith sè mìle 's an uair, 's bha gach duine a' moladh làn shoirbheachadh na h-ùr-innleachd. Shaoileadh duine gu'm bu leòir na chaidh cheana ainmeachadh gu 'dhearbhadh gur ann do Albainn gun teagamh a bhuineas ùr-innleachd na smùid-shoitheach 's gur e gu sònraichte *Mr. Seumas Taylor* an duine a dh'oibrich a mach i. (Ri leantainn).

R A N N A N

AIR AN SGRIOBHADH AIG BAS AON GHIN MÌC.
A Chailean, a Chailean, a Chailean. — rùin,
Gur cràiteach mo chridhe 's na deòir ann
am shùil,

Tha m' inntinn fo mhulad;
gun sùinnt,

Bho 'n dh'fhàg mi mo Chailean 's an Ach-
adh fo 'n ùir.

Tha 'aogas gach latha fa chomhair mo shùil;
'S gu'n saoil mi mar àbhaist gu'm bheil thu
dhomh dlùth

Le d' aghaidh mhìn bhòidheich 's do mheall
shùilean gorm,

'S do bhilean anisnach dean mánran no toirm.

Gur trom tha mo cheum a' tighinn dach-
aidh 's an oidhche,

Is bristeadh 's a' chròilean a b' àbhuist bhi
cruinn.

Bidh càch 'tighinn a m' choinneamh 's a'
streupadh ri m' ghluin,

Ach aon dhiùbh tha m' dhìth is cha till e ri
ùin.

Cha 'n 'eil bràthair a nis aig do pheath-
raichean gaoil,

'S tha t'athair 's do mhàthair 'g ad ionnd-
rain o'n taobh;

Ach dh'iarr thu mu'n d'fhàg thu nach robh
sinn ri caoidh.

Is sùil bhi ri dachaidh a mhaireas a chaoidh

'N uair a shiab thu na deòir o ar shùilean
bha làn,

'S a phaisg thu ar muineal a'd' ghàirdeanan
bàn,

'S a phòg thu le aiteas gach sean agus òg,
'S a dh'fheum sinn a ghealltainn nach bith-
eamaid ri bròn.

Oh athair, a mhàthair, a pheathraichean
gràidh!

Mo bheannachd a nis leibh gu slorruidh
's gu bràth,

Is leanaibh an caraid 'thug mise às gach càs.
'S gu'n coinnich sinn far nach téid sgaradh
le bàs.

Cha robh thu ach òg ann an saoghal a' bhròin.
Ochd bliadhna 's seachd láithean a fhuair
sinn ort còir;

Ach esan 'thug dhuinn thu 'se nis a thug
uainn,

Bheir neart gu bhi strìochdte d'a thoil anns
gach uair.

Ledaig, May, 1872.

JOHN CAMPBELL.

SGEULACHD SGIRE MA CHEALLAIG.,

Bha Gille òg ann uair 's chaidh e dh'iarraidh mnà do Sgìre ma Cheallaig, agus phòs e nighean tuathanaich, 's cha robh aig a h-athair ach i fhéin, agus 'n uair a thàinig àm buain na mòine, chaidh iad do 'n bhlàr mhòine 'n an ceathrar. 'S chuireadh a' bhean òg dhachaidh air thòir na diathad, agus air dol a staigh dhi chunnaic i srathair na làrach brice fos a cionn, agus thòisich i air caoineadh 's air ràdh rithe féin, de a' dheanadh ise nan tuiteadh an t srathair, 's gu'm marbhadh i i féin 's na bha air a siubhal? 'N uair a b' fhada le luchd buain na mòine a bha i gun tighinn chuir iad a màthair air falbh a shealltuinn de bha 'g a cumail. 'N uair a ràinig a' chailleach fhuair i a' bhean òg a' caoineadh a steach, "Air tighinn ormsa," ars' ise, "dé a thàinig riut?" "O," ars' ise, "'n uair a thàinig mi steach chunnaic mi Srathair na làrach brice fos mo chionn, 's de 'dheanainn-sa na 'n tuiteadh i 's gu'm marbhadh i mi fhéin 's na tha air mo shiubhal!" Bhuail an t-seana bhean a basan. "Thàinig ormsa an diugh! na 'n tachradh sin, dé a dheanadh tu, na mise leat;" Bha na daoine a bha 'sa' bhlàr mhòin' a' gabhail fadachd nach robh aon

de na boireannaich a' tighinn, o 'n bhuail an t-acras iad.

Dh' fhalbh an seann duine dhachaidh a dh' fhaicinn dé 'bha a' cumail nam Boireannaich, agus 'n uair a chaidh e steach, 's ann a fhuair e 'n dithis a' caoineadh 's a' bas-bhualadh. "Ochon," ars' esan, "dé a thàinig oirbh!" "O" ars' an t-seana bhean, "'n uair a thàinig do nighean dhachaidh, nach fac' i Srathair na làrach brice fos a cionn, 's dé a dheanadh ise na 'n tuiteadh i 's gu 'm marbhadh i i-féin 's na bha air a siubhal." "Thàinig orms'" ars' an seann duine 's e bualadh nam bas, na 'n tachradh sin." Thàinig an duin' òg am beul na h-oidheche làn acrais, 's fhuair e 'n trùir a' comh-chaoineadh. "Ubh úbh," ars' esan gu de a thàinig oirbh. Dh' innis an seann duine dha. "Ach," ars' esan, cha do thuit an t-srathair." 'N uair a ghabh e biadh chaidh e laidhe, agus anns a' mhaduinn thubhairt esan, "Cha stad mo chas gus gu 'm faic mi trìuir eile cho gòrach ruibh. Dh' fhalbh e so air feadh Sgìre ma cheallaig, agus chaidh e steach do thaigh ann, agus cha robh duine a steach ach trìuir bhan 's iad a' snìomh air còig Cuigeilean. "Cha chreid mi fhéin," ars' esan, gur h-ann a mhuinntir an àite so a tha sibh." "Ta," ars' iadsan, "Cha 'n ann; cha chreid sinn fhéin." "'S cha 'n ann," ars' esan. "Mata," ars' iadsan "tha na daoine a tha 's an àite so cho faoin, 's gu 'n toir sinn a chreidsinn orra a' h-uile ni a thoileachas sinn féin." "Mata," ars' esan, "tha fàine òir agam 'an so agus bheir mi e do 'n té agaibh a 's fearr a bheir a chreidsinn air an duine." A' cheud fhear a thàinig dhachaidh de na daoine thuit a bhean ris, "Tha thu tinn." "Am bheil?" ars' esan. "O tha," thuirt ise. "Cuir dhìot do chuid aodaich 's bi a' dol a laidhe." Rinn e so; agus 'n uair a bha e anns an leabaidh, thuirt i ris, "Tha thu nise marbh." "O am bheil?" ars' esan. "Tha," thuirt ise, "dhin do shùilean 's na gluais làmh no cas." Agus bha e so marbh. Thàinig an so an dara fear dhachaidh, agus thubhairt a bhean ris, "Cha tu a th' ann." "O nach mi?" ars' esan. "O cha tu," thuirt ise. 'S dh' fhalbh e 's thug e a' choille air. Thàinig an so an tritheamh fear a dh' ionnsuidh a thaighe fhéin, agus chaidh e fhéin 's a bhean a laidhe, 's chaidh gairm a mach am màireach chum an duine marbh a thiodhlacadh; ach cha robh a bhean-san a' leigeil leis-san éiridh gu dhol ann. 'Nuair a chunnaic iad an giùlan a' dol seachad air an uineig dh' iarr

i air a bhi 'g éiridh. Dh' éirich e 'n so le cabhaig mhòir 's bha e 'g iarraidh a chuid aodaich 's e air chall, 's thubhairt a bhean ris gu 'n robh a chuid aodaich uime. "Am bheil," ars' esan, "Tha," ars' ise. "Greas thusa ort gus 'm beir thu orra." Dh' fhalbh e 'n so 'n a chruaidh ruith, agus an uair a chunnaic aodaich a' Ghiùlain an duine lomnochd a' tighinn smaoinich iad gur duine e a bha às a chiall, 's theich iad féin air falbh, 's dh' fhàg iad an Giùlan, agus sheas an duine lomnochd aig ceann na ciste mhairbh, agus thàinig duine a nuas às a' choille, agus thubhairt e ris an duine a bha lomnochd, "Am bheil thu 'gam athnachadh?" "Chan'eilmise," ars' esan "gadathnachadh." "O cha 'n 'eil; na 'n bu mhi Tòmas dh' aithnicheadh mo bhean féin mi." "Ach car son" ars' esan, a tha thusa lomnochd?" "Am bheil mi lomnochd? Ma tha thubhairt mo bhean ruim gu 'n robh m' aodach umam." "Si mo bhean 'thubhairt riumsa gu 'n robh mi fhéin marbh," ars' a' fear a bha 'sa' chiste." Agus an uair a chuala na daoine am marbh a' bruidhinn thug iad na buinn asta 's thàinig na mnathan 's thug iad dhachaidh iad, agus 's i bean an duine a bha marbh a fhuair am fàine, agus chunnaic esan an sin trùir cho gòrach ris an trùir a dh' fhàg e aig an taigh, agus thill esan dhachaidh.

Agus chunnaic esan an sin bàta a' dol a dh' iasgach, agus chunntadh dà dhuine dheug a' dol a steach do 'n bhàta, agus an uair a thàinig i gu tìr cha robh innte ach aon duine deug. 'S cha robh fios cò am fear a bha air chall. Agus am fear a bha 'g an cunntadh cha robh e 'ga chunntadh fhéinidir, agus bha esan a' coimhead so. "Ge dé an duais a bheir sibh dhòmhsa na 'm faighinn am fear a tha air chall oirbh?" "Gheibh thu duais air bith ma gheibh thu 'n duine," thubhairt iadsan. "Deanaibh," ars' esan, "suidhe ri taobh a chéile ma tha." Agus rug e air siulpan maide, agus bhuail e an ceud fhear, "Bitheadh cuimhne agadsa gu 'n robh thu fhéin innte." Lean e air am bualadh gus an d' fhuair e naire dà dhuine dheug 's e 'cur fuil gu fear orra, agus ged a bha iad prionta agus leòinte cha robh comas air, bha iad toilichte air son gu 'n d' fhuaradh an duine a bha air chall, agus air chùl pàidheidh 's ann a rinn iad cuirm do 'n duine a fhuair am fear a bha air chall.

Bha loch aig tuath Sgìre ma Cheallaig air am bitheadh iad a' cur éisg, agus ars'

esan "S ann bu chòir dhuibh an loch a thràghadh gus am faigheadh sibh iasg ùr chun na Cuirme;" agus nuair a thràghadhan loch cha d'fhuaradh dearg éisg air ach aon easgann mhòr. Thubhairt iad an so gu'm b'i sud a' bhéist a dh' ith an t-iasg orra. Rug iad oirre an so agus dh' fhalbh iad leatha gu 'bàthadh 's a' mhuir; agus an uair a chunnaic esan so dh' fhalbh e dhachaidh, agus air an rathad, chunnaic e ceathrar dhaoine a' cur suas mart gu mullach taighe gus an itheadh i am feur a bha 'cinntinn air mullach an taighe. Chunnaic e 'n so gu'm bu dhaoine gun samhail sluagh Sgìre ma Cheallaig. "Ach," ars' esan, "dè 'n duais a bheir sibh dhòmhsa," 's bheir mi nuas am feur?" Chaidh e 's ghearr e 'm feur, thug e do 'n mhart e, agus, dh' imich e roimhe. Chunnaic e 'n so duine a' tighinn 's mart aige ann an cairt, agus dh' aithnich daoine a' bhaile gur h-e goid a' mhairt a rinn am fear so. "Agus 's e bu chòir mòd a chur air." Mar so rinn iad; agus 's e 'n ceartas a rinn iad an t-each a chur gu bàs air son a bhi 'giùlan a' mhairt.

Agus gu dearbhadh a thoirt dhuibhse gu'm bheil an sgeulachd so fìor 's e so a thug air *Iain Lom am Bard* a chan-tuinn:—

"Mar lagh nan linn-tean nach maireann
A bha 'n Sgìre ma Cheallaig
'Nuair a dh'it iad an gearran 's a' mhòd."

DUAN CALLUINNE.

Le I. M'D.

S i nochd Oidheche na Bliadhn'-Uire—

Oidheche nan lùireach 's nan caman;
Cuirear cuilean anns na dùin
Is rud eile nach fhiù dhomh aithris;
Théid coltar a' chroinn a shàthadh
Ann an àrd-dhorus an tighe
Chum nach toir buidseach na Sìthe
Thoradh no 'bhrìgh as a' bhainne.

Bha i riamh 'n a h-oidheche shona;
Chuireadh i sogan air fearaibh;
Bhiodh na maighdeannan 'n an uidheam;
'S gheibhteadh bruidhinn o gach caillich.
Oidheche 'n aighir, oidheche 'n t-sùgraidh,
Oidhech 'a' chiùil, is oidheche 'n drama;
Gheibh gach duine 's ainmhidh 'n dìol;
'Sgur fear nach fhiach nach faigh a bhannag.

Na mullachagan leathan, lìontaidh,
Bh' aca fad bliadha' air an fharadh,

Bheirear an nochd iad 'n ar làthair,
Ged bhiodh càs againn 'n an gearradh.
Cuirear an tigh mòr gu straillich,
Bidh na coinnleirean 'g an glanadh;
Bidh na ban-oglaich ri fuineadh
Chum nach faicear duine falamb.

FREAGRADH GAOIL.

Do "Fhàilte Gaoil" le LILIDH NAN EILEAN.

A Lilidh ghrinn. a Lilidh Ghaoil,
Bu chaoine leam bha t'òran
Na mìle teud gu fonn-mhor caomh
An raon na coille dhòmhail
'N uair dhiùsgadh séis nan allt 's na gaoith
Gu fuaimneach, gaoireach còmhlaith;
Thug t' Fhàilte Ghaoil le tuigse naoimh
Gràdh Daonna 's Nèimh gu còrdadh.

A Lilidh bhinn, a Lilidh chòrr
O mhils' do phòig 'n uair dh'fhàg mi
Do m' chrìdh' aon chaoimhneas gaoil cha
b' eòl

Ach leòn nach searg gu bràthach;
Bha seirbhe dhian a' clòidh ma threòir
Le deòir a' inntinn chràiteich;
'S luidh neulaibh càin' le sìleadh bròin
Air m' òig' 'dh' fhàs tiarnachaidh ànrach.

A Lilidh chaoin, a Lilidh bhàn,
O c' àit am bheil ar bòidean!
Dh' fhàs mise truagh o 'n bhacadh gràs
O 'n Aird a m' chumail còmhndaid;
O m' anam clòidht' an doimhneachd cràidh
Nach tràigh cho fad 's a's beò mi!—
'Na pian bidh cuimhne m' fhoill gu bràth
'S i saor o bhàs a' m' òran.

O Lilidh Ghaoil! A Ghaoil! Gabh truas!
Oir chuartaicheadh o Nèamh mi
Le mallachd throin is seargadh cruaidh
Air nach téid luaidh fo 'n ghréin sol!
O maitheanas! cha 'n iarr mi uait;
Cha 'n fhuasgail sud o 'n phéin mi;
Rinn mi long-bhriseadh shearb; 's a' cuan
Na truaigh cha 'n iarr mi éiridh!

A gathan gréin a las trè neòil
An òig' na maidne ciùine,
Bidh cuimhne gheur leam fèin ri m' bheò
Air bòidheach na bha dlùth duinn.
'N uair luidh bhuir leus air stùc is lòn
'Toirt deò is càil às ùr duinn,
Is sinne 'n glacaibh gaoil gun ghò
Air bruachaig fheòir ghlais chubhraidh.

An d' thug sibh leibh air sgèith bhur soills'
 An t-aoibhneas 'bha 'n ar sùgradh
 Gu tìr a' Ghil far nach 'eil doills'
 A chaoidh ri 'faicinn dlù di?
 A cheòlairean a b'fhonnmhòir dàin
 A' snàmh an tlàs coill' ùraill
 An cuimhne leibh a' mhaduinn ghràidh
 A dh' fhàs a nis cho ciùirtreach?

Bu mhaiseach àill nan craobh mu'n cuairt,
 'S iad naine fo lì gréine!
 Is b' ait an sealladh amharc suas
 Air snuadh na doimhn' 's na speuraibh
 Ach dh' fhalbh gach àgh, a Lìlidh bhàn,
 Tha cràdh an àite èibhnis;
 Is slige 'ghràidh air lìonadh làn
 De leòn nach tràigh 's nach tréig sinn.

IAIN MAC MHARAH.

MO MHATHAIR.

Cò thog mi air a clochaibh tlà,
 'Sa thàlaidh mi gu suain le bàigh,
 'S a dh' altrum mi 'na h-uchd le gràdh?
 Mo mhàthair.

Nuair theich an codal fada uam,
 Cò thog an guth bu bhinne fuaim,
 Air chor 's gu'n thuit mi ann am shuain?
 Mo mhàthair.

Cò dh' fhair thairis orm gu caomh,
 'S mi 'm luidhe anns a' chreathail fhaoìn,
 'S a shìl na deòir le bàigh co caoin?
 Mo mhàthair.

Fo enslainte 'nuair bha mi'n sàs,
 O àm gu h-àm ni's laige 'fas,
 Cò ghul le geilt gu'm faighinn bàs?
 Mo mhàthair.

Cò ruith gu dian gu m' thogail suas,
 'Sa chogair sgeula beag a' m' chluais,
 'Sa phòg air falbh mo leòn le truas?
 Mo mhàthair,

Cò air ùrnuigh dhùisg mo dhèigh,
 Do fhocal naomh a's latha Dhé,
 'Gu triall 'na shlighe dhìreach réidh?
 Mo Mhàthair.

Am feud e bhith nach deanar leam,
 'Caidreamh a's caoimhneas riut gach àm,
 A bha co bàigheil chaoimhneil rium,
 Mo mhàthair?

'Cha 'n fheud—b'e sin a bhi gun truas,
 'S ma chumas Dia mo bheatha suas,
 'Cha bhi do chaoimhneas dhomh gun duais,
 Mo mhàthair.

'Nuair dh' fhàsas tusa lag sa' cheum,
 Gheibh thu lorg o m' ghàirdein fein,
 'S bithidh mi a' m' thaice dhuit a' d' fheum,
 Mo mhàthair.

'Nuair chailleas tu do lùth 's do threòir,
 Nì mi faireadh ort le deòir.
 A dh'oidhch' 's a latha bìdh mi d' chòir,
 Mo Mhàthair.

NAIDHEACHDAN.

THUG sinn iomradh uair no dha cheana
 mu'n Olla Libhington a tha o cheann
 àireamh bhliadhnachan ann am meadhon
 Africai. Rinneadh oidhirp air dòigh no dha
 air 'fhaotainn a mach o'n a sgaol sgeul
 ceithir bliadhna roimhe so gu'n robh e air
 a mharbhadh, ach cha d' fhuaradh fios cinnt-
 each 'sam bith mu dhéibhinn. Fa-dheòidh,
 ghabh Mr. Stanley, duine usaal tapaidh a
 a tha co-cheangailte ris a' phaiper-naidh-
 eachd Americanach *New-York Herald*, os
 làimh dol air tòir Libhington do mheadhon
 Africai. Dh' fhalbh e, air uidheamachadh
 gu h-ìomchuidh, agus mu thoiseach a'
 Gheamhradh fhuair e mach Libhington
 leis and d' fhan e mu cheithir mìosa. 'N
 uair a ràinig Mr. Stanley bha e air briseadh
 gu mòr 'n a shlàinte, ach mu'n do dheal-
 aich e ris 's an Earrach bha e air fàs gu
 maith làidir agus beothail. Tha Mr. Stanley
 a nis air tighinn air ais gu Sasunn agus mac
 Libhington agus feadhainn a bha a' dol a
 dh'iarraidh 'athar air tìheadh leis. Dh'
 fhàgadh Libhington a' rannsachadh a mach
 mu abhnaichean 's mu lochan an Africa;
 dh' fhàgadh pailteas de gach ni feumail
 aige 's cha'n 'eil dhà aige tighinn dhach-
 aidh ri bliadhna no dha.

Mu dheighinn a *Bill* a bh' anns a' Phàrl-
 lamaid air son na sgoilean Albannach a
 dheanamh na's fheàrr, feudaidh sinn a ràdh
 gu'm bheil e nise an deigh 'dhol tro'n
 Taigh Iochdrach, 's tro'n Taigh Uachdrach,
 agus nach 'eil a dh' èis air gu bhì na lagh
 ach a Bhan-rìgh a h-ainm a chur ris. Ged
 a bha mòran an aghaidh a' *Bill* an uair a
 chaidh a thoirt a steach do'n Phàrlamaid,
 gu h-àraid mu theagasg a' Bhiobuill 's na
 sgoilean agus stéidh a' Mhaighstir-sgoile,
 cha deach atharrachadh cudthromach air
 bith a dheanamh air, oir chum an duine
 'thug a steach e pailteas sluaigh gu thaobh-
 san a ghabhail anns gach cùis. Tha cuid
 ag radh gum bi am *Bill* so na mhasladh do
 dh' Alba, agus cuid eile nach d' fhuair Alba

aon riabh cho maith ris. Faodaidh sinn a radh, a réir an ached ur so, gum feum sgoil a bhi anns gach àit, agus gum feum a' chlann a bhi air an cumail innte gu frith-ealtach. Air son cumail suas na sgoilean so bithidh eis air a togail; agus bi'dh luchd-riaghlaidh air an combarrachadh a mach anns gach àit gu coimhead thairis air na sgoilean, gu roghnachadh a mhaighstir-sgoile, gu phàidheadh mar a shaoileas iad iomchuidh, agus, gu 'thaghadh air son na dreuchd no chur air falbh mar 'bi e 'deanamh a ghnòthaich ceart. Tha mòran ann an dòchas gum bi na sgoilean ùra so air an riaghladh ann am modh a bhios a chum cliù agus foghlum an t-sluaigh àrdachadh gu mòr; agus tha sinn ann an dòchas gur ann mar sin a bhithas, oir tha mòran feadh na Gàidhealtachd nach urrainn focal a lèughadh an dingh, agus theangamh ged a tha iad mar sin, gun robh taigh-sgoile 'an uidhe bhig bho'n doras féin, ach air son nì-eigin gun sgoinn cha rachadh iad na chòir; agus tha mòran sgoilean 's an dùthaich as ged a tha iad gu math air am frithealadh nach mòr nach bu cho math do'n chloinn a bhi asda 's a bhi annta air son na's fhiach iad. Tha gu tric dha no trì sgoilean ann an aon àite, te air a cumail suas leis a bhuidheann ud is té leis a bhuidheann ud eile, agus iad nìle cearbach, an uair a dh' fhaodadh aon sgoil cheart a bhi eatorra a dheanadh an gnothach gu coimhlionta, agus bho nach cuir na buidheannan so an guail-ibh ri chèile anns an nì so tha e ro-iom-chuidh gu'm bitheadh e air a dheanamh le lagh na rìoghachd, a chum 'snach bi gnothach cho cudthromach ri foghlum no h-òigridh air fhàgail air dheireadh.

Tha iasgach an sgadain an Leodhas agus àitean eile air feadh na Gàidhealtachd a nise seachad air son an t-samhraidh so; agus cha robh e bho cheann fhada cho bochd. Bha iasgach na Langainn mar an ceudna mòran na bu mhiosa na 'b' àbhaist. Tha iasgach an sgadain 'an Gallthaobh a nis' air tòiseachadh, ach cha deachaidh a bheag a dheanamh fhathas. Tha am bàrr air feadh Albainn a' sealltuinn gu gasda. Bha deireadh an earraich agus toiseach an t-samhraidh anabarrach fliuch air feadh Alba, ach bha cor latha do thide bhriagh air a mhios a chaidh seachad. Tha cunntas gu'm bheil an tide neo-chumanta teith 'an America air an t-samhradh so.

Tha mòran a' dol air iomruich bho'n Ghàidhealtachd air a' bhliadhna so. Dh'

fhallbh còrr agus trì cheud pearsa bho Eilean Leodhais mar tha, agus tha tuillidh a falbh fhathast; 'sann do Chanada Iosal agus Ard a tha 'chuid mhòr diubh a' dol. Chaidh beagan gu ruig *New Zealand*.

SLAN LE FIONN-AIRIDH.

[Eadar-theangaichte le G. MAC-NA-CEARADH nach maireann.]

Eirich agus tiugain, O,

Eirich agus tiugain, O,

Eirich agus tiugain, O,

Mo shoraidh, slan, le Fionn-Airidh.

Tha 'n latha maith, 's an soirbheas ciùin,
Tha 'n ùine 'ruith, 's an t-am dhuinn dlùth.
Tha 'n bat' 'g am fheitheamh fo a siùil,
Gu m' thoirt a null o Fhionn-Airidh.

Eirich agus, &c.

Tha ioma mille ceangal blàth
Mar shaighdean ann am féin an sàs;
Mo chridhe 'n impis a bhi sgàint'
A chionn bhi 'fagail Fhionn-Airidh.

Eirich agus, &c.

Bu tric a ghabh mi sgrìob leam fhéin,
Mu 'n cuairt air lùchairt Fhinn an tréin;
'S a dh dh'éisid mi sgeulachdan na Féinn
'G an cur an cèill am Fhionn-Airidh.

Eirich agus, &c.

'S bu tric a sheall mifeasgar Màirt
Far am biodh Oisein 'seinn a dhàn;
A' coimhead gréin aig ioma trà
'Dol seach gach là 's mi'm Fhionn-Airidh.

Eirich agus, &c.

Allt-na-Caillich—sruthan ciùin
Le 'bhorbhan binn 'dol seach gach làb,
Is lìonmhor aoibhneas 'fhuair me shrùil
Mu'd bhruchaibh dlùth do Fhionn-Airidh.

Eirich agus, &c.

Beannachd le beanntaibh mo ghaoil
Far am faigh mi 'm fiadh le 'laogh,—
Gu ma fad' an coilleach-fraoich

A' glaochaich ann am Fhionn-Airidh.

Eirich agus, &c.

Ach cha 'n iad glinn is beanntan àrd'
A lot mo chridh, 's a rinn mo chràdh,
Ach an diugh na tha fo phràmh
An teach mo ghràidh am Fhionn-Airidh.

Eirich agus, &c.

Beannachd le athair mo ghràidh
Bidh mi 'cuimhneach ort gu bràth;
Ghuidhinn gach sonas is àgh

Do 'nt-sean fhear bhàn am Fhionn-Airidh.

Eirich agus, &c.

Mo mhàthair!—'s ionmhuinn t' ainm r'a
luaidh—

Am feum mi tearbadh uait cho luath?

Is falbh a'm' allabanach truagh

An cian uait féin 's o Fhionn-Airidh.

Eirich agus, &c.

Soraidh leat-sa, bhràthair chaoimh,

Is fòs le peathraichibh mo ghaoil;

Cuiribh bròn is deòir a thaobh,

'S biodh aoibh oirbh ann am Fionn-Airidh.

Eirich agus, &c.

'Illeasbuig bhig, mo Leanabh gràidh,

Gu 'n coimhead Dia thu o gach càs;

'S bu mhian leam féin ma thill gu bràth

Do ghàire blàth bhi 'm Fionn-Airidh.

Eirich agus, &c.

Am feum mi siubhal uait gun dàil!

Na siùil tha tégta ris a' bhàt!

Soraidh, slàn, le tìr mo ghràidh;

Is slàn, gu bràth le Fhionn-Airidh!

Eirich agus, &c.

DUANAG A' CHIOBAIR.

Le Dòmhnall Phàil 'an Ceann-a'-Ghiubhsaich.

Gu 'm bheil mulad air m' inntinn

•O 'n là 'thàinig mi 'n tìr so,

•S nach faic mi mo nighneag dhonn òg.

•S nach faic mi mo nighneag dhonn òg.

O nach faic mi a' chailleag

Do 'n d' thug mi 'n cion-fallaich—

•Sann a dh' fhàg mi i 'n Raineach nam bò,

'S ann, &c.

'S ann a dh' fhàg mise gruagach

An fhuilt cham-lùbaich, chuachaich,

An taobh thall do Dhruim-Uachdair an

fheòir.

An taobh, &c.

Tha deud shnaighte mar dhisnean

'Am beul meachair na rìbhinn,

'S gur millse na 'figuis a pòg.

'S gur, &c.

•Ciochan corrach, 's iad glé-gheal,

Ann am broilleach a léine,

Mar aiteal na gréin' ri là ceò,

Mar, &c.

Slios mar eala nan cuaintean,

No mar shneachda nam fuar-bheann,

•Calpa cuimir, 's troidh uallach 'am bròig,

Calpa, &c.

'S cha 'n 'eil samhla do m' luaidh-sa

'Measg na chì mi mu 'n cuairt domh,

Ged a chruinn'cheadh n' tha shluagh anns

an t-Sròin.

Ged, &c.

'S ged a chruinn'cheadh an dùthaich

Gu féill Chinn-a'-ghiubhsaich,

Cha bhiodh té ann do 'n dùraiginn pòg,

Cha, &c.

Cha 'n e sid 'rinn mo chiùrradh

O na thàinig mi 'n dùthaich-s',

Ach nach fhaod mi 'dhol null air do thòir.

Ach &c.

Tha 'n t-astar cho fada

'S nach fhaod mi tighinn dachaidh,

Eagal càch 'bhi 'g am fhaicinn 's an ro'd,

Eagal, &c.

'S bi 'dh mo mhaighstir 'g am ionndrainn

O'n tha 'n stoc air mo chùram,—

'S mi 'g an gleidheadh air cùl Bail'-a'-chrò.

'S mi, &c.

'S mi gach latha mu 'n cuairt dhaibh

'Siad cho duilich ri 'bhuaich'leachd

O na thàin' iad gu tuath do 'n Chreig-Mhòir.

O na, &c.

'S mòr gu 'm b' fhearr 'bhi 'g am buach'-

leachd.

Ri mulach na guaille

Far nach iarradh iad buachaill ri 'n sròin,

Far nach, &c.

Far nach biodh orm bonn chùram

'Nuair a chuirinn mo chù riuth'

Ged a bhitheadh iad dùinte le ceò,

Ged, &c.

Ach ni mi litir a dhùnadh

'N deise 'sgriobhadh dha t-ionnsaidh

'S bi'dh tu cinnteach nach mùth mi mo sheòl.

'S bi 'dh, &c.

'S ged a bheir mi seachd bliadhna,

A' siubhal nan crìoch so

Té eile cha 'n iarr mi 's tu beò,

CEUM NO DHA O'N CHAGAILT

Mu ta 'Ghàidheil ghaolaich, 's iom-

adh rud a ch' 'n duine 'bhios fada beò;

agus a ri 's e mise 'dh' fhaodas sin a

ràdh. B'e sin e; b'e sin e, 'nàile paipear-

naigheachd agus leabhar-sgeòil Gàidh-

ealach. Mo bhannag air an diùlanach

a smaoinich an toiseach air a' leithid

a' ghnìomh dùthchail a dheanamh!

Eudail gu 'm bu fada beò e; agus an

latha 'gheibh e 'm bàs gu 'm b'ann 'na

dhéigh-san a bhios beannachdan nan

Gàidheal anns gach cèrnaidh dhe 'n

domhan. Agus tha iad ag innseadh

dhòmh-sa gur h-e òganach a dh' fhalbh

á Eilean-an-Fhraoich do dh' *America*, agus a tha nis an déigh tighinn air ais cho beartach ri Iùdhach a tha 'ga chur a mach. Slàn iomradh air. A ri! 's beag an t-iongantas ged a thuirt Mac-Leòid 'san òran.

“An t-eilean ro mhaiseach gur pailt ann am biadh; [ghrian;
 ‘Se eilean a’s àillt air’n do dhealraich a’
 ‘Se eilean mo ghràidh-s’ e, bha Ghàilig ann riamh [cuan siar.”
 ‘S cha’n fhalbh i gu brath às gu’n tràigh an

agus mur ‘eil mise brèugach ‘s i’n fhir-inn a th’aige; gu h-àraidh cho fad agus a bhios e fhéin is Mac Neacail bed—an an dara fear a’ dol a’ h-uile geamhradh a chumail *concert* Gàilig ann an Steòr-nabhaigh mhòir a’ Chaisteil, agus am fear eile ‘cur a mach paipear-naigheachd do chlànn nan Gàidheal ‘n an cainnt féin! Gu ma fada bed òganaich Eilean an Fhraoich! Tha mise ‘g innseadh dhuibh ‘s cha’n ann idir le brosgal nach cuiradh sealladh dhe mo leannan (nam biodh té agam) a leth de dh’aighir orm agus a chuir “An Gàidheal” an uair a chunnaic mi e. Aig an àm bha mi ann an Inbhir-nis agus sheall mi e do sheann Ghàidheal còir; agus an tombais sibh ciod a thuirt e? Thuirt e gu’n deanadh “An Gàidheal” urram mòr a chosnadh do dh’Alba. Ach ma thaitinn sealladh dhe’n leabhar ris ‘s ann a bha e aighearrach ‘n uair a shin mi air leughadh dha litir Rùnasdaich Mu Ghàidheil Ghlaschu. Shaoileadh sibh nach robh uair eil’ aig air an talamh le gaireachdaich ‘n uair a thàinig mi gus an earrann a bha ‘g ràdh gur h-e “*Soiree*” an dòigh Fhrangach air an fhocal “Suiridh!”

Ach o’n a shin mi air sgrìobhadh idir, theagamh nach bu bheag oirbh ged a chuirinn naigheachd no ni-éigin eile gu’r n-ionnsuidh. ‘S a’ cheud àit, mata, an cuala sibh fhéin agus bhuir luchd-leughaidh gu’m bheil “Comunn Gàilig” ann an Inbhir-nis? Mu’r cuala ‘s iongantach e; oir ‘se Cluainidh Mac-a-Phearsainn is ceann air a Chom-

unn; agus tha e ‘na nì cinnteach nach biodh gnothach aig Ceann-cinnidh Chlànn Mhuirich ri Comunn Ghall no Ghàidheal mur a biodh iad air bonn ceart. Cha’n ‘eil an Comunn fhathasd bliadhna dh’aois, ach ged nach ‘eil, ‘s iomadh ball a th’ann;—tha buill á Eirinn ‘s á Sasunn cho mhath ‘sàs gach oisinn de’n Ghàidhealtachd. Gidheadh tha’n luchd-riaghlaidh air son gu’n cruinnich an còrr de na Gàidheil mu’m brataich. Agus farraideam co’n Gàidheal leis nach miann na ceathairnich a chobhair? oir ‘se so rùn a’ Chomuinn:—

“Na buill a dheanamh iomlan ‘s a’ Ghàilig; cinneas cànaire, bàrdachd, agus ciùil na Gàidhealtachd; bàrdachd, seanachas, sgeulachd, leabhraichean agus sgrìobhanna ‘s a chànan sin’ a thearnadh o dhearmad; leabhar-lann a chur suas ann am baile Inbhir-Nis de leabhraichibh agus sgrìobhannaibh—ann an cànan ‘sam bith—a bhuineas do chàileachd, ionnsachaidh, eachdraidheachd agus sheanachasaibh nan Gàidheal no do thairbhe na Gàidhealtachd; còir agus cliù nan Gàidheal a dhìon; agus na Gàidheil a shoirbheachadh a ghnà ge b’e àit am bi iad.”

‘S cinnteach mise gur taitneach a leughas gach duine dhe’n Chomuinn “An Gàidheal,” agus tha mòr iongantas orm ma bhios duine idir dhuibh nach ceannaich e—oir tha mi ‘faicinn gur h-ann a chum na h-aon chriche ‘tha iad féin ‘s “An Gàidheal” ag obair. Ach gun fhios nach fhaodadh neach-éigin so fhaicinn leis ‘m bu mhiannach a bhi ‘na Bhall de’n Chomuinn ‘s còir dhomh innseadh gu’m bheil e cho fosgailte do bhean no do mhaighdinn shubhailcich sam bith faighinn a steach, agus a tha e do Thriath Ghearr-loch. Ach thuirt mi gu leòir aig an àm so mu’n Chomuinn. Neach air bith a bhios ag iarraidh an còrr eòlais, sgrìobhadh esan no ise gus an Rùn-Chléireach, Uilleam Mac-Aoidh.

Tha iomadh nì ann an Inbhir-nis às am bu chòir do na Gàidheil a bhi ‘dean-

amh uail; ach cha'n fhaod mi idir a ràdh gur'm bheil gach ni cho math 's a bu chòir daibh. Ann am baile de mhiad Inbhir-nis, agùs gu h-àraidh baile 'th' air a shuidheachadh ann an àite 'm faighear pailteas o mhuir 's o thir, bu chòir mòran oibrichean a bhi air an cumail air aghart. Ach cha'n ann mar sin a tha, am fear a gheibh beagan airgid, bidh eagal air a chur a mach aig a' bhaile; agus ma 'sa miann-ach leis dad idir a dheanamh, 's e falbh do dh' àit eile 'ni e, agus caithidh e 'n sin an t-airgead leis 'm bu chòir da a bhi 'deanamh feuma ann an dùthaich a' bhreithe. An can sibh rium-sa gu'm bheil sin ceart?

Ach coma co-dhiù, tha Inbhir-nis a soirbheachadh. Coimhidibh Pàdruig Deòrsa Mac-Uilleim féin. Tha mise 'g innseadh dhuibh gu'm b' onair do 'n Ghàidhealtachd na tha e 'cur de sheud-aibh Gàidhealach do dhùthaichibh céin. Smuainichibh-se gur e duine fhuair spàinn òir 'n a bheul a's urrainn a dhol a reic àilleaganan ris a' Bhan-rìgh, 's ri Ban-Impire na Gearmailt, maille ri mòran phrionnsaibh as bhan-phrionnsaibh a b' urrainn mi ainmeachadh. Agus ged a tha e 'deanamh gnothuch ri àrd-uaislean na dùthcha, tha e cho caoimhneil ris an duine bhochd 'sa tha e ris an duine bheartach; agus tha e cho saor ri òr-cheard no uaireadairiche 'sa' bhaile.—Muintir eile 'tha 'deanamh mòr reic ris na h-uaislean, Mac-Dhùghaill 's a chuideachd. Tha iad so ainmeil air son an cuid bhreacannau; agus gun teagamh sam bith 's math a thig dhaibh an Deise-ghearr a dheanamh.

Ach feumaidh mi bhi 'toirt mo chasan a Inbhir-nis agus ruaig a thoirt feadh na dùthcha. "Seadh, seadh, mata, falbhamaid air a charbad iarruinn, agus cha stad sinn bonn gus an ruig sinn Srath-Spe," deir caraid dhomh-sa 'n là-roimhe. Ach ged a thuirt,—feuch an d' fhalbh e? 'Se fhéin am fear nach d' rinn; ach coma, dh' fhalbh

mise; agus ged a bha 'm feun anns an robh mi làn muinntir a' fàgail Inbhir-nis aon duine ach mi-fhéin cha robh ann an uair a ràinig mi Farais. Agus eadar Farais is Baile-nan-Granndach bha mi air a' mhodh cheudna, air chor 's gu 'n do shìn mi air seinn

"S fhada mi 'm ònaran
'S fhada mi 's mi leam fhìn,
'S cianail o thir m'èolas mi,
'S fhada mi 'm ònaran."

'S truagh nach robh mi le m'annsachd
Feadh nan gleann anns an òg-mhaduinn.
'S fhada mi, &c.

Anns a' ghleann anns an cluinnear
Leam coireall na Smeòraiche.
'S fhada mi, &c.

'N gleann 's an cinn an t-sail chuaidhe
'S air na clusaintean na neòineanan.—
'S fhada mi, &c.

'S an àm éiridh 's a' mhaduinn
'G éisdeachd langan 'n daimh chròcaiche.
'S fhada mi, &c.

Anns a' ghleann sin b'e m' aoibhnis
'Bhi le maighdinn nan ròs-ghruaidhean
'S fhada mi, &c.

Sin agaibh mar a chaidh mise air m' aghart; agus an uair a bha mi 'dol a chantuinn, 'an àite 'bhi anns' a ghleann a bha mi 'miannachadh gur h-ann a dh'fheumainn tàmh rè na h-oidhche 'an taigh-òsda air chor-eigin ann am Baile-nan-Granndach, stad an carbad, agus choisich mise gus an taigh-òsda, 's tachas 'na mo bhuinn, oir cha robh mi riabh roimhe 's an àite. Chuir mi oidhche seachad 'an sin agus a' lath 'r na mhàireach dh' fhalbh mi suas troimh Shrath-Spé. Tha mise 'g ràdh ruibh a Ghàidheil ghràdhaich gur h-anabarrach briagha an dùthaich Srath-Spé, agus a thuilleadh air a sin, tha sluagh ro-chaoimhneil ann. Ach 's ann aca 'tha 'Ghàilig as troimhe-chéile 'chuala mi riabh. Dh' fhoighnich mi ri fear de mhuinntir an àite ciod e an rathad a bha Ceann-a'-Ghiubhsaich uam. "Tha dìreach *straight* anns an *direction* sin" ars' esan, 's e 'sineadh a mach a làimhe-rathad Chinn-a'-Ghiubhsaich. Fear eile ris 'n do choinnich mi dh' fheadraich

mi c' ainm a bh' air na beanntaibh a bha mi 'faicinn 'an sin agus currachd shneachd air mullach gach aon diubh. "O dearbh," deir esan, "cha 'n 'eil fios agam-sa, ach gheibh sibh fhéin an ainm anns an *Geography*; agus tha mi clunt-each na 'n reachadh a measurigeadh gu 'm bheil *height* anntha nach *conceiv-geadh* duine 'sam bith le 'm faicinn dhe 'n rathad mhòr."

Dh' fhàg mi "Granndaich Shrath-Spé," ged a bha iad còir, caoimhneil, agus shiubhail mi gu Cinn-a'-Ghiubhsaich; agus a rì ma shiubhail, 's mise shiubhail an dùthaich as taitnich anns an robh mi riabh. Cho luath 's a ràinig mi Cinn-a'-Ghiubhsaich chaidh mi gu taigh caraid àraidh, 's b'e fhéin an caraid 's an duine còir. Ach, a Ghàidheil ghaolaich, 'sfhada o'n chuala sibh, "Coinnichidh na daoine ged nach coinnich na cnuic," agus air an aobhar sin, le bhuir cead-sa, coinnichidh muinntir Chinn-a'-Ghiubhsaich 's mise fhathasd air duilleagaibh 'A' Ghàidheil." CUAIRTEAR.

LUATH ASTAR NA H-URNUIGH.

Cha n-aithne dhomh cò a sgrìobh an laoidh a leanas, 'us cha-n-eil fhios agam co dhiubh a tha no nach 'eil i cheana 'an clò. Ach is dearbh leam gur airidh i air àite maith ann an duilleagaibh 'A' Ghaidheil, agus gu-m bi a luchd-leughaidh toilichte air son i 'bhi air a toirt fa 'n comhair. Tha urrad de spiorad na fìor bhàrdachd anns na ceud ceithir rannan, 's nach ruigeadh leas Oisein no Ullin nàire 'ghabhail dhiubh. Ach tha 'n t-iomlan snasda, agus tha 'n teagasg a tha i a' toirt duinn da rìreadh a rèir an fhocail shòlasaich a tha 'g ràdh "Tha Dia dlùth dhoibhsan uile a ghairmeas air ann am firinn."

Oillo-Mhàillibh.

Treas Mìos an t-Samhraidh, 22mh, 1872. } G. C.

Ge luath air a sgiathan a' ghasoth
A' saighdeadh thar aonach nan gleann;
Ge dian ceum na lasrach 's an fhraoch
'N àm earraich, suas taobh nam beann,

'Us fuar-anail chruaidh a' mhàirt
A' sgiùrsadh na càire deirg,
'S a' ruagadh nan neul gu h-àrd
Mar imeachd an sgàil air an leirg;—

Ge siùbhlach an long air a' chuan
Roimh fhuadach na doinnne gairg',
'S na sliabh-thuinn a' tòirleum m'a h-èarr
'G'a h-iomain le gànraich feirg
'Us torman a cràuraidh trom,
Geur-thead lom, air uair, 'n a beairt,
Coiprich m' a saith*, 's i 'n cas,
'S a fòirnet* failneach a chion neairt —

Ge luath, air cleitridh chòrr a sgiath,
A dh' astras rìgh nan ian an àird
Feadh failbhe* fhàs a' ghorm-choip§ chéin
'Tha 'còmh-dach rùn|| nan speuran àill:
'S ge cas a dhoirteas griann a soills
A nuas gu làr troi 'n aibheis¶ chian,
Is déine, is siùbhlache, 's is luath'
A ruitheas urnuigh suas gu Dia.

Ged is àird* os ar ceann an Triath
Na 'n t-astar 'tha 'ghrian o 'n ché,*
Gur luaithe na dealan air fàir'
A ruigeas 'n a làth' ar n-éigh;
'S ma dh' iobrar miann a cridhe ceart
Is ceart co luath thig neart g' ar fòir,
'S a thaomas tuitèan trom thar eas
Air alinnein cas nam beannta mòr.

Cò, mata a bhios 'an cruas,
(Mar tha gach aon mhac truaillidh erè)
Nach tog ri Dia a ghuidhe 'n àird
'S gur athair 'tha ro chàirdeil E?
Esan a thug suas a Mhac
Chum peacaich lag a dhìon o sgrios,
Ciamar bhios creideach ann an ag
Gu-n cùm e aon dad uaithe leis?

Cha bhi, cha bhi, cha mheath a ghaol
Do 'n aitim sin a ròghnuich è,
Bheir e dhoibh am feum 's an t-shaogh-al',
Bheir saoihbheas pailt 'an saogh'l a's fearr.
Is daor a dhioladh air an saors',
'S thug sin a ghnàth fo dhaors' an gràdh-s,
Oir dh' iath e ump' a chòrdan gaol
G' an nasgadh dlùth ri 'thaobh gu bràth

* "Saith," no "sugh," ainn, no fiodhrach-tarsain bàta.

† "Fòirne;" agiobh bàta.

‡ "Fàilbh" (falamb); an iarmallt, an speur.

§ "Gorm-choip;" 'an Bourla blue vault.

|| "Rùn;" dìomhaireachd.

¶ "Aibheas," farsuingeachd nan speur, no a' chuan.

** "Cé," an t-alamh, an saoghal.

NITHE NUADH AGUS SEAN.

CHA'N 'EIL aon chuid cridheachan matha
no tuijse mhath aig luchd-tuailais.

CHA'N 'EIL e ceart gu'n dìteadh sinn neach
's am bith nach 'eil 's an làthair gu dhìon féin.
CHA'N fhiach le neach aig am bheil ceud
fathan mòra a bhi ri connspoid.

SEACHAIN, mar a sheachaineadh tu an nath-
air, an neach a sgrìobhas gu mì-mhodhail,
ach fathast a labhras gu mìlis.

CHA'N 'EIL aoibhealeachd 'na dearbhadh
gu'm bheil an inntinn aig fois, oir is tric
"am meadhon gàire gu'm bheil an cridhe
dubhach."

THA trì nithean ro dhuilich ann, sgeul
rùn a ghleidheadh, càineadh no lochd a dhì-
chuimhneachadh, agus feum math a dheanadh
a dh'ùine a bhitheas aig neach dha féin.

AIR do *Phlato* cluinntinn gu'n robh naimh-
dean aige a labhair gu h-òlc mu dhéibhinn
fhreagair e, "Bithidh mu chaithe-beatha air
dhòigh 's nach creid neach 's am bith iad."

SEACHAIN an t-sùil a dh' aithnicheas an t-
òlc gu luath, agus a tha mall a dh' fhaicinn
a' mhaith:

TOIMHSEACHAIN.

1. Coileach dubh 's a' bhail' ud thall,
Ite dhubh is ite dhonn;
Dà ite dheug am tàrr a sgeith,
'S còrr is trì fichead 'na dhruim.
2. Tobaran òir am meadhon a' bhail' so
Trì chinn òir is còmhla ghloine ris.
3. Siùbhlaidh e na lèanagan,
Siùbhlaidh e na breunagan,
Siùbhlaidh e'n t-imire fada,
'S thig e dhachaidh anmoch.
4. Each dubh is each donn bonn ri bonn,
'S luaithe 'n teach dubh na 'n t-each
donn.
5. Tìolcaidh am marbh am beò.
6. Bean bheag a' tigh'nn do'n bhail' so,
'S creagada creag air a muin;
Casan oirre 's i gun làmhan
'S ultachan càthadh 'na h-uchd.

FREAGAIRTEAN do na Toimhseachain anns
a' chùigeamh Areamh de 'N GHÀIDHEAL.

1. Peileir.
2. Ubb.
3. Snàthad.
4. Bròg.
5. Loinid bheag.
6. Soitheach le 'bata.
7. Tuagh.

8. A mac féin.
9. Gath-gréine.
10. T' ainm.

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Millidh dānadas modh.

Molaidh an t-teach math e f'héin.

Chaidh dubhag ri dualchas.

Trod a' mbeasain 's a chùil ri lár.

Théid dānadas gu droch eilean.

Tìlg mìr am beul na béist.

Leig e 'n t-earball leis a' chraicinn.

'S i 'n taois bhog a ni mās rag.

Iallan fada o leathar chàich.

S éigin do 'n fheumach a bhi falbhanach.

Na air uisge teth fo chloich fhuar.

'Tha car eile an adhar an daimh.

'S ann a bhitheas an uaisle mar a chumar i.

Coinnichidh na daoine ged nach coinnich na
cnuic.

Mar 's miannach le brù bruichear bonnach.

'S farasda duine gun nàire a bheathachadh.

FREAGAIRTEAN.

Do A. Mac C., Inbhirnis.—Fhuair sinn an
litir a' gearan air son a bhi deanamh Shas-
unnaich de na h-Albannaich. 'S ann gun
fhios do'n fhear-ullachaidh a fhuair na
briathran ud b'ite 's A' GHÀIDHEAL; agus tha
sinne cho fada 'n aghaidh a bhi deanamh
Shasunnaich de'r luchd-duthcha ri A. Mac C.
fhéin, 's air an aobhar sin, cha bhi leithid do
mì 's A' GHÀIDHEAL tuilleadh.

Do Niall Crùbach.—Fhuair sinn an litir
leibeideach a chur thusa thugainnn. Am bheil
thu smuainteachadh gu'm bheil do chuid-sa
bagraidhean a' dol a chur "A' Ghàidheil" dhe
na bhonn air 'n do sheas e'n toiseach? Ged
a bhiodh "An Gàidheal" cho dona ri bodach
na h-asal fhéin cha ghabhadh e do chomhairle.
'Nuair a sgrìobhas tu a rithiad a' Nàill cuimh-
nich nach bi thu buileach cho droch-eilean-
ach, féin-mholtach 's a bha thu air an uair so.
Slàn leat a Nàill agus 's e miann "A"
GHÀIDHEIL" gum bi tuillidh céill agad mu'n
smuanaich thu air an ath litir a chur an
rathad so.

Do A. R. F., Ceann-a'-Ghìùbhsaich.—Tha
sinn fada 'n ur comain air son na'n toimh-
seachain a' s nithibh taitneach eile a chuir
sibh thugainn. Bhiodh e ro iomchuidh gach
nì dhe 'n t-seòrsa 'tha ri fhaighinn a' measg
an t-sluaigh a thional, agus a thearnadh o
dhearmad; agus na'n deanadh ar cairdean
uile feadh na Gàidhealtachd cho math ruibh-
sa, cha bhiodh e gu cron daibh féin, agus
shealladh e nach do dhi-chuimhnich iad àbh-
achd an sinneir. Bidh sinn toilichte cluin-
inn fathasd o A. R. F.

LOCH-NAN-GARR.

A' m' shealladh a chòmhnaird, a liosan nan ròsan!
 'N' ur measg-sa biodh mùirnean na sògh ré a shaog'l;
 Thoir dhòmhsa na stùcan fo 'n t-sneachda le 'shròlaibh
 An còmhnuidh 'tha 'g altrumais saorsa is gaoil!
 Seadh, Albainn mo chridhe, 's ro ionmhuinn do bheannta!
 Mu 'n cinn gheal, O chithinn, na dùilean ri àr;
 An àit srùlag uillt chithinn mire 'n Eas steallmhoir—
 Tha mise an geall air gleann donn Loch-nan-Garr.

Ah! 'n sud bha mo cheuman a' m' òige gu tlachdmhor;
 B'i bhoineid an ad leam, b' e 'm breacan mo chleòc;
 Mo chuimhu' air cinn-fheadhna a dh' eug bha mi 'cleachdadh,
 'S mi 'mànran troimh ghlacaig na coille gach lò;
 'S cha 'n iarrainn dol dhachaidh gu 'n ciaradh am feasgar
 'S gu 'n seargadh a mhaist roimh na reultaibh gu h-àrd;
 Oir sholairinn sunnt am beul-aithris na h-eachdraidh
 A gheibhteadh o nàistnich ghlinn duinn Loch-nan-Garr.

"A thaibhsean nam marbh! nach cual mi 'ur guthan
 A' siubhal troimh 'n t-soirbheas air anail na h-oidhch'?"
 O 's cinnt' gu 'm bheil éibhneas air anam a' churaidh
 Ri turus trè 'ghleann féin air sgiathaibh na gaoith.
 Mu 'n cuairt Loch-nan-Garr 'n uair a dhùmhlaicheas gaillionn
 'S an Geamhradh á 'chathair fhuair reidit' a' cur failt,
 Tha neula a' cuartachadh Chruthan mo shinnsear
 'Tha 'chòmhnuidh an sìontaibh ghlinn duinn Loch-nan-Garr.

"Am fac sibh 'n ur n-aisling, ged bha sibh co treubhach,
 Gu 'n robh e an dàn nach biodh éifeachd 'n ur stri?"
 Ah! 'm b' e bhur dàn aig Cuilfhodair gu 'n eugadh?
 Cha d' éirich leibh buaidh, 's ann a thuit sibh 's an fhrith;
 'Gidheadh, bha sibh sona! clos talmhaidh an eugaidh
 'G'ur càradh le 'r treubhaibh an uamhaibh Bhramàir;
 A' phlobaireachd fuaimneach, do nualan a' phìobair,—
 Sgeul 'ur gnìomh' air mactalla ghlinn duinn Loch-nan-Garr.

'Chaidh bliadhnachan seach, 'Loch-nan-Garr, o 'n a dh' fhàg mi;
 Ni bliadhnachan tàr as mu 'm faic mi thu ris;
 Sgiol Nàdur de d' chinneas 's de phlùraichean t'àill' thu,
 Gidheadh 's tu a's feàrr leam na còmhnaidh réidh' mhin'.
 O Shasuinn! do mhaise tha coitchinn, neo-ghreadhnach
 Do aon a thriall suas air na beanntaibh gu 'm bàrr;
 O nach robh mis' air sgòrr fhiadhaich nan aonach!
 An glèir chais neo-aobhaich ghlinn duinn Loch-nan-Garr.

Ead. le Niall Mac Néill.

THE CELTIC,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

AUGUST, 1872.

THE AFFINITY OF GAELIC TO LATIN AND GREEK.*

THE Highlanders have been very frequently described as unreasonably reasonable in their opinions of things;—that is when you find them in the right, the correctness of their position depends, not on the result of discursive thought, so much as on some accidental impulse. This, though their cooler advisers do not altogether intend to mean it, is very much akin to being intuitively in the right, to gaining by a sort of intellectual naturalness ends which the creeping but admittedly progressive intellect of the German reaches by a toilsome effort of reason. Despite the sneering element accompanying it as well as the sparingness with which the possibility of any good coming out of Nazareth is plainly acknowledged, we willingly and thankfully accept the compliment, and endeavour to show thereby in one word (our space is small) *one* quality at least of no contemptible species, admitted by the German himself to be pre-eminently characteristic of the Celtic mind. It is fairly admissible that the haste in which the large majority of mankind live, move, and have their being prevents them from ascertaining scientifically the truth or hollowness of many important opinions which they must receive or reject in their actings of every-day life. Take for instance the question of religion. Man in his first awakenings to his position as such finds this an immensely powerful element in the world, vitally affecting its health and destiny,—an element with which in his human capacity as well as in his relations to social life he is compelled seriously to deal. He is a hard working man of the world; and should he be possessed, which not many are, of the

necessary will and ability to weigh and examine the arguments for and against certain religious opinions or propositions, his busy life will preclude him from attempting it to any considerable extent. So he must adopt a great deal at second-hand; acquiescing in, and receiving intuitively as true, the results arrived at by a Calvin, a Butler, a Mansel, a Mill, or a Mac Cosh, and even Revelation itself.

Fortunate it is for the great mass of humanity that this power of intuition is an unfailing feature of the human mind, or many would be left destitute of having anything to nourish in their bosoms except the dreary shade of sceptical thought, or the vacantness of an untrained mind. It is this intuitive capacity of rejecting or accepting what is false or true in the world of opinion that many of his unfriendly critics ascribe to the Celt. And really most practical, hard-working people will be disposed to acknowledge that it is a noble, needful, and a most divine element in the human mind; and that the Celt has only some reason to feel supremely satisfied that, in a higher degree than others, he is in possession of an intellectual quality which enables him, while hurriedly marching in the dust and roar of the field of life's battle, to adopt as correct, without any long process of speculation, doctrinal results and propositions presented to him. This line of remark leads us into the reason why Germany is so characteristically *rational* and *infidel*; in the case of many of her intellectual great men the cold dreariness of discursive speculation has well-nigh absorbed the warmth and divine glow of the original intuitions of the mind.

These digressive remarks are made on account of the frequency with which the Celt is complimented for his incapacity of submission either to logic, facts, or reason. The sneer owes its existence, not to the Celt being actually unreasonable,—it is admitted that he is reasonable,—but to the manner in which he arrives at reason. But

*THE PHILOLOGIC USES of the CELTIC TONGUE.
—An Address delivered by W. D. Geudes, M.A.,
Professor of Greek, University of Aberdeen. To
the University Celtic Debating Society. Aber-
deen: A. & R. Milne. 1872.

surely if a man is ultimately right, reasonable, or correct in his ideals it is not at all to his discredit that he arrives at such a healthy state of mind less laboriously than his neighbours, whether he does so impulsively or intuitively? At any rate we must not linger longer on the subject at present but refer at once to the excellent pamphlet before us, anxious to assure Professor Geddes that we Gaelic Scholars are as willing as our emotional natures will admit to "submit to the logic of facts and listen to the voice of science." If Celtic Scholars felt impulsively compelled to insist "on the lofty claim they used to advance of speaking the primeval language," they must according to an admission already made, have held a somewhat reasonable position, and it is doubtful whether they should even be requested to "lower the plumes of their pride" till their more scientific and discursive neighbours disprove the reasonableness of their position by presenting them with fresh results which they can intuitively discern to be correct! We will feel very grateful indeed if our friends assist us in acquiring a more rational system of arriving at reason; the advantage of becoming more scientific and systematic is one not to be slightly and thanklessly despised. To Professors Blackie and Geddes the gratitude of all true Celts is truly intense; and the intensity will increase in proportion to the assistance afforded us in learning a scientific mode of investigating the Philologic facts of our language. If the result of thorough investigation will prove that the liquid and guttural sounds of the Celtic never wafted their musical murmurs on the breezes of Eden, that it is only an unmusical dialect of the defunct Anglo-Saxon, that the name of Ossian himself was only manufactured amidst the taleologic vagaries of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries of this Christian era, or that even our national existence only dates from the day when colossal Johnson trod our barbaric glens,—even after all such prospective misfortunes are realised, we are resolved that our Sasunnach friends will find us possessed of sanity enough to save ourselves from hanging.

The following paragraphs as fresh, scholarly, and interesting on Classic Pronunciation and the "*sporadic phenomena*" of the Celtic from Professor Geddes's

Pamphlet we very gladly transfer to our columns:—

"We hear much at present of a discussion carried on in England as to the mode of pronouncing Latin, and we can catch the low murmur of a confused battle going on against the peculiar, solitary, not to say fantastic, pronunciation of Latin that has prevailed so long there. Scotland, as you know, had begun to be corrupted in this matter from English influence. The Court of Session and the Academies of the South were acquiring the mincing pronunciation from the other side of the Borders, and I was once looking forward to the time when the tide of this English influence should have submerged all the rest of Scotland, and left us in Aberdeen maintaining in its last retreat the old *ore rotundo* national pronunciation of *Romanos rerum dominos gentemque togatam*. That felicity or infelicity, to which I was looking forward, of 'sitting alone among the ruins of Carthage,' is not now likely to be realised. In England itself a reaction has set in under the powerful influence of Munro, and will lead to common sense and conformity on their part to us, instead of our conformity to them. Not that the Scottish pronunciation of Latin is unimpeachable, but it is sound in many points where the English is false, and I do not know that the English mode is ever sound where the Scottish happens to be false. It is otherwise with the Celtic. It can be shown to be sound where both are false. I instance especially the important matter of the pronunciation of the third letter of the alphabet (c, as we wrongly call it), before e and i. What does the Celtic say? Is it in favour of *Kikero* or *Sisero* pronunciation? Undoubtedly in favour of the hard, and on this analogy alone we might fairly confront any difficulty arising from the unwontedness to the ear of *silicet*, *vicissim*, and the other stumbling blocks put in our way by the anti-Munrovians.

"The proof from Gaelic may be rested on two grounds—First, the condition of the loan-words, which came out of Latin into Celtic at the time when Latin was still a living speech. I refer to such a word as the Celtic for priest (*sagart*), which I think, there can be little doubt, found its way from the language of the Church into Gaelic before the downfall of the Western Empire. It is the Gaelic edition of the Latin *sacerdos*,

but the Gaels did not take it with its present pronunciation, but with the *c* pronounced hard; whereas, if the Romans pronounced the *c* then as an *s*, it would be inexplicable how the Gaels transmuted an *s* sound into a *k* or *g*.

"Other loan-words of Roman origin, now deeply embedded in Gaelic, but showing clearly how the *c* was sounded when they were transferred, I take to be—

ceart (just, right, correct) } tells the pronunciation of *certus*.
ceartas (justice) }
cill (a burial-ground, church, *Kil*-bride, *Kil*-patrick, &c) tells the pronunciation of *cella*.
cearcall (hoop, circumference) tells the pronunciation of *circus*, *circulas*.

ceard (artist, also tinker) tells the pronunciation of *cerdo* (handicraftsman).

ceir (wax) tells the pronunciation of *cera*.

Best of all, as undoubtedly a term of the Roman Imperial time, when all the world was taxed.

cis (tax, tribute) tells the pronunciation of *census*.

"Second argument is from words of a much more hoary antiquity, and which the Celtic has in common with the Aryan races.

"The word for hundred, *ceud*, with *k* sound, throws light on Latin *centum*; so *ceil* (to hide) on Latin *celo*; *cead* (leave, permission) on Latin *cedo*.

"Indeed, the Gaelic and Greek seem partial to the sharp *k* sound; for instance, the Greek *Kluo* and Gaelic *chlas* the (ear), a root in which the Sanscrit has shown symptoms of weakness, passing *klu* over into *aru*, and the Slavonic tongues into *slu*, whence it comes that their national name *slava* (glory) is the analogon of the Greek *Kleos* and Gaelic *cliu* (fame). This second class of words, namely the primitive, afford an argument not so strong upon the particular point in question as the later or loan-words, because it may be said that there is no dispute as to the *original* value of the Roman *c*, that it was like a *k* before *e* and *i*, as well as before *a*, *o*, *u*. The only doubt is as to whether, before the best period of their literature was over, the Romans did not soften it themselves. It is, however, an answer in point to say that those words that flowed into Gaelic before the Roman Empire perished, or about the period of its downfall, bear the mint of the hard pronunciation, and therefore we are entitled to conclude that that was the normal

pronunciation at the time. Thus the Gael has retained in the fastnesses of the hills forms of words that have come down, at least, from the days of Galgacus."

"I conclude with a gleaning of a few of what may be called the *sporadic* phenomena of Celtic, being chiefly concentrated in single words or roots, many of them of great suggestiveness, and throwing often a strange weird light over the darkness of the past.

"How interesting, for example, to know that the leader under whom the Gauls poured down upon Rome in 390 B.C. bore among the Romans the name of Brennus, and that this is still the word for "judge" and "judgement," *Breitheanas*, proving that the Gauls were under a social organisation, where the office of a King was not so much to lead in war as to dispense judgment and administer justice. It is strange to find the same name appearing also in the leader of the irruption into Greece a century later, down upon Delphi, a portion of which band afterwards became the occupants of Galatia, in the heart of Asia Minor.

"Again, in the early history of England we meet with the name *Vortigern* or *Vertigern*, as the King who called in the Saxons. Can we doubt that we have in that word simply *Fear-Tighearn*, "the man who is Lord," which leads me to affirm that the great chief of Latin poetry has, like *Vortigern*, a Celtic name *Virgilius*?

"He belonged to the region of Gallia Cisalpina, and Zeuss says of the name, 'Nomen vix dubium gallicæ originis.' It might be hazardous to say what the *-gilius* signifies, but of the *vir-* there can be no doubt, and the assurance is made all the surer by the old form *Ver-gilius*, to which the critics are now returning, which suits admirably the singular of the Celtic, *fear* (a man).

"Besides the chief of Latin poetry, Zeuss hands over to the Celtic race the chiefs of Latin History, and Science:—*Addo*, et *Livius*, et *Plinius*, nomina Gallica Italique superioris."

The Greek for *man* is *anēr* and the noun for manliness (besides *enōrēs* and *andria*) is *androtēs*. The *a* of the initial seems to be euphonic, and not part of the root: for the Sanscrit is without the *a* initial, *nri*, plural *naras*, "men." So the old Sabine speech, which, we are told, said *Nero*, 'fortis,' and *Nerio*, 'fortitudo.'

"What says the Gaelic? Is there any

word for *man* that will identify with *anèr*? Not now, but there had been once, for the word for *manliness* is *neart*, which is, therefore, an exact analogon in root and ending of *androtès*, when this last has been stripped of all accessories (*a, d, -ès*), and reduced to its simplest form (*u, o*). Even the rigid Curtius, who, to avoid the violation of certain philologic principles, will not allow us to identify the Greek *theos* with the Latin *deus*, admits the equation; *neart*=*androtès*.

"Few things in language are more interesting than to know that Gaelic holds fellowship with Greek in its word for *manliness*, and with Latin in its name for *man*; *Fear* being similarly the equation of the Latin *Vir*.

"In this high companionship I leave the Celtic tongue, and commend it, therefore, to your earnest study and investigation, on scientific as well as on patriotic grounds."

—o—

THE HIGHLANDERS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

We are indebted for the following interesting information regarding the Highlanders of New Brunswick to the Rev. Thomas Nicolson, River Charles, New Brunswick:—There are about 150 Highland families in this county, Restigouche, chiefly from the Island of Arran. They are generally in good circumstances. The greatest number of them came here from twenty-five to thirty years ago. A few have come occasionally since. There are about fifty or sixty families of Highlanders in Black River, Miramichi. There are besides these some hundreds of Highland families scattered up and down the province. There is now no Gaelic preached in New Brunswick, except one sermon by the Rev. Mr. MacMaster at the Communion Season. Some families of Highlanders left for California a few years ago. They have not bettered their circumstances, and all regret that they left. Highlanders generally do well in this province. There is an abundance of excellent land unoccupied in our country. It can be obtained on

very reasonable terms. The Government grant it to Settlers for a small sum, and that sum can be paid during a course of years, by improving the roads to the Settlers' farms. The HIGHLAND-GAELIC EMIGRATION SOCIETY started about thirty-three years ago, has now no existence. It was the means of bringing out a number of Highland families at the time.

—o—

THE HIGHLANDERS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

To the Editor of "THE GAEL,"

Permit me to add a note of correction to the Rev. John C. Sinclair's very interesting account of the Highlanders of North Carolina which appeared in the June number of "The Gael."

When writing the names of Ministers who preached there in the Gaelic Language, he omitted to mention the Rev. Dugald Crawford, from the Island of Arran, who, I am informed, went twice to North Carolina and remained there several years and preached in the Gaelic. Some of his Sermons were printed there and some were printed in Scotland; the first of his printed Sermons that came to my hand were six in number, printed uniform, the title of the first reads,—*Searmon a chaidh a hìobhairt ag an Raft Swamp*. (here follows a date in Gaelic) *Le D. Crawford, Minister, Fayetteville*; printed by Rowleston & Sibley or Sidley, 1791. The second appearance from the press is entitled *Searmon do Mhnai*, and dated 1805, this Sermon was dedicated to Mrs M'Calister of Cour in Kintyre; and the third is a Farewell Sermon in the English preached in the parish church of Skipness, Kintyre, 1812. He afterwards settled in his native Isle of Arran and was appointed as parish Minister of Kilmorey, where he continued till his death which happened about the year 1841. He was drowned whilst getting out in a small boat to

reach the steam-boat intending to go in the latter to Greenock.

I hope that the Rev. J. C. Sinclair will again speak to his brethren through your truly Highland Newspaper and permit me to suggest to him that he should extend his enquiry through the length and breadth of the United States and try and trace out as many as possible of our Gael who have distinguished themselves in various professions and occupations of life, remembering that

‘Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.’”

NIALL CAIMBEUL.

BALL GHLINN-TRUIM.

Le Dòmhnall Caimbeul, Mac Dhòmhnail Phail, Bàrd Chinn-a'-Ghiùbhsaich.

(Ann am B-urlar 's an Gàilg.)

AIR Fonn:—"The Laird of Cockpen."
*Yesterday evening, 'san fheasgar an raoir,
We marched away to Ball Ghlinn-truim,
We could na get lasses, cha rachadh iad leinn,
And goiny without them bu mhladach sinn.
When we arrived, gu'n d'fhuair sinn ho-rè!
They all enquired "nach tug thu leat te?"
"We're better without them" gun fhreagair mi fhéin;*

*But never let on, nach fhaighinn a h-aon.
And when we entered an rùm 's an ro' n danna's,* [Galld']

*The lasses were dressed anns na fasanan
With white muslin frocks agus cròtaibh na 'n ceann—* [eadh tu fann']

*They would cheer up your heart ged a bhih
With gum-flowers and ribbons gur h-iaid a bha briagh,—* [riabh']

*All trimmed in the fashion nach fhaca mi
With hoops in their skirts, 's ann annta bha 'n liad:* [inn. mas fhair.]

*They thought nach robh 'n leithid ri 'fhaigh-
When the dancing commenced, cha robh iad cho gann,* [riut' a dhann's']

*But you would get plenty 'reidheadh comhl'
The house was so crowded—bha 'n t-ùrlar cho trang;*

*You never saw leithid de rabble 's a bh'ann!
The butler then went le toddy mu 'n cuairt;
When they got the whiskey 's ann aca 'bha 'm fuaim;*

*The lads were with lasses ri barganan cruaidh
And I went to listen, an taice ri 'n cluas!*

*The wind was hard blowing 'n sabhal Ghlinn-
Truim;* [druim,—]

*The candles were dripping a mhàn air ar
They painted our coats gun fharachdainn dhuinn:—*

If we stayed at home, cha d'eirich sid dhuinn.

*It was four o'clock—'s i mhaduinn a bh'ann
We started for home anns a' choach aig a'*

Ghall, [na ghleann,
*When we reached Kingussie, gu'n deach mi
Regretting the loss 'bhi gun chadal 's an àm.*

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

SUTHERLAND—LARGE ESTATE SALE.—We understand that Messrs Stewart, Rule, and Burns, solicitors, Inverness, on Wednesday purchased the extensive baronial estate of Skibo, in Sutherlandshire, for E. C. Sutherland-Walker, Esq. of Aberarder, for the sum of £130,000.

THE ISLAND OF RASSAY.—This tight little island, on the east of Skye, and close beside it, is now in the market. By far the greater part of it is bleak and rocky, but to the south and west there are some fine pastures, arable land, and plantations. The rental is about £1500, and one man, a native of Sutherland, pays about £1000 of that for having almost the whole of the island as a sheep farm. The most desirable things in the island are the mansion-house, garden, and the surrounding grounds. The house is a commodious and most beautiful modern mansion, and the garden is a good one, and famous for its fruit, especially gooseberries. A bothouse, which cost £1500, is in the garden, but is not kept properly. Close beside the garden entrance is a stone slab, which was dug out of an old Celtic ruin, and which bears Celtic hieroglyphics and figures which have defied antiquarians to make out what they are. There are good roads through all the island; it is said the improvements effected in the place by the father of the late proprietor cost about £15,000. Rabbits and other game are very numerous. It is said that a good many offers are given for the island, and that Lord Middleton, the lessee of Sconcer shootings, is among the number. It is also said that the executors of Mr. Rainy's will are not to give the island to any one likely to be a

harsh landlord for fear of his turning out the few people left.—*Northern Ensign*.

COAL IN THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.—At the last meeting of the South Midland Institute of Mining, Civil, and Mechanical Engineers in Wolverhampton. the President, Mr. E. Jones, Mining Engineer, gave the result of certain recent investigations made by him with and for the Duke of Sutherland on his North of Scotland estates. In Sutherland, where he expected to find granite, with scoria and other traces of igneous action, he had found coal. He believed the field would prove of great value, that the carboniferous ironstone associated with it would be found lying immediately beneath the oolite, which was the formation at the surface, and this would prove to be of a larger area than any other known coal field in Scotland. He had traced the coal from the river Brora to the Frith of Dornoch, and upwards along the edge of Sutherland to Helmsdale. Sinkings would soon be made, and the powerful machinery for conducting the operations would be under his direction. The work would have an important bearing upon the question of the existence of coal between London and Dover. The President showed fossil specimens of the oolite formation that he had brought from the quarry of which Dunrobin Castle was built, and beneath which Mr Jones believes the coal is lying. Going on to speak of the coal field of the immediate district, he asserted, as the result of close observation extending over forty years, that the coal of Shropshire is being rapidly worked out.

KINGUSSIE—DEATH OF MR. MACRAE, BANKER.—The sudden and unexpected death of Mr Donald Macrae, agent for the Caledonian Bank at Kingussie, has taken us by surprise here. It was only on Monday that he felt unwell, but he was then still able to attend his business. In the afternoon he accompanied Sheriff Blair—who was in Kingussie at a meeting of Police Commissioners—to the railway station, and appeared to be in pretty good health. He attended at the Bank on Tuesday as usual, but between Tuesday night and Wednesday morning he had a shock of paralysis, which ultimately proved fatal. From the moment it was known that Mr Macrae was seriously ill there was a constant flow of sympathizing friends inquiring for him at the Bank, and his untimely death has cast a gloom, not

only over the village of Kingussie, but over the district of Badenoch. His funeral took place on Tuesday, and was attended by friends from all parts of Inverness-shire, and from the counties of Ross, Sutherland, Moray, Perth, and Edinburgh. The shops in the village (and they are not a few) were closed, and the shutters on the windows; the bells of both churches were tolled, and the children of both Free and Established schools turned out on the occasion. Deceased was local Secretary for the Inverness, Ross, and Nairn Club, in the Badenoch district, and it was only the other day that along with Sir George Macpherson-Grant, he took part in presenting prizes to the successful competitors at the last examination. The Volunteers also have lost one of their best friends, for he gave them many valuable prizes, the last being £10 to be equally divided between the first, second, and third class shots, so that each class of shots had an equal chance of winning a prize. Mr Macrae was a native of the district, and intimately acquainted with its circumstances. He not only carried on banking and law business, but was one of the most enterprising farmers in the district. Mr Macrae died at the early age of 55 years, and leaves a widow and large family to mourn his loss. June, 26, 1872.

SHIPMENT OF PEATS FROM ISLAY.—There is likely to be a dearth of fuel in the island of Islay before the ensuing winter is over; as peats are being shipped in large quantities to meet the demand. A few days ago there were 150 bags of peats sent to New Zealand from Port-Ellen, and this shipment is not the first from the Island. It is understood that there are to be large quantities forwarded regularly from Islay to our Australian possessions.—*Scotsman*.

A HIGHLAND CONGREGATION IN NEW ZEALAND.—Mr. William Macrae, who emigrated from Strathpeffer to Auckland, New Zealand, in October last, under the auspices of the Colonial Committee of the Free Church of Scotland, has, after having undergone the required examination of the Presbytery of Auckland, been licensed as a Minister of the Gospel, and appointed Minister to the Gaelic-speaking congregation of Waipu, some eighty miles from Auckland from whom he had received a unanimous call, and who are almost wholly composed of Highlanders from the shires of Sutherland and Ross. At a Meeting of

the Colonial Committee in June, Mr. Neil McCallum probationer was also appointed to the Colonial field and has selected Auckland as the sphere of his labours; other appointments to the same field are also expected to follow.

Of the Inverness Royal Academy Examination, a correspondent in the *Inverness Courier* of July 4, writes thus:—"Sir,—While all had much reason to admire and approve of the appearance made by both teachers and pupils during the examination days of this excellent institution, may I ask why—during the musical performances in the Music Hall on Wednesday—our native music was so entirely excluded? Do the Directors disapprove of its being taught? It is hardly possible that Strathspeys, martial airs, or Jacobite songs, will cease to have their special charms in any part of Scotland, far less in the metropolis of the Highlands. And we think therefore that the Directors would do well to provide that this class of music should be regularly and properly taught in the Academy."

We heartily sympathize with this correspondent's suggestions. It is really to be deplored that in such a place as Inverness our native music would give place entirely to German or any other far-fetched material. And in such an Institution as the Royal Academy of Inverness, should the teaching of the Gaelic Language be neglected? While other quarters are busily engaged in the study of Gaelic, and matters of Highland interest in general, *should Inverness look on in the lukewarm manner in which she is generally represented to do towards matters affecting the time-honoured tongue of her oldest inhabitants?* Should there be a Gaelic Class formed in the the Royal Academy of Inverness, would it not be a grand stepping stone to the Class in the University whenever the Gaelic Professorship is founded.

INVERNESS GAELIC SOCIETY— ASSEMBLY & CONCERT.

The re-union of this Society took place on Thursday evening, in the Music Hall, Inverness. The Chairman, Provost Mackenzie, was supported by Professor Blackie; R. Carruthers, LL.D.; Colonel Macpherson, Cluny; Sheriff Macdonald, late of Stornoway; Bailie Simpson, Inverness; Alex. Dallas, Esq., Town-Clerk, do.; Rev. Mr Macgregor, Inverness; Rev. Mr Stewart, Nether-Lochaber; F. Macdonald, Esq., Druidag; Mr. Cumming Allanfearn, &c. The Provost in opening the proceedings expressed regret at the unavoidable absence of his nephew, Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, of Gairloch, who had agreed to preside. The first song of the evening was commenced and excellently rendered by Mr Macrae, "Nighneag a Chuil duinn," in the purest Gaelic. This was followed by one in good broad Scotch, preserving the spirit and key note of the proceedings, by being in praise of "The Stern Scottish Hiellands." The next item was the well known reel of Tulloch—danced by four practised "hands." This was followed by a recitation in Gaelic by Mr Macdonald, the Society's Bard, a well known adept in Gaelic prose and verse. After this appeal in the vernacular, came a selection of Scotch airs by Mr. C. S. Grant. The next speech was delivered by the Rev Mr Stewart, the talented Nether-Lochaber correspondent of the *Inverness Courier*. It is hardly necessary for us to remark that Mr Stewart executed his task in the same excellent style which characterises his writings and that he sat down amid volumes of applause. This was followed by a Gaelic song from the Misses Mackintosh and Mr. W. Mackay. After an interval, during which the audience partook of a service of fruit, Professor Blackie rose amid cheers and said that if ever he delivered an address with pleasure in spite of displeasure, it was on the present occasion. Being a mere south country Saxon—an alien in blood and language, he certainly should not have been asked unless it were known that he loved the Highlands, and the Highland people loved him. And to him the love and esteem of his fellow countrymen were more than all the power of all the politicians, and all the gold of all the millionaires. He would consider it a very high honour to be associated with the Society in this resuscitation of a grand national feeling that had too long lain dormant in this country. It

was a very great mistake in past times to neglect our Celtic nationality, and its language, traditions, music, poetry. It could never be right to undervalue themselves, to trample upon their own traditions, to cast odium upon their own mother, to neglect the graves of their fathers. But now they made a public profession of something wrong done, and an earnest beginning of a right thing to be accomplished. They were all to blame, Celts and Saxons alike, and he did not know which was most to blame. Not one Highlander in a hundred could read or spell his own language. Still he believed the Saxons were more to blame than the Celts. The latter lived in a remote corner, and suffered wrongs of which he would not speak particularly; while the Saxons were sitting in the comfortable South, having the Highlanders to fight their battles at Waterloo and elsewhere, yet despising them, making them the subjects of shallow jests, laughing at them, just as an Englishman laughs at a Scotchman. What a set they were, laugh at one another, instead of engaging in scientific research, and seeking mutual sympathy and philosophical appreciation! Such men as Stewart, Armstrong, MacLauchlan, Mackenzie, and Skene, had made a study of Celtic matters, but these were single names. The neglect of the Gaelic was a loss intellectually, morally, and socially. It belonged to the great family of tongues commonly called the Aryan, and to know Latin and Greek thoroughly they should read Sanscrit or Gaelic—no matter which. If people had an interest in old stones, and old bones, and old urns, surely they should venerate the oldest language of the human race, still a living language—one rich in illustration, near to our living sympathies, and of practical interest and importance. The Gaelic language had characteristic peculiarities most interesting in reference to the organization of human speech, and not found in Sanscrit, or Latin, or Greek. Some of those peculiarities opened up quite a new train of thought altogether. It had also some fine sounds and it was a great help to the knowledge of Latin, Greek, German, and other languages. He had himself traced 500 Greek roots to Gaelic. But some of those clever fellows in the South, who knew everything, asked what was the use of studying a language that had no literature? Now if there was not a single book in Gaelic he would study it, because it was

the way to the hearts of the people. Better living men and women than all the printed books in the world. But Gaelic had the best kind of literature—the kind of literature that makes Scotland what it is—the literature of songs and poetry and national music. This was of value, not to enable every clever fellow to talk of all subjects and a few others, but in bringing out all the noble sentiments of a people's heart, and in cherishing the noblest memories; this was a literature that would do them more good than all they could cram at the University of Edinburgh or under the Education Bill. The greatest evil to them in the South was that their national music was not made an indispensable part of the national education. Next to the Bible he placed the national songs for true, healthy teaching—fresh like the breezy atmosphere, blooming like heather, rushing like the mountain streams; and making the blood beat in harmony with them. Latin and Greek were all very well, but a man should be what God made him, and his duties were with his own people. Of course they must be fashionable—that is, go to Italian operas in Edinburgh and London, and force people to learn Latin and Greek, which they forget soon enough—but don't learn your own mother tongue, which you suck in with your mother's milk. People who went away in search of something grand, and did not learn the wisdom and philosophy of common things, would be shallow fellows to the end of the chapter though crammed full and fringed round with learning. The Saxons could certainly not be accused of loving the Celtic people too much. They sung Jacobite songs, but that was a matter of pure sentimentality; and many of them thought and said that the Celts should be stamped out and extirpated. Now, he did not think that the Saxons should have spoken in that way if they had known the language of the Celts and their good qualities. They came down to stare at their mountains and glens, but they did not love the Celts, and see that no man turned them out of their glens. He did say that though there was a disease of over-population in some parts of the Highlands, that was no reason why there should be extirpation in any part of them. He spoke of no one personally; but if the country had been depopulated, one cause of that had been that those who held the land did not speak the language, and did not know the hearts of

the people, did not care a straw for the people, but felt that they would have no poor-rates when the devils were away. If such things had been—and he had good reason to suspect that they had—he repeated that the cause was this, that there was no sympathy between the holders of the land and the people who lived upon it; and there would have been more of that sympathy if the landowners had studied the language of a people of whom they ought to have been proud. Well, he had given very good reasons why the Gaelic should be preserved, and he was not bound to give an understanding with them. If they did not sympathise with him and with the Gaelic people, then he was very sorry for them, but thankful also that he was not cursed with the blindness of their intellects or the hardness of their hearts. (Cheers)

The Rev. Mr. McGregor of the West Church, Inverness, delivered an Address in Gaelic, which was frequently drowned amid cheers and applause. After several songs &c., the national anthem was sung in Gaelic and this very successful meeting separated after almost four hours sitting.

We may compliment the members of the Society for the excellent manner in which they have got up this meeting, and the unflagging zeal which characterizes them since they formed themselves into one of the most enthusiastic of Highland Societies.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE ON NATIONALITY.

On Saturday, 13th July, Professor Blackie delivered a lecture on NATIONALITY in the Music Hall, Inverness, under the auspices of THE GAELIC SOCIETY. Mr. Mackintosh of Raigmore, M. P. occupied the chair, and was accompanied to the platform by Provost Mackenzie; Mr. Waterston, Banker; Dr. Carruthers; Bailie Mackintosh; Mr. Davidson Solicitor; Mr. Rose, Solicitor; and Mr. Mackenzie, Barnhill.

In speaking of the Highlands the Professor said he resumed the strain of his address on Thursday evening, and denounced the extirpation of peasantry from the glens. They would drive away the people and call it improvement. He had known those in the south who would wish to see the whole Highlands turned into one immense Tomnahurich, the Celts buried beneath it, and Saxon Palaces piled on the top. This would be a very magnificent, a very selfish, a very despotic, and a very Russian way of governing free men and

improving a country. There was a danger in losing that magnificent fellow the Highlander. Could any of the clubs of London turn out such an animal? He wanted as many Highlanders in the Highlands as could be comfortably maintained there. He said there should be no extirpation—except in the way of weeding the turnips; weed but don't exterminate. In this matter proprietors and people had both duties to perform. The duties of a proprietor in the Highlands were quite plain. The wealth of a country did not consist in the number or guineas which found their way with the least amount of trouble into the landlord's pocket, but in the number of well-conditioned people whom, by his superior position in society, he was enabled to cherish, to protect, and to elevate. The landed proprietor was the Bishop of the district in secular matters; and if he thought his only business was to get his rents paid, to spend them where he would, to do what he would with his own, then he did not know his duties, and he was a selfish fellow. Observe, he was not speaking against proprietors, but supposing there was such a one in the lot then these terms applied to him. A landlord, he would suppose, got £1000 from one big farmer, and there no poor rates and no trouble about it, and he went and spent that in London at the opera, or in worse places; or spent it in Paris, where it was a gain to France; or in Rome, where it was a gain to the Pope and a loss to us. Would it not be better if the same landlord got £800 or £600 from a number of tenants and spent it among them, than going away with his £1000 and doing with it what he liked? Yes, he might do what he liked according to the letter of the law. The law could not be always with him; common sense could not be always with him; but the very constitution of society, and the eternal laws of society, commanded that he should attend to the place where God had placed him, and do his duty there. He (Professor Blackie) was neither a Tory nor a democrat, only a thinker, a student, and, in a small way if they pleased, a philosopher. That gave him a certain advantage. His business was to find out truth, to speak truth and justice; and except to do that he would not be there that night. But while he was not a democrat, he would bring in a very democratic kind of measure; he would impose an absentee tax, rewarding those proprietors who stay at home, and making the fellows who go abroad pay all the poor rates. Of course he did not object to young ladies going up to London to get husbands—or the Duke of Argyll and others going, who had business to discharge; what he did object to was the practice of going and squandering money in

the dissipation of London and Paris. For himself he was not a proprietor. No doubt he was a feuar, but it was only an acre. He was one of the public; and he considered the public had a duty—not to run after what was foreign, but to cherish self-esteem, to cultivate local independence, to make the most of what we have here. Far fowls had fair feathers—to fools. Let them preserve and guard their right to be themselves. When an Englishman came to Scotland he expected to find a Scotchman—not a second edition of himself, an edition not enlarged and improved, but diminished, dwarfed, and degraded. When he came to Inverness he expected to find a Highlander, and he found him there—(shaking hands with the Provost, amidst loud laughter and cheers). Let them learn a lesson from the wisdom of unreasoning animals, which were always right because they were always in the hand of God. What animals did unconsciously, let intelligent beings do consciously. Therefore, let the eagle glory in his wings, let the fish glory in his fins, let the hound glory in his swiftness, let the young man glory in his strength, let the Celt glory in being a Celt, and the Scotchman in being a Scot. (Loud cheers.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C. C.—We have referred your enquiry as to the origin of the name Carmichael, to a member of the Clan, well versed in such matters and received the following:—

Carmichael, in Gaelic Car-Mhicheil, a Celtic name of Devotion, signifying the "Friend of MICHAEL," the Archangel, is of great antiquity in Scotland, and was adopted originally from a Barony called CARMICHAEL, in Lanarkshire. One JOHN CARMICHAEL, who commanded the Auxiliaries at the Battle of Baugé in Anjou, France, in the year 1422, attained the highest martial renown, by dismounting the Duke of CLARENCE, which exploit decided the fate of the day in favour of the French and Scottish armies. In memory of this achievement, JOHN CARMICHAEL, having broken his lance in the encounter, obtained the addition to his family arms of a hand holding a broken spear which continues the crest to the present day. The family is of Argyleshire and Lanarkshire, but many of them have for some considerable time resided in England. The Argyleshire sept ranked under the banner of the "gallant, devoted, old SREURTS of Appin," and of them acted as ensign, or standard bearer at Culloden. The crest is a cubit arm, erect, in armour, holding in the hand a broken tilting lance, the point falling.

MOTTO (Gaelic), "Daonnan Deas."—(English), "Aye ready,"—(French), "Toujours Prest."

To "Finlagan,"—We have received your contribution too late for the present number of THE GAEL, but shall appear in our next.

To S. F.—We have received your letter, and beg to thank you for the interest you take in THE GAEL. Your suggestions shall be carefully considered.

To "Caberfeidh" Glen-Urquhart—Your letter and contribution are two literary curiosities. What do you mean by placing a lecture on bad behaviour in the middle of a paper on "Astronomical observations?" We don't know. Neither can we understand what have occasional references to the Darwinian Theory to do with the subject which you write upon. When you write again be more careful of your penmanship, and endeavour to have more substance, less words to express your ideas (if you have any), and by all means less of that extraneous rubbish which has swallowed up your "Astronomical observations."

INVERNESS SHEEP AND WOOL FAIR.

July 13.

The Great annual market for the sale of the staple products of the Highlands, sheep and wool, took place at Inverness last week, commencing on Friday, and closing on Saturday night. The attendance was larger than has been witnessed for many years; as owing to the facilities afforded by the railways there were purchasers from all parts of England that were never here before. The weather, also, was generally favourable. Sheep of all classes were in great demand, and sold at higher prices, on the whole, than in any previous year, unless, perhaps at the unprecedented market of 1866. We give a few of the transactions:—

CHEVIOTS.

Attadale top wedder lambs, sold to Mr. Fraser, Loch-carron, at L18 10s; shots, L10 10s.

Achinduch east ewes L35.

Ardross half-bred lambs. 30s.

Glen Urquhart, Cromarty, half-bred lambs, 34s without shooting.

Inveran Cheviot wedder lambs, L20; cast ewes L32.

Invergordon Mains, three parts bred lambs. 32s.

BLACKFACED.

Achnanault three year-old wedders, L42.

Attadale lambs, L14.

HALF-BREDS AND CROSSES.

Mr Fraser, Aittendow Dava, sold 700 grey-faced lambs at 21s.

Mr Trotter bought the Rosehaugh half-bred lambs at 35s each; and sold Mr Fraser, Clunes, blackfaced lambs at 15s.

AN GAIDHEAL.

I LEABH.]

DARA MIOS AN FHOGHARAIDH, 1872.

[7 ATR.

CALLUM A' GHLINNE—URSGEUL GAIDHEALACH.

EARRANN I.

Ann an coilltean fàsail, agus ann an urnighean uaigneach air feadh nan gleann agus nam fireach, ann an Iar-eileanan na Gàidhealtachd, tha ioma lus agus blàth àillidh o bhliadhna gu bliadhna a' fàs gu h-ùrail fallain, às eugais cùram, no saothair, no sgil a' gharadair; ach gu bhi 'seargadh 's a' basachadh fo anail fhuar reota a' gheamhraidh, air dhoibh an cùrsa beatha a ruith, gun a bhi air am faicinn, nò an aillidheachd no an cubhraidheachd a bhi air am mealtuinn le neach air bith. Mar sin, b' iomadh iad do luchd aiteachaidh na Gàidhealtachd air nach cualas riamh a bheag de iomradh o am breth gu am bas, a bhiodh iomraiteach a thaobh na buaidh a bhiodh aig an cliù modhanail air an luchd duthcha, na 'n robh an subhailcean agus an comasan intinn air an cur ann an suidheachadh follaiseach aithnichte f' an comhair.—B' ann dhiu sud Callum a' Ghlinne; agus ann an dòchas gum feudadh e bhi araon taitneach agus buanachdor do luchd leughaidh A' Ghàidheil, tha sinn a rùnachadh roinn de eachdraidh a bheatha ann an rian ùrsgeulach a thaisbeanadh o mhios gu mìos.

Rugadh Callum a' Ghlinne o chionn corr agus leth-cheud bliadhna, aig inohir aon de na h-abhnaichean lubach, caisleach, leumnach, gorm-ghrinnealach a chithear air feadh na Gàidhealtachd, a deothal gu tràigh uisgeachan nan allt 's nan tobraichean a tha sìor shruthadh leis na leathanan o chàthar nam blar

agus o chreagan aosda nam beann. Bha a pharantaibh le chéile measail 'n an inbhe féin; a thaobh an crann-chur saoghailta, cha robh iad aon chuid bochd no saobhair; bha gabhaltas cuimseach comhfhurtachail aca ann 'sa' ghleann—barr 'us crodh 'us caoirich. Bha iad iomraiteach a thaobh am fialuidheachd, bha an dorus fosgailte, agus am bòrd luchdaichte o mhoch gu anmoch de choigrich 's de luchd turuis, ciod air bith airde an tigeadh iad. Bha iad adhartach, deanadach, cùramach 'n an gairm; simplidh, iriosal 'n an caithe-beatha, 'n an eideadh, 'n an eir-eachdas agus 'n an cleachdaidhean. Bha an gabhaltas daor-mhàlach gu leòir. Cha robh crodh 'us caoirich 'us cloimh ach ro-iriosal ann am pris an coimeas ris mar tha iad ann 's na laithibh so; aig ceann gach leth-bhliadhna 'nuair a phaighte am màl, cha bhiodh ach glé bheag airgid ma seach gu bhi solar gach goireas agus comhfurtachd a bha feumail do 'n teaghlach; ach ma bha an t-airgid gann bha an cosdas da reir; rachadh punnd-Sasunnach aig an àm ud ni b'fhaide na théid deich dhiu air an là diugh ann an solar uireasbhuidhean coitichionn theaghlachan. Bha ach beag an t-iomlan d' an teachd-an-tir a' fàs às an fhonn. Bha an eideadh cuim agus leapa air an deanamh aig a bhaile air glé bheag de chosdas ach saothair nan làmh. Ann 's na laithibh ud, bha gach fear tìghe agus bean thighe ann an seadh agus ann an tomhas àraidh 'n an luchd ceaird; an àite bhi 'reic seiche a' mhairt-gheamhraidh ri "Marsanta nan craicionn"—is ann a bhiodh i air a polladh, air a malcadh, air a h-aoladh, air a cairteadh

agus air a giollachd airson leathar bhròg, fad air thoiseach ann an cruas agus ann am buanas air an leathar Ghallda a gheibhear an diugh ann am bùthlaibh nam marsantan agus nan greusaichean. Bha na brògan air an deanamh aig a bhaile, air an deagh-chumadh a's air am fuaigheal gu daingean-dionach le iallaibh, gun chainb gun rosaid. Bha gach srathair 'us sumag, le 'n gaid uchdaich, tharraich agus 'eislìch, gach sugan agus crann-bhraid, gach cliabh a's coran sacaich, crann-treabhaidh us cliath-chliathaidh, gach amal a's grealag, gach teaghair a's taod a's buarach, agus ach beag gach ball-acfhuinn agus ni bha feumail a stigh 'sa muigh, air an deanamh á fàs an fhearainn gun sgillinn airgid a chur nan éiric. Ma bha na fir mar sud teòmh-làmhach adhartach, cha robh idir na mnathan agus na maighdeanan air deireadh 'n an deanadas féin. Gheibhte iadsan gach feasgar fada geamhraidh air an clachdadh ri cìreadh, ri tlamadh, ri càrdadh, ri sniomh, ri toinneamh 's ri tachras snath cloinhe agus lìn airson nan clòthan, nan currairean, nam breacan, nam plaideachan, nan stuthan, nan drògaidean agus an lion-anairt dheth an robh ach beag an t-iomlan d' an deiseachan seachduin agus sabaid air an deanamh suas, gun sgillinn a chur nan éiric ach duais an fhligheadair agus an tailleur. B'ainmigeach chite san àm ud air feill no an clachan, deise de aodach tana lom Gallda air fear no air mnaoi, air òganach no air maighdinn, agus ma bha iad mar sud simplidh na 'n éireachdas, bha iad éireachdail 'n an simplidheachd; oir b'e fasan an latha; éireachdas air bheag riomhaidh; cha b'e riomhadh luideagach riobagach air bheag éireachdais. Ann 's gach buaidh agus deagh bheus a bha deanamh suas cliù neo-mhearachdach nam "ban-bhailceach," cha robh mathair Chalkam a' Ghlinne bonn air deireadh air a combaoisean agus air a comh-inbhidh ann an dùthaich. On latha

chuireadh "ceud bhreid na mnà posda" air a ceann, dhearbha i ann 's gach daimh agus suidheachadh, "gun robh a luach gu mor os cionn clachan uasal." "Choisinn agus ghleidh i earbsa cridhe a fir, agus riamh o na dh'aonadh ri chéile iad, cha robh feum aige air creich." "Dhiarr i olann agus lion, agus dh'oibrich i gu toileach le 'a làmh. Bha i ann an ioma seadh mar longaibh nan ceannuichean, a bheireadh am biadh o thair chein.—Dh'eireadh i 'nuair a bi an oidhche bhiodh fhathast ann, agus bheireadh i lon d'a teaghlach agus cuibhrionn d'a maighdeanaibh. Bha a leasraidh an comhnuidh crioslaichte le neart modhanail.—Bha i mothachail gun robh a ceannachd maith, cha rachadh a coinneal às san oidhche.—Chuireadh i a làmh air an dealgan, 'sghabhadh glacan a lamh-greim don chuigeil.—Bha a glac an comhnuidh fosgailte don truaghan; agus a làmh sinnte don fheumach.—Cha bhiodh eagal oirre roimh an t-sneachd, airson a teaghlach, oir bha iad uile comhdaichte le saothair a lamh.—Dh' aithnichte a fear ann 's na geataibh, 'nuair a shuidheadh e maille ri sean-airbh na tire. Dh' fhosgladh i a beul le gliocas, agus bha lagh a chaoimhneis air a teanga. Bha i curamach mu shlighibh a teaghlach, agus cha d' ith i riamh aran an diomhanais." Os cionn gach buaidh agus deagh bheus eile tre an robh i aithnichte mar mhnai agus mar mhathair—bha "eagal an Tighearna oirre." Bha a Companach mar an ceudna na fhear aideachaidh air an diadhachd; cha robh mor fhoghlum aca; ach a réir tomas an eòlais, bha iad le cheile a' gluasad ann an aithnibh agus ann an ordùighean an Tighearna gu neo-lochdach—cha robh an aideachadh air an diadhachd aon chuid gladhach no àrd-fhuaimneach; bha iad firinneach, onorach, agus creideasach nan cliù agus nan giùlan ann an fianuis an t-saoghail. Bha aite féin aig a' Bhiobul ann an teaghlach; cha robh

mòran de leabhraichean eile aca a bharr air, ach am beagan a bh'ann, bha iad de'n t-seorsa a b'fhearr; agus ach beag an t-iomlan dhiu anns a' Ghàilig—mar bha, “Staid ceithir fillte an duine” le *Boston*; “Tùs agus fas diadhachd san anam,” le *Doddridge*; “Gairm do pheacaich,” &c., le *Alleine*; “Turus a Chrìosduidh,” “Leabhar aidmheil a chreidimh,” “Leabhar farsuing agus aithghearr nan ceisdean,” agus leabhar no dha de oibribh nan seann bhard Gaidhealach. Ma bha bardachd Oisein ann an clo àig an am ud, cha robh i aithnichte am measg nan Gaidheal anns 'an uidheam sin; ach cha b' ainneamh iad aig an robh moran de dhain na Feinne air an cuimhne, agus bha e na chleachdadh cumanta mar chaith-eamh-aimsir taitneach air na feasgair gheamhraidh a bhi 'g an seinn air fuinn bhinn thiamhaidh tre an robh iad gu furasda agus gu riochdail, air an clobhualadh air a' chuimhne, agus mar sin, cha 'n eil teagamh nach robh iad air an giulan a nios o ghinealach gu ginealach o chionn linntibh, ciod air bith bu toiseach a's bu mhatthair-aobhair dhoibh anns na laithibh a dh' fhalbh. 'Am measg nan seann Ghaidheal do nach b' aithne sgriobhadh no leughadh, bha an comasan cuimhne anabarrach gramail, dìonach, agus bha feum orra—oir bha an t-iomlan deth an eòlas air nithibh aimsireil agus spioradail gu buileach an crochadh rithe. Cha ni furasda e do ard-sgoileirean agus do fheallsanaich mhor-chuiseach an latha so, do nach comasach ach gle bheag eòlais a chomhphairteachadh ri muinntir eile gun leabhar no paipear fo 'n sroin, a chreidsinn gun robh bardachd Oisein ann am bith gus an deachaidh a toirt air lom le Seumas Mac-Mhuirich.

Faodaidh e bhi gum bheil iad ann a tha de 'n bharail nach bu choir aite no cairtealan a bhi aig dain Oisein no aig obair nam bard ann an teaghlach air bith anns an robh aite féin aig a'

Bhiobul, mar a chuala sinn boireannach diadhaidh aon uair ag radh, “Nach tugadh i mòran air aideachadh neach air bith a chite a leughadh paipear naigheachd;”—ach cha bi sud beachd pharantan Challum a' Ghlinne; bu tric a dheisd e aig glùn athar ris an dealbhtarruing choimhlionta a rinn Donncha bàr air aillidheachd eugsamhuil NADUIR ann an òrain. “Beinn Dòbhairain” agus “Choire cheathaich;” ni mo a dhi-chuimhnich e ré a bheatha na gluasdan intinn gradh-dhuthchail a bheir an dùsgadh na bhroilleach leanabaidh le bhi ag éisdeachd ri orain nam bard anns an robh euchdan agus gaisge nam Fineachan Gaidhealach's an luchd leanmhuinn ann an aobhar an duthcha air an seinn 's na feasgair ri taobh na cagailt, 'nuair a bhiodh “sùrd air sniomh nan cloimhean.” Ni mo a dhi-chuimhnich e tosdachd naomh na Sàbaid, no an cleachdadh ionmholtas anns an robh gach feasgar dhiu air an caitheamh. Rinn leughadh nan Sgriobturan, agus an ceasnachodh teaghlaich o leabhar aithghearr nan Ceisdean deargadh agus drùghadh air intinn ann an laithean a leanabuidheachd a thuga mach deagh thoradh an déigh moran laithean.

Faodaidh ar luchd leughaidh a bli saolsinn gun deachaidh sinn 'san dol a mach, tuilidh is fada a's ar gabhail, ann a bhi cur fo'n comhair na h-uiread do chliu agus do bheatha-teaghlaich parantan Challum a' Ghlinne, ach mu'n ruig sinn deireadh ar sgeoil, chithear ciod a bhuaidh thearnaidh agus mhisneachaidh a bha aig eiseimpleir agus teagasg na fardoich 'san d' rugadh e air a bheatha, an déigh dha tir a dhuthchais fhàgail, agus aghaidh a chur na aonar ri saoghal fuar, feineil, coimheach, carach, cealgach, mar a fhuair esan e, lan de mhealladh, de bhuairleadh, de chunnartan, de eiginean agus de chruaidh-chas.

(Ri 'leantuinn.)

MUILEACH.

OISEIN:—A LINN AGUS A BHARDACHD.

(*Air leantuinn.*)

An dèigh na h-uiread a ràdh a dhion cliù 'us ainm 'us aimsir Oisein, faiceamaid cuid de na nithean boidheach a tha ann an sgeòil nam bliadhnachan a threig, air bharraibh an sgeithe dorch. Is ann bho nàdur féin a tha am Bàrd a tarruing na samhlaidhean leis am bheil a bhàrdachd co comharraichte. Ged tha 'n astar ionann anns am bheil am bàrd ann an àirde a smuaintean a' triall, tha e gach uair a' nochdadh caochladh cruth 'us boidheach ann an grian, an gealach, an reult, an aonach, 's an sruthan thartarach. Tha e fìor gum bheil tannais a shinnsearan gum nica' toirt còmhnaidh 'us misneach do sharghaisgeach Sheallama, agus gur ann am feadh tha anam air a lionadh le cliù 'us cuimhne nan sonn d' am bu nòs sealltuinn a nuas o' n tallaibh féin, an còmh 's an oir nan niall, is maisiche sgiamh a' bhàird, agus a's àirde 'n gnìomh tha intinn aobhneach, threubhach a' deanámh. Ann an "Cath ula," tha Oisein a' labhairt mar so:

Thuit an oidhe neulach,
Le torran speur air chuantaibh,
Las gu duaichnì an dealan,
'S na taibhse san adhar ri nuallan,
Le cìrbibh an trusgain dàthta,
Tha iad a' leum ghios na doimhne,
Muca mara ri sgreadail,
Is tonna g'am freagairt o'n aillbheinn,
Chual' a' ghealach 'na teach neulach
Gach beuc oilteil thug an cuan as,
Dh' fhìll i 'ceann an ceo na Lanna,
'S na reultan am falach mu'n cuairt di,
Air chrith ri bhrìste nan neul,
Chithear an eudann air uairibh."

Tha anam a' bhàird anns na rannan so a' taomadh a mach samhlaidhean eagalach air toirm 'us strì nan dùilean. Bha 'n sealladh uamhasach, agus is e fair-eachduinn oilteil a tha na nithean a tha dlàth leantuinn a cheile ann an caismeachd Oisein a' fadadh suas. Tha dubhachas 'us imcheist anns an oidhe; an cuan èitidh air a luasgadh le

tartar àrd-fhuaimneach an torruinn; tha ciar thalla nan taibhse air a charuchadh; a' ghealach, a' cluinntinn fuaim 'us farum 'us beuc an lear, a' folach a gnuis ann an ceò na Lanna; agus na reultan ag iarruidh fasgaidh bho sgiathaibh lòchrain na h-oidheche. Is uamhasach, is foghainteach, is treunfhoclach an samh-ladh so.

A rithist ann an Sgeulachd air Trathuil nam buadh 's air Colguil nan tualbheart, tha Oisein ag ràdh:

Chaidh Trathuil a sìos na eide',
Mar sgarnaich o mhullach sleibhe,
Mar bhuinne shruth fuaimneach, oilteil,
No mar theine 'm falt nan coilltean,
Bha Colguil 'se féin mar dha shruth aonaich,
Chluinnta air gach taobh am beucaich:
B' àirde fuaim am faobhar geala
Na toirm mhic-thalla 's croinn gan gearradh,
Bha Trathuil mar neart na gaoithe,
Leagas giuthas mhorbheinn aobhach,
'S bha Colguil mar luas nan steud-shruth,
Bhios le eudann shliabh a leumnaich,"

Cha Colguil le 'fheachd thar stuadhan a' chuain a chum 's gum faigheadh e le foill dioghaltas air Trathuil. Chuir Colguil fealltach aon de dhaoine le naigheachd mealltach a dh' ionnsuidh Rìgh nan Lann; ag ràdh ris "Tiubhraich dhomh aon do' dha shleagh, 's thoir féin ma seadh dhomh do chomhnadh." Dh' imich Trathuil caoin nan iomadh beus maille ris an teachdaire gus an traigh, agus tha e air a chuartachadh le lann 'us sleaghan Cholguil 'us a threun-fhir. Tha rìgh na Feinne leis fein; ach cha 'n' eil e meatachadh. Tha 'neart a' fàs mar uisge an inbhir, mar chuantan a ta air steideadh. Tha anam ag eiridh na aonar. Tha shòlas mar thannais na h-oidheche dearg bholtrach air neul nan aonach. Tha uamhunn paisgte anns na briathraibh fein leis am bheil Oisein ag innseadh cia mar 'chaidh Trathuil mòr 'us Colguil fealltach an coinneamh a cheile. Bu neo-ghealtach, treun, beartach anam a' bhàird a labhradh mar so.

Bumhòr meamnadh 'us cruadal Chleas-amoir an uair, ann an talla Bhaile-

ehluthai, a tha e leis fein, agus eascaird-
ean lionmhor ag iadhadh mu thimchioll,
's iad uile an toir air Maona, nighean
Rurmar, digh nam buadh, a broilleach
mar chobhar nan stuadh, a sùil reul
sholuis an t-sloigh, a ciabh dubh mar
am fitheach; b' àillidh i 'na 'ciabh 's na
gnè. Tha naimhdean na Féinne a
faoighneachd gu sgeigheil:

"C'ait am bheil àrd Chumhal nan lann,
Fear-astair nan gleann gun raon?
Bheil Cumhal 'us gaisgich 's an àm;
Thusa ladorna, dàn 'us faoin?"

So freagradh Chleasamoir;

"Tha m'anam, thuirt mise, a thriath,
A' lasadh gu thrian leis fein;
Gun eagal tha Cleasamor fo 'sgiath,
Measg mhlitean, ge ciar na trein,
'S mòr t-fhocal, mhic coigrich nan lann,
Agus mise 's an àm am aonar,
Tha mo chlaidheamh crith-mhosgladh gu
'cheann;

Grad a b' àill leis mo làmh ag aomadh
Gun fhocal eile air Cumhal nan ceud,
Mhic Chlutha o na thréig an sruth."

Nach dileas a tha Oisein a nochdadh
cia mar ghluais an gaisgeach sgairteil,
mòr, e féin 's e na aonar. Cha robh e
comasach dha éisdeachd ri sgeig no
tamailt air Cumhail nan lann; agus dalma
ann an àrdan uaibhreach anaim, chuir
e cath as leth na Féinne.

Ann an Carraig-Thura, tha Oisein ag
innseadh cia mar 'thug Fionnghal nam
feart buaidh air cruth Loduinn.

A' ghealach dearg 'us mall 's an ear;
Thàinig osnadh 'nuas o'n charn,
Air a sgiathaibh bha samhladh fir,
Cruth Loduinn 's an lear gun tuar,
"Teich gu d' thir," fhreagair an cruth.
"Teich air a' ghaoith dhuibh: bi falbh!
Thà'd osag 'an crodhan mo laimhe;
'S leam astar 'us spairn nan stoirm;
'S e rìgh nan Soruch' mo mhac féin;
Tha aomadh 's a' bheinn dha m' thuar,
Tha e cnarraid aig carraig nan ceud,
'Us coisnidh gun bheud a' bhuaidh.
"Teich gu d' thir féin, a mhic Chumhail,
No fairich gu dubhach m' fhearg."
Thog e gu h-àrd a shleagh dhòrach,
Dh' aom e gu borb a cheann àrd,
Chabh Fionnghal na aghaidh le colg,

A chlaidheamh glan gorm na laimh,
Mac an Luinn, bu chiar-dhubh gruaidh,
Ghluais solus na cruaidhe ro 'n taibhs,
Fuathas dona bhàis fo ghruaim,
Thuit ean gun chruth 's e thall
Air gaoith nan dubh charran, mar smaid
Bhriseas òg, 's bioran na laimh,
Mu theallach na spairn 's na muig.
Scread fuathas Chruth Loduinn, 's a'
G a thional ann fein 's a' ghaoith,
Chual' Iainis nan torc an fhuaim,
Chaisg astar nan stuadh le fiamh;
Dh' eirich gaisgich mhic Chumhail nam
buadh;

Bha sleagh 's gach laimh shuas 'san t-sliabh,
"C' àite bheil e?" 's am fearg fo ghruaim,
Gach maille ri fuaim m' a thriath.

Cha 'n 'eil na dealbhaidhean aon chuid
fann no tearc a tha Oisein a toirt seachad,
air cia co cumhachdach 's a tha bhriath-
ran am feadh a tha e ag aithris cath 'us
spairn 'us comhrag nan laoch, ach tha
e ag éiridh gu fada eadhon os a chionn
fein, ann am mòralachd, ann an danadas
agus ann an snasmhorachd, an uair a
tha e 'seinn ann an rannan siubhlach,
comhraig rìgh na Féinne agus Cruth
Loduinn nan gorm lann, eagal 'us tear-
munn Lochlainneach araon am blàr 's an
sith. Cha do mheataich cridhe 's cha
d' fhannaich gaisge Fhionnghail. Tha
e mòrail; mìleanta, mar bu nòs, eadhon
an aghaidh cruth Loduinn. Cha 'n 'eil
sgàth no geilt ag éiridh na anam
ann an gleachd ri Taibhse buadh-mhor
nan Lochlainneach. Tha anam an rìgh
mar charraig 'sa' chath. Thug e buaidh.
Is dealbhach àrd a' chainnt a chleachd
Oisein, ann an iomradh a dheanamh air
a chòmhstri uamhasach so. Is tiabh-
aidh tairis ceòl na cainnt a labhair
Fionnghal 'us e ag iarraidh air na fil-
idhean clàrsach a thogail 's a ghleusadh:

"Thionndaidh Fionn ri luchd bu bhinn
'Us dh' iarr am fonn o' shonn nam bàrd,
"A ghutha Chona, a's àirde fuaim,
A' bhàrda, tha luaidh m' h-aòis,
Dha 'n eirich air ar n-anam suas
Seachdan m' h-àrd"

'S taitneach leam aobhneas a' bhròin,
Mar dhrùchd mòthar earraich chaoin,
Fo 'n lùb geug dharag nan tòrr.

S an duilleach òg ag éirigh maoth.
Togaibhse, mo bhàird, am fonn."

Bha anam Oisein a' lasadh le caoir-
theas 's le dian-bhlathas a' chòmhraig,
an uair a tha e tarruing bho gach seall-
adh neartmhor, bagrach, fuaimneach a
tha nàduir féin a taisbeanadh, smuaint-
ean 'us nithean a tha ag àrdachadh 'us
a' meudachadh oillt, 'us gaisge nan
treun laoch a lean Cuchullin mòr mac
Sheuma, agus Suaran rìgh nan long, 'us
nan donn sgiath, gu garbh spairn a'
chòmhraig. Anns a' cheud Duan de
Fhionnghal tha e ag radh:

"Mar shruth a' taomadh o gharbh ghleann
Dh' aom na suinn o chruaich nam beann,
Gach triath an airm athar nam buadh;
A ghaigich dhubh-ghruamach na dhéigh,
Mar chomhthional uisge nan stuadh
M' an cuairt do dhealain nan speur,
Chluinntea fuaim nan arm 's gach ceum
Meaghal mhiolchon' cleasadh àrd,
Duain g' am mìchadh anns gach beul,
Gach curaidh treun ag iarraidh blàir.
Mar thaom-s sruth cobharach liath,
O chruich iarnaigh Chromlaich àird,
An torrunn a' siubhal 's an t-slabh,
'S a chliar-oidheche air leth nan carn,
Is tanas fhuar nan snuadh glas
A' coimhead o iomall nam fras;
Cho garg, cho mòr, cho borb, cho luath,
Dh' imich cruadal siol na h-Eirinn,
An ceannard mar mhòr thore a' chuain
A' tarruing nam fuar thonn 'n a dhéigh,
A taomadh a threunais mar stuadh;
Fo shiubhal chritheadh an tràigh,
Mar thoirm fhoghair o dha bheinn,
Gu ch'ile tharruing na suinn;
Mar shruth làidir o dha chreig
'G'aomadh, taomadh, air an rìdh,
Fuaimear dorcha, garbh 's a bhlàir
Thachair Innisfàil 'us Lochlainn,
Ceannard a' spealt chleas ri ceannard,
Is duine an aghaidh gach duine;
Bha cruaidh a' screadan air cruaidh,
Bha clogaidean shuas 'gan sgoltadh,
Fuil a' dortadh dlùth mu'n cuairt,
Taifeid a' fuaim air mìn iuthar,
Gathan a' sìnbhal ro'n speur,
Sleagha bualadh 's a' tuiteam thall,
Mar dhealain oidheche 's a' bheinn,
Mar onfha beucach a' chuain,
'N uair ghluaiseas an tonn gu h-àrd,
Mar thorruinn air cùl nan cruach,

Bha gruaim 'us farum a' bhlàir,
Mar dh' aomas mìle tonn gu tràigh,
A ghluais fo Shuaran na dàimh.
Mar thachras tràigh ri mìle tonn,
Thachair Eirinn ri Suaran nan long,
Sin far an robh guthan a' bhàis,
Toirm ghàire-cath 'us cruaidh,
Sgiathan 's màile brist air làr,
Lann 's gach laimh 'n a dhealan shuas.
Fuaim a' bhlàir o thaobh gu taobh,
Còmhrag beucach, creuchdach, teth,
Mar cheud òrd a' bualadh baoth
Caoir o'n teallach dearg ma seach."

Tha na samhlaidhean agus na cos-
amhlachdan a tha Oisein a' càrnadh suas
a chum 's gun dean e còmhrag nan
laoch co dian 's co oillteill 's as urrainn
e, a' seasamh leo féin air son maise 'us
àirde 'us eireachdas. Is leòir iad so
féin air son tuaim a' bhàird a chrùnadh
's a' sgendachadh le coran buaidh, agus
a chuimhne òradh le sobhraichean mol-
aidh.

Mu'n tréig sinn deanadas nah sàr-
churaidh ann an teas na strì, nì mi
luaidh air coimeas eile a tha Oisein a'
deanamh mu bhrathair féin Fillean, anns
a' chuigeamh duan de THIGHMORA:

"Tha Fillean mar thanas nan speur,
A theannas treun o chìrb nan sìan,
Tha'n fhairge 'am bruaillan fo 'cheum,
'Us e 'leum o thuinn gu tuinn;
Tha astar a' lasadh na dheigh;
Crathaidh innsean an ceud cheann
Air cuan ag eirigh gun bheus thall."

(Ri leanntuinn.) CONA.

EACHDRAIDH NA SMUID- SHOITHEACH.

(Air leantainn.)

Anns a' bhliadhna 1801 no 1802, an
uair a chaidh guth thairis air *Mr. Tay-
lor* agus a bhàta, thòisich *Mr. Syming-
ton*, cheana ainmichte, (le cuideachadh
Lord Dundas) air smuid-bhàta a dhean-
amh a chum soithichean eile a shlad-
adh troimh 'n chanail. An uair a' bha
i deas chaidh a feuchainn 's bha a' chol-
tas oirre frogairt do'n aobhar, ach
chuir luchd riaghlaidh a' chanail 'n a

stad i fo eagal gu'n lionadh i e leis mar a shruladh uisge a cuibhlean a sios a bhruchan. Chaidh a cur a leth taobh ann an luib uaigneach d'an *chanal* goirid o'n Eaglais Bhric.

Mu'n cheart am so bha fear *Mr. Fulton* o America maille ri *Henry Bell* a Glaschu a' faicinn fuirneis mhòir *Charroin*. Chuala iad mu'n bhàta ùr agus chaidh *Mr. Fulton* a thaghal air *Mr. Symington* a chum a faicinn. Sheall iad gu mion air a feadh, a' beachdachadh air gach ni sonruichte m'a timcheall, a's iad le cheile a' cur rompa aig an ceud chothrom an ùr-innleachd chomharraichte so a chur gu buil dhoibh fein—ni a rinn iad—*Mr. Fulton* ann an America anns a' bhliadhna 1807, air an abhuinn *Hudson*, agus *Henry Bell*, 'n uair a rinn e an *Comet* anns a' bhliadhna 1812. Uaith sin tha e làn shoilleir nach mor còir America air ùr-innleachd na smuid-shoitheach. Chunn-aic *Mr. Fulton* te dhiubh aig *Carron*—mhìnich *Mr. Symington* dha gach ni m'a timcheall—cha 'n e sin a mhàin, ach chuir e gu falbh i 'chum gu'm faicheadh e mar a dh'oibricheadh an t-iomlan, agus e 's a' cheart àm ag innseadh an fheum a dheanadh e d' an còlas a bha e an sin a' faotainn, an uair a rachadh e dhachaidh do America. A thuilleadh air gur ann a Sasunn o *Watt & Bolton* a fhuair e an smuid-inneal air son na ceud shaoithich a chur e an òrdugh. Tha e coltach gu'n robh e toileach gu'm biodh so an an-fhios oir cha b'e ainm fein a thug e suas do *Watt & Bolton* an àm dha 'bhi 'toirt òrdugh dhoibh an smuid inneal a dheanamh.

Thug *Mr. Symington* e fein oidhirp neo-fhiachail anns a' bhliadhna 1802 no 1803 air còir fhaotuinn dha fein air an ùr-innleachd, le Litir Rìgh fhaighinn gu fhios do *Mr. Taylor*, ach cha do dhuraichd e riamh a thagar gus a' bhliadhna 1815, an uair a dh' fheuch e ri toirt air seallbhadairan smuid-shoitheichean Chluaidh suim mhor a phàigh-eadh air son na saorsa a ghabh iad ann

a bhi 'togail agus a' seòladh. nan soithichean gun a chead-san. Chuir iad gu h-ealamh 'n a thàmh e le innseadh agus a shoilleireachadh nach b'e idir a b' ùghdar do'n smuid-shoitheach. Cha chuala *Mr. Taylor* guth dheth so gus a' bhliadhna 1821, 's an uair a sgriobh e g'a ionnsaidh dh' fheuch *Mr. Symington* ri 'bhreugadh le tairgse a thoirt dha de leth 's a gheibheadh e. Tha e coltach gu'n do dhi-chuimhnich e gu'n robh a litir aig *Mr. Taylor* cho tràthail ri 20mh, *August, 1787*, a' guidhe soirbh-eachaidh dha 'na oidhirpean air a smuid-shoitheach fhaotainn an òrdugh.

O'n àm a sgriobh *Mr. Taylor*, 1821, cha chluinn sinn a bheag m'a timcheall gu 1824, an uair a bha aois agus bochd-ainn a' teannadh air. Chuir a chàirdean iompaidh air a chùis a thoirt fa chomh-air Uachdaranachd na Rìoghachd. Rinn e so ag earbsa a' ghnòthaich ri *Sir Henry Parnell*. Cha 'n 'eil e coltach gu'n d' fhuair e mòr òisdeachd, a chionn, chi sinn e 's an ath bhliadhna a' deanamh a ghearain ri *Sir William Huskison* 's a' faotainn mar fhreagairt, nach robh mòr dhòchas gu'm measadh iad an innleachd airidh air a bheag de dhuais! Anns a' bhliadhna 1826, a's e air leabaidh a bhàis sgriobh e cunntas mion-rièchdail mu gach ceum a ghabh e ann an toirt air aghaidh na h-innleachd o thoiseach gu deireadh, gun fhios nach robh an Uachdaranachd an teagamh am b'e gu cinnteach a b' ùghdar dhi. Mu 'n àm so chaochail e—meadh-on an fhogharaidh 1826—aig oehd a's trì fichead bliadhna dh' aois. Is cianail r'a smuaineachadh cho beag gnàis, cothrom no ceartais 's a fhuair an duine so a chuir an saoghal gu h-iomlan fo 'leithid de chomain.

Beagan an déigh a bhàis thug fear d'a chàirdean a chùis air beulaobh Ard-chomhairle na Rìoghachd as leth na bantraich 's nan dièlleachdan, a' deanamh na cùise cho soilleir, dearbhta, 's gu'n do dheònaich iad leth cheud pùndd Sasunnach 's a' bhliadhna orra ri 'm beo.

Chaochail a bhean so ann am baile Dhunneideann anns a' bhliadhna 1859.

Faodar a ràdh gu'n robh àr-innleachd na smuid-shoitheach 'na cadal o'n a chaidh a' bhirinn a chur gu sìubhal air lochan *Dhalswinton* anns a' bhliadhna 1788, gus an do chuir *Fulton* an *America* 's a' bhliadhna 1807, agus *Henry Bell* air Cluaidh ann an 1812 a' ris gu saod i. Thoisich an *Comet* ri ruith gu riaghailteach eadar Glaschu agus Grianaig toiseach na bliadhna 1812, 's cha bu chadal a rinn iad an deigh sin. Anns a' bhliadhna 1815 chaidh coig dhiubh a thogail an Albainn, 's gun* ghin an Sasunn, agus anns a' bhliadhna 1818, cha bu lugha na ocd thar fhichead dhiubh a bha a' ruith gu sìubhlach an Albainn.

Is ann air a' bhliadhna so a thoisich daoine air dol thar chuantan leo. Is ann eadar Cluaidh agus Eirinn a chuir iad a' chùis gu deuchainn a's air dhoibh a bhi air am faotainn ro fhreagarach, air an ath bhliadhna (1819) chaidh an cur eadar Cluaidh agus *Liverpool*. B'i an *Robert Bruce* a' cheud aon a sheòl an t-slighe so. Bha i gun dàil air a lean-tainn leis an *Superb* agus am *Majestic* a's le iomadh te ainmeil eile, air sàil a cheile—gach aon a' toirt bàrr air na bha air thoiseach oirre.

Anns a' bhliadhna 1823 chaidh an *James Watt* a chur air an t-slighe eadar Lìte agus Lunnainn, ann an 1826 chaidh a' *United Kingdom* a chur air an t-slighe cheudna. B'i so soitheach a bu bhriagha 's an Rìoghachd 'na latha fein.

Air a' bhliadhna 1838 thug iad ionnsaidh air Cuan Mor na h-àirde 'n Iar 'n uair a sheòl an *Sirius* agus an *Great Western* gu America. O'n àm sin tha iad a' seòladh gu riaghailteach a null 's a nall, a shamhradh 's a gheamhradh. Cha'n 'eil cuan air nach faighear iad a nis, cha'n e mhaìn a' giulan luchd-turais, ach cuid mhor de bhathar-malairt an t-saoghail. Is iad a tha freagarrach air a shon, ann an luathas, an tèaruinteachd, agus am meudachd; oir bha iad

a' fàs am meud mar a bha iad a' dol an lionmhorachd. B'e fad na *Great Western*, 240 troidh; am *British Queen*, 275 troidh; am *Great Britain*, 322 troidh; am *Persia*, 390 troidh; agus mu dheireadh, a' toirt barr orra uile, tha an *Great Eastern* 690 troidh air fad, no sè fad deng na *Comet* aig *Henry Bell*! Bha comas giulan na *Comet* air a mheas aig coig tunna fichead—an *Great Eastern* coig mìle fichead tunna; agus tha da fhad na *Comet* de leud 'na clàr uachdarach. Bha cumbachd smuid-inneal na *Comet* air a mheas aig trì eich—tha cumbachd inneal na *Great Eastern* air a mheas aig deich mìle each!

Cha'n 'eil e coltach gu'n d'theid ri'r linn-ne soitheach a's mòd na 'n *Great Eastern* a thogail. Is ann a tha an stri a nis cia cho làidir, dhiongalta 's a ghabhas iad deanamh. Cha'n e 'mhain gu'm bheil am fiodh na 's truime ach is ann a tha na luings-chogaidh air an suaineadh agus air an stràchdadh thairis le iarrunn, cuid diubh còrr a's troidh air tiughad, agus a' cosd leth muillein punnd Sasunnach, no os cionn trì tunna òir!

Làidir agus do-leonta a réir coltais mar a tha iad air an togail neo-ar-thaig mar 'eil airm-chogaidh sgrìosail a' lean-tainn air an sàil. Ann an coimeas do na h-innleachdan millidh cha'n 'eil iad idir cho math ris an luireach-mhaileach ri linn a' chlaidhimh 's na biodaig 's an àm 's an do fhairlich air a' Ghàidheal a bhiodag a shàthadh troimh 'n t-Sasunnach 's a thuirt e, "Mairbh-phaisg ort, a fheasgaich, cha'n i do mhàthair a rinn do leine!"

— o —

C A B A R - F E I D H.

Deoch-slainge chabair fèidh so

Gur h-éibhinn 's gur h-aighearach;
Ge fada bho thir fein e,

Mhic Dhé greas g'a fhearann e;

Mo chrochadh a's mo cheusadh,

A's m' éideadh mar mheala mi,

Mur àit leam thu bhi-'g éiridh

Le treun neart gach caraide!

Gur mise chunna' sibh gu gunnach,
Ealamh, ullamh, acuinneach;
Ruith nan Rothach 's math 'ur gnothach,
Thug sibh sothadh maidne dhoibh;
Cha deach' Cataich air an tapadh,
Dh'fhag an neart le eagal iad,
Ri faicinn ceann an fhéidh ort
'Nuair 'dh'éirich do chabhar ort!

Be'n t-amadan fear Fòluis,
'Nuair thòisich e cogadh riut;
Rothaich agus Ròsaich—
Bu ghòrach na bodaich iad;
Frisealaich a's Granndaich,
An càmpa cha stadadh iad;
'S thug Forbeisich na'n teann-ruith,
Gu seann taigh Chuil-fhodair orr'.
Theich iad uile is cha d-fhuirich
An treas duine 'bh'aca san;
An t-Iarla Catach ruith e dhachaigh—
Cha do las a dhagachan;
Mac-Aoidh nan creach gun thar e às,
'S ann dh'éigh e'n t each a b' àigeannaich,
Ri gabhal an ra-treuta,
'Nuair dh-eirich do chabhar ort!

'S ann an sin bha 'm fuathas
Ga'n ruagadh thar bhealaichean,
An deas dhuinn a's an tuath-dhuinn,
Gu luath ruith roi d' cheann-eideadh;
Mar sgaoth a dh'eoin nam fuar-bheann,
A's gruaim air a h-uile fear,
A' tearnadh bho na sléibhtean
Gu réidhlein 's gu cladaichean.
Dh'eigh iad port 's gu'n d'fhuair iad coit,
'S bu bhacag an toirt mar thachair dhoibh;
Ciod e'n droch rud rinn am brosnach',
Le'n cuid mhosg nach freagradh srad
'S a liuthad toirtear dheth na Rothaich,
'Dol air flod thar chlaigeannan?—
'S ann ghabh iad an ratreata,
'Nuair 'dh'éirich do chabhar ort!

Gu'm faigh mi fein mo dhùrachd—
(Se dhùisg às mo' chadal mi)
An Tì do'n geill na dùilean,
'S da'n ùmblaich na h-uile ni,
Gun greas e thu gu d' dhùthaich,
Gu h-ùiseil 's gu h-urramach!
Gur tu nach leigeadh cùis,
Leis na dù-Ghaill nach buineadh dhoibh;
'S tu bheireadh clotha do' luchd gnothaich,
Gun fhios co a throdadh riut;
An fhine Rothach chuir thu fotha
Ge mor leotha 'n ladornas,
Ga'n cuir romhad le'n ruith-choimhich,
'S am baile-nodha na shradagan

'S na lasair anns na speuran,
'Nuair dh'éirich do chabhar ort!

Chunna mi m'a thuath thu
'S gu'm b'uachdaran allail thu;
Bha Cataich fo do chùram,
A's dh' ùmblaich na Gallaich dhut;
S gach tì bha riut an diùmba,
'S nach dhùirgeadh sealladh ort,
A' faicinn bhi ga'n sgiùrsadh,
Gu dùthaich nach buineadh dhoibh.
Le gasraidh fhinealt dheth do chinneadh
Nach gabh giorag eagalach;
Luchd chlogaid 's bhiodag's chorcan bireach,
Cha philleadh luchd-bagairt iad;
Thig feachd Mhic-Shimi gu do mhilleadh,
'S ruithidh iad gu saidealta;
'S gun teich iad o chlár t-eudainn,
'Nuair dh'eireas do chabhar ort!

Th'am brochan a' toirt sàr dhuibh,
'S tha'n càl a' toirt at oirbh;
Ach 's beag is misde 'n t-àrnuinn,
'Ur sàth thoirt an nasgaidh dhuibh:
Ge mòr a thug sibh 'chaise,
Thar àirdhean Asainne,
Cha'n fhacas cuirm a'm Fòlais,
Ge mòr bha do chearcann ann;
Caisteal biorach, nead na h-ìolair',
Coin a's gilleann gortach ann;
Cha'n fhaicear bioran ann ri teine,
Mur 'bidh dileag bhrochain ann;
Cha'n fhaicear mairt-fheoil ann am poit ann,
Mur 'bi cearc 'g a plotaigeadh;
'S ga'n tional air an déirce,
'Nuair thréigeas gach cosgais iad.

Cha'n eil eun 's na speuran,
Is breine n'an ìolaire,
Cha 'n ionan idir beus d'i,
'S do dh-fhéidh anns na frichean;—
Bi'dh iadsa moch ag eiridh,
A' feuchainn a' bhìolaire;
'S bi'dh is' air sean each caoile,
Ri slaodadh a mhìonaich às;
Chuir i spuir a staigh na churach,
'S thug i fhuil na spadul as,
An t-ian gun sonas 'g iarraidh donais,
Bi'dh na coin a' sàbaid rith';
'S breun an t-isean i air iteig,
Gu'n fhios c'ait' an stadadh i,—
Mas' olc a lean i 'h-àbhaist,
Cha b' fheàrr far na chaidil i.

Cha'n eil eun 'san t-saoghal
R'a fhaotainn tha coltach riut,—
Cha'n ithear do chuid sìthne—
Rinn frinn a' mollachadh

Ged tha ort iteag dhireach,
 Mar fhuir shaghead corrannach,
 S ged' thuirt iad riut am fireun,
 Tha ionan an Donuis ort!
 S ioma buachaille 'th' air fuar chnoc,
 Agus cuaille bàt' aige';
 Ni guidhe bhuan do bhuntain bhuath,
 'S a bhuailleas bho do thapadh thu;
 'Nuair bheir thu ruaig air feadh nan uan,
 'S a bhios buaireas acrais ort,
 'N uair thachras cabar féidh ort,
 Gu'm feum thu bhi snasadh dha!

Tha cabar-fearna Dhòmhnuill,
 Mar spòrs' anns an talamhs' ac';
 Nach innseadh sibh dhomhs' e,
 'S gu'm b'eol domh a charachadh;
 'S ehuirinn fios gu h-eòlach,
 Gu Sèdras an caraideach,
 Gur h-e Fear Dhuin-Dòmhnuill,
 Le lòn chum an t-annan ris;
 'Bhiad gun mbeas, gun mhiagh gun, ghlio-
 Riamh bu tric 's an talamh-s' thu; [cas
 Dh'òl a's dh'ith thu trian do d' phiseich,
 'S tu an t-isean amaideach;
 Chuir na Rothaich thu air ghnothach,
 S tu an t-amhusg aineolach,
 'S ged' thug Clann-Choinnich miadh ort,
 Cha b' fhiach thu 'n t-reas earainn deth.

Faire! faire! shaoghail,
 Gur caochlaidheach carach thu;
 Chunna mise Sì-phort,
 'Nann ploban cruaidh, sgalanta,
 Nach robh an Alb' a dh'aon-shluagh,
 Ged shineadh Mac-Chaillein ris,
 Na chumadh riuts an eudann,
 'Nuair dh'èireadh do chabar ort!
 Dh'èireadh leat an còir 'san eart,
 Le trian do neart gu bagarach,
 Na bh'eadar Asainn, a's fa dheas,
 Gu ruig Sgalpa chraganach,
 Gach fear a glacadh gunna snaip,
 Claidheamh glas, no dagachan,—
 Bu leat Sir Dòmhnull Shléibhte,
 'N uair dh'èireadh do chabar ort!

Dh'èireadh leat fir Mhùideirt,
 'Nuair 'ruisgte do bhrataichean,
 Le 'n lannan daite dù-ghorm,
 Gu'n ciuirte na marcaich leo;
 Mac-Alasdair 's Mac Ionmhuinn,
 Le 'n cuilbheirean acuinneach;
 'Nuair rachadh iad 'san iorghuill,
 Gu'm b' ioghna mur trodadh iad:—
 'Bh' dh tu fhathast gabhail aighear,
 Ann am Brathuinn bhaidealach,

Bh' dh cinne t-athair ort a' feitheamh,
 Co 'bhrathadh bagradh ort?
 Bh' dh fion ga chaitheamh feadh do thaighe,
 'S nìsge-beatha feadmaah;
 'S gur lionmhor plob' ga'n gleusadh,
 'NUAIR DH'ÈIREAS DO CHABAR ORT!

[Tha e ri chantuian gur h-e Tormod Bàn Macleòid an Asainn a rinn "Cabar-féidh" air do na Rothaich cuairt a thoirt do dh-Asainn a dh'iarraich creiche. Thàinig iad ré an t-sambruidh, 'n uair a bha na boireannaich leis a' spréidh air an àiridh, agus, a réir na sgeulachdan a th' againne, cha n e 'mhàin gun d' thug iad leo mòran cruidh ach mar an teud-na, im a's chise. Thog an gnìomh so fearg Mhicleòid agus rinn e CABAR-FÉIDH, oir sann bho Chlann Choinnich a chaidh a chreach a thoirt.]

FAILTE O'N "SGIATHANACH."

A' Ghàidheil Ionmhuinn,
 Is fhad on thubhairt an sean-fhocal,
 "Gur minic a thàinig deagh chomhairle
 á beul amadain," agus tha e ro cheart.
 Féudar an sean-fhocal eigneachadh,
 ach cha bhréugaichear e. Ach bith-
 eam-sa amaideach no glic, bu ro
 mhaith leam deagh-chomhairle a thabh-
 airt duit-se, a thaobh nan nithe eug-
 sàmhla a tha thu a' cur romhad a
 dheanamh chum eòlas agus fiosrachadh
 de gach gné a chraobh-sgaioleadh am
 fad 's an farsuing am measg nan Gàidh-
 eal. Tha 'n obair a ta agad os làimh
 cliù-thoilltinneach, agus bu chòir do na
 h-uile aig am bheil spéis do dhùthaich
 am breith, agus aig am bheil dùrachd-
 cridhe chum staid agus cor nan Gàidh-
 eal bhochda ath-leasachadh, gach
 cuideachadh nan comas a dheanamh
 leat. Bheirinn àithne dhuit os ceann
 gach ni, cùram a bhi ort nach teir thu
 géill do chomhairle nan uile. Ma ni
 thu sin, le miann ort gach neach fa leth
 a riarachadh, tuitidh tu ann am
 mearachd an t-seann-duine 'sa chosamh-
 lachd a bha 'n dùil, le mhaic agus le
 asail féin, gu'n toilleheadh e iadsan uile
 a bha 'g a chòmhlachadh air an rathad
 mhòr. Tha e ni 's fhusa do mbaraiche
 gach eilean agus creag 'san "Archipel-
 ago," a sheachnadh o lòngh-bhriseadh

Mios an Fhogharraidh, 1872.

amh, air òidhche dhuirch, ghaillionnach
 beamhraidh, na tha e dhuitsa do
 to thair hosan a sheasamh ma dh'èisdeas tu
 idh, is gach combairle a bheirear dhuit.—
 eir! Tha beachdan agus barailean a' chinne-
 laoine co ioma-gnètheach agus eadar-
 shealaichte 'sa ta cruth agus dealbh an
 mùisean féin, agus ciod a's mìosa, tha
 ach neach fa leth co féin-bheachd-
 ail 's gu'm bheil e 'sa bharrail gur
 ean féin a tha ceart, agus gach duine
 eile mearachdachd. Sin agad Fionn-
 ladh Ruadh a bha 'na fhoirbheach-
 eaglais o cheann còrr is fichead
 bliadhna, agus ged tha deagh eòlas
 aig air a' Ghailig, cha 'n eil innleachd
 air a thoilleachadh. Tha Fionnladh,
 m'as fìor e féin, ro thuigseach, ro
 bheachdail, ro ghlic, agus 'na dhuine
 aig nach 'eil coimeas air son a bhuaidh-
 ean maiseach a'm measg a luchd-eòlais
 air fad. Agus ged nach toir Seònaid a
 bhean-phòsda chòir féin an eliu sin
 air, gidheadh gabhaidh e dha féin e,
 agus dian lasas e a'm féirg an agh-
 aidh an ti aig am bheil a dhànadas
 cur 'na aghaidh. Rinn Fionnladh
 dichìoll gu gréim fhaotuinn air gach
 na a chiodh-bhualadh 'sa Ghailig 'na
 là 's na linn féin. Leugh e an seann
 "TEACHDAIRE," "CUAIRTEAR NAN
 GLEANN," "FEAR-TATHAICH NAM
 BEANN," "AN FHIANUIS FHIOR,"
 "BRATACH NA SITHE," agus an leithid-
 ibh sin,—agus do gach aon fa leth bha
 Fionnladh a' faotuinn cron air chor
 eigin.—Bha TORMAD OG, an T-EILTHIR-
 EACH, AN SGIATHANACH, ROB RUADH,
 CARAID NAN GAIDHEAL, agus làn an
 leth-cheud eile a' sgrìobhadh annta sin
 chum an luchd-dùcha féin ath-leasach-
 adh, ach cha do chòrd a h-aon diubh ri
 Fionnladh; agus ma tha e beò fhathasd
 agus cumhachd nan sùl agus nan cluas
 aige, cha chòrd "AN GAIDHEAL" ris
 ni's mo, oir is duine e aig nach 'eil
 deagh-ghuth do neach fo'nghrèin. Ach
 tha iomadh Fionnladh 's an t-saoghal
 fathasd; agus cha 'n ionann iad is
 CAILEAN BAN MUILEACH,—duine cial-

lach, tuigseach, aig an robh deagh-rùn
 dhoibhsan uile a bha 'our a mach ni
 sam bith ann an cànan bhinn agus
 bhlasda nan Gaidheal. Ceart mar a
 thàrruingeas an seillean a' mhill a's gach
 luibh agus blàth, bha Cailean còir a'
 tarruing teagaisg agus fòghluim o gach
 ni 'sa' Ghailig. Bha gach lide 'sa'
 chainnt sin oirdhearc ann am beachd
 Chailein. Bha gach Gailig co-ionnan
 da, agus cha robh Gaidheal o'n àirde
 deas no tuath nach tuigeadh e. Bha
 òrain Rob Duinn agus Dhonnachaidh
 Bhàin maraon so-thuigsinn da; agus
 cha deanadh e tàir air ni sam bith a
 chiodh-bhualadh ann an càinnt a
 mhathar. Cha robh e idir frionasach,
 gearanach, dràndanach, mar a bha
 Fionnladh Ruadh; ach bha e tàingeil
 air son gach dichill a rinneadh le daoin-
 ibh fòghluimte chum eòlas a thoirt da
 air sgéulaibh, cleachdannaibh, agus
 eachdraidh a luchd-dùcha féin. Tha
 mi uime sin, a'n dòchas, a' Ghaidheil
 Iomhuinn, gu'm buin na ceudan riut-
 sa cleas Chailein Bhàin, agus gun cròdh
 iad mu'n cuairt duit chum do chuid-
 eachadh, agus do chumail suas. Tha
 féum agad air do làmh a neartachadh
 le bhi 'gad chòmhnadh, an dà chuid
 chum do LEABHRAN taitneach a dhean-
 amh suas, agus a chraobh-sgaioleadh a'm
 fad's am farsuing. Tha mòran ann,
 gu'n teagamh, de dhaoineibh tréun agus
 cumhachdach 'sa' Ghailig, a nochdas,
 tha mi'n dòchas, mòr dheagh-ghean d'ad
 thaobh. Tha aodhair urramach a'
 Chill-Mhàllidh ann, a dhealbh cùimh-
 neachan air féin a bhios co maireann
 ri Beinn-Neamhais, leis an t-seòl air an
 d'eadar-the ngiobhadh dàin Oisein leis.
 Tha'n t-Olla-cùiteach Mac Lachlainn
 ann, a chladhaich co domhain sìos
 chum seann sgrìobhanna 'sa' chainnt
 a dheanamh aithnichte. Tha Mac
 Choinnich, aodhair fòghluimte Chill-
 Mhòraig ann, dìan agus deas chum
 gach bun agus barr air am bheil fiamh
 na Gailig a rannsachadh a mach. Sin
 agad, mar an céudna, an t-aodhair

Camshroin ann an Renton, agus cha'n fhrasadh fhaotuinn a bheir barr air a thaobh eblais-san air gach nì a bhuineas do'n Ghailig. Agus c'ait an d' fhàg mi "*Lochabar Iochdarach*"—duine fiùghantach, falaidh, foghlumte, deas gu cuideachadh, malla gu cronachadh—suairce, séimh, seirceil?—gu'n teagamh is tearc a lèithid r'a fhaotuinn.—Cha bheò e aig am bheil barrachd fiosrachaidh na tha aige-san air cainnt, cleachdannaibh, càirdeas, treubhantas, gaisge, fad fhulangas, agus gach deagh-bhuaidh eile a bhuineas do na Gàidheil; agus cò e a tha co ullamh, ealanta, eallamh, chum nan nithe sin a leagadh ris 'na bhriathraibh òirdhearca agus shnasmhòr féin? Tha iad so uile, ma ta, agus na ficheadan eile comasach air do chuideachadh, agus tha dòchas agam gu'n dean iad e. Ged nach sàmhlaichinn mi féin. ach àmhain ann an deaghdhùrachd, riù-san a dh'ainmich mi, gidheadh, cha di-chuimhnich mi idir thu. Ged a bheirinn duit sgòd searmoin an trà's 'sa ris, bu choma leat e; ulme sin, gheibh thu de nithibh eile "sop as gach seid" ceart mar a cheaduicheas ùine sin a dheanamh. Tha gu cinnteach deagh-rùn aig COMUNN GAILIG INBHERNEIS dhuit, agus sinidh iad amach an làmh gu'n teagamh gu d' chòmhannadh. B'e sin an Comunn tlachdmhor, geanaile, dian, deas, dealaidh, gu'n diòbradh, ann a bhi 'lorgadh a mach gach cuspair eugsamhuil air am bheil iad an tòir. Beannachd leat, a' Ghaidheil Ionmhuinn. Buaidh agus piseach leat; agus gu mo maith a théid gach cùis leat.

Is mi do charaid gu'n teagamh,
SGIATHANACH.

Priomh-Bhaile na Gàidhealtachd,
Ceud Mios an Fhoghairidh, 1872.)

MIANN NA BAN-EIREANNAICH.

Bha duine uasal àraid ann an Eireann, agus bha a bhean ro dhona airson an òil. Cha ro fùt a leine nach reiceadh i gu ceannach an uisge-bheatha. Bha an duine air

eigneachadh leatha, 's cha romh fios aig ciod e 'dheanadh e gu thoirt oirre 'n t-òil thrèigsinn. Mu dheireadh, 's ann a' chaid e gu lighiche 'bha 's an àite 'dh'iarraid combhairle air son a galair.

"Am bheil e n'ur comas nì sam bith thoirt domh air son bean a bhios a gabha na daoraich?" ars' an duine.

"N e puinnsean a tha uait" ars' an lighiche, "mas e, iarr gu fearail e, 'sna bi 'deas amh éis?"

"O cha 'n 'eil mise 'g iarraidh puinnsean ach rud-éigin a bheir oirre sgur de 'n òil."

"Na 'm b' urrainn mise leigheas a thoirt air a ghalair sin" ars' an lighiche, "bh m' fhòrtan deannta. Ach coma co-dhì dian mar so a' nochd. Thoir leat galair uisge-bheatha agus leig leatha òil gus gu 'm miannach leatha fhéin sgur; agus the mise 'n rathad 's a' mheadhon oidhche."

Mar so bha. Thug an duine leis a' t-uisge-beatha. Dh'òl a bhean e; agus am a' mheadhon oidhche, thàinig an lighiche Dh' fhalbh an dithis leis a bhean, agus shì iad i fuar marbh leis a' mhiag ann an seile iochdrach seann chaisteil a bha 's a' nà uidheachd. An deigh beagan cadail, dhùis i, agus shì i air feòrachd c' àite an romh.

"Tha thu ann an tìr na bithbhuantachd ars' an lighiche 'bha 'g a fhalach fhéin air cùl-thaobh.

"Agus c' fhada le 'tha mi 's an tìr so?" ars' ise.

"Tha còrr is bliadhna" ars' an lighiche.

"S cinnteach gu 'm bheil mi marbh ma tha mi cho fada sin ann" ars' ise.

"Tha cho marbh ri clach."

"Agus am bheil thusa marbh mar a' ceudna?"

"Tha."

"Agus c' fhada tha thu 'san dùthaich so?" ars' ise.

"Tha còig bliadhna" ars' an lighiche.

"Gun teagamh tha sinn uile marbh a réisid."

"Tha; gach neach againn."

Air do 'n lighiche 'm freagairt so a thoirt di, rinn i suidhe agus air son seal beag lean i air smuaineachadh gu cùramach. Cha robh fhios aig an lighiche ciod e a bha i 'dol a chantuinn.

Mu dheireadh thuirt i—"Tha mi cinnteach gu 'm bheil thusa gu math eòlach 'san àite; am bheil fios agad c' ait' am faigh mi uisge-beatha?"

Cha robh fhios aig an lighiche ciod e
'dheanadh e 'n uair a chunnaic e gu'n do
shir i'n dram ann an dùthaich nan spioradan;
's thug e 'chasan as.

TUIREADH BAINTEGHEARNA CHOLA.

Gur h-e mis' th' iar mo chùradh,
Thug mi gealladh do 'n chùirteir,
Ged nach leiginn fo rùn e nas mò.*

Moch 's a' mhaduinn 's tu 'g éiridh,
Gur math thigeadh dhut féileadh,
'N uair a sgioblaicheadh m'endail gu falbh.

Sealgair féidh air an drithead thu,
Bu trom lot e le d' fhùdar,
Call fala 's do chù air a lorg.

An là thàinig thu dh' Albainn,
Bu làmh shònruichte arm thu,
Tha sud firinneach, dearbhata, gun bhòsd.

Bu tu 'n càrrach mòr prèiseil,
Air chairtean, 's air dhisnean,
'S tu gu 'n coisneadh a' chis air an torm.

Agus càrrach air fèirne,
Air an tàileasg ga 'n steornadh,
'S tu nach iarradh, 's nach sòradh an t-òr.

Bu tu ceann do luchd-muinntir,
Nach robh geur orra 'n cainnt o,
Ann an eireachdas cùntais no mòid.

Ach, a Nèil chòir, a ghaigich,
Fhuair do stialladh mu 'n chlachan,
'S e do bhàs chuir am fadal so orm.

Chunnacas sud le d' cheann-cinnidh,
Iad ga d' ghiùlan gu h-innis,
'S iomadh bean a bha sìleadh an deòir.

Gu 'n robh gruaim air do dhalta,
'N tràth bha 'n uaigh dhuit ga treachailt,
'S gu 'm bi 'n uair nach bu mhaslach e dhò.

Ach na 'm b' aithne dbomh d' àireamh,
'S ùr a' choill as an d' fhàs thu,
Shìol nam fìneachan àrd bu mhòr stoir.

Mac Ghill-Eathain air thùs leat,
Mac Iarla na Cùile,
Leat mac Ionmhuinn bho lùchairt a' Chrò.

Leat mac Shimidh mòr uaibhreach,
'S Iarl Antruim seo chualas,
Lochlann leat an àm bualadh, 's bi chòir.

* Aithris gach ceithreamh dà uair.

An àm tighinn do 'n fheasgar,
'S mòr m' ionndrain, 's cha bheag i,
Mheudaich iomnadh nam fleasgach mobhròn.

Mi ri feitheamh na faiche,
'S fir an òrdugh dol seachad,
Ach cha léir dhomh fear d' fhaicinn na 'n
còir.

Duin'-nasal treun sgairteil,
Ur gleusta ro bheachdail,
Fear fial dha na bhaisteadh Niall òg.

ABRACH.

GUTH O CHANADA.

A' Ghàidheil rùnaich,
Is ann le toileachas mòr agus le deadh-dhùr-
achd a chuirinn fàilte 'us furan oirbh agus
a labhrunn mu'r timchioll na briathran
aoda: "An là 'chi 's nach fhaic: "Gu 'm
slàn agus gu 'm fortunach a bhitheas sibh."
Gun teagamh buinidh dhuibh cliù 'us mol-
adh do bhrìgh gu'm bheil sibh a' deanamh
oidheirp ghasda air cànaib bhlàth nan
Gàidheal a chumail suas agus a sgaoileadh
gu pongail anns an dùthaich ùr fharsuing
so. Tha bhuir sgiomh boidheach, grinn.
Tha bhuir sgèadachadh tlachdmhor. Thug
sibh cheana dearbhadh làidir seachad gur e
bhuir rùn suidhichte onoir a chur air cainnt
bhlasda nam beann. Tha è soilleir mu ni
gach Gàidheal anns an dùthaich a dhleas-
annas do 'r taobh, nach bi è comasach focal
a labhairt an aghaidh bhuir snuadh agus 'ur
dichioil. Is iomadh latha o'n chunnaic iad-
san tha measail air a' Ghàilig "CUAIRTEAR"
'n an cainnt fein. Gun amharas tha bhuir
bàigh ri tir nam beann 'us ri cleachduinnean
nan Gàidheal araon làidir agus cliùiteach.
Ged nach 'eil Canada fathast ach ann an
tùs a mòrachd 'sa beartais; feumar, aideach-
adh gu'n d' rinn siol nan gleann agus clann
nan Gàidheal mòran cheana a chum an
dùthaich anns am bheil sinn a' tuineachadh,
a thoirt air a h-aghaidh gu inbhe urramach,
àrd. Tha paiperian naigheachd gun àir-
eamh air an sgrìobhadh ann am Beurla
agus ann an cànaib eile. Bhitheadh è
na ni brònach, tàmailteach, mata, gu'm
bitheadh a' Ghàilig gu tur gu'n leabhar no
paiper anns am faodadh gach neach leis an
aill naigheachdan an t-saoghail a leughadh
agus a thuigsinn ann am briathran maiseach
Oisein. Chi mi gu soilleir gu'm bheil tarus
maith roimhibh, oir tha iomadh Gàidheal
anns an dùthaich a tha toilichte agus aigh-
earrach bho 'n thog sibh an seòl meadhoin

agus a sgaoil sibh 'ur breidean geala ris an t-soirbheas. Tha Canada 'soirbheachadh gu luath: agus tha mi 'creidsinn gu'm bi aghartas a's modha, agus dìchioll a's airde air an nochdadh anns an aimsir a tha ri teachd. Tha farsuingeachd anabarrach anns an dùthaich; tha fearann torrach, domhainn ann an iomadh cèrna; tha rathaidean iaruiun a nis ag iomachd air feadh cuibhrionn mhòr de'n tìr; tha lochan uisge agus abhnaichean fada againn nach 'eil aig tìr air bith eile; tha eòlas 'us saorsa air freumh làidir a ghabhail ann measg an t-sluaigh. Nach 'eil againn, mata, aobhar sonruichte 'bhi g'annhaire ri fortan mòr, agus ri soirbheachadh pailt anns na laithean a tha air thoiseach oirnn? Tha mi earbsach agus dòchasach gu'm bi laithean sunndach, fada air am buileachadh oirbh-sa agus gu'n ghlain sibh iomadh sùgradh. gean 'us toileachas-inntinn do gach Gàidheal a bhitheas ann an ionadan iomallach na dùthcha a' deanamh dachaidh bhunaiteach dha fein agus mar so a' fosgladh suas na duthcha. O'n tha'n seol meadhoin a nis an àird agus am bàta air broilleach a' chuain, tha mi'n dòchas gu'm bi gaoth fhàbharach daonnan a' lìonadh nam breidean; agus gu'm bi'n long ùr eireachdail so furasda 'stùtradh agus a gleidheadh ann an uidheam thogarrach. Tha sibh a' gealltainn gu'n imich sibh le ceum a's luaithe agus a's treise ann an ùin ghoirid. Ni bhur càirdean gairteachas an tràth a thogas sibh 'ur ceann ni 's àirde agus a sgaoileas sibe a mach tuille breidean ris an t-soirbheas. Tha mi glé chinnteach gu'm feum sibh cuideachadh agus aoidheachd fhaotainn ann an iomadh dachaidh agus aig iomadh teine. Bu ni tàmailteach a thachradh da rìreadh, na'n diultadh cridhe Gàidheil air bith aoidheachd a thoirt duibh agus còmhnaidh a dheanamh le mùirn 's le tlachd leibh. Na bitheadh ioghnadh oirbh mu ni mise dìchioll air litir a sgrìobhadh a nis agus a rithist do bhur n-ionnsuidh.

Is mise aig an àm,

A' Ghàidheil rùnaich,

Bhur caraidean dileas.

“CONA.”

LITIR A CEANN-A-GHIUBHSAICH.

A' Ghàidheil rùnaich,

Ceachaibhibh dhomh fàilte chridheil a chur oirbh às an earrann so de'n dùthaich. Tha mi 'cluinninn, agus mar an ceudna,

'leughadh, gu'm bheil sibh a' faighinn mòran litrichean taitneach o'ur càirdean às gach cèarnaidh de'n chrìunne. Agus am bheil sin iongantach? Ud, ud, cha-n-eil. 'Sann bu chòir do gach Gàidheal aig am bheil spéis d'a dhùthaich, d'a chinneach, agus d'a chànan—'s mar eil spéis aige do gach aon diubh sid, cha GHÀIDHEAL e—clach-chuimhne 'thogail an àit éigin air feadh na Gàidhealtachd air son an latha 'rugadh a leithid de ghaisgeach ruibh. Na smuanaichibh idir gum bheil mi gu bhi a' brosgal no a' sotal ruibh. Chuala sibh bho 'ur n'òige nach d' thig an còta glas cho math do na h-uile fear; agus sann mar sin a dh-éirich dhomh-sa do'n bhrosgal—cha d' thig e gu math dhomh.

Tha mi faicinn ann bhur palpear luach-mhor gu'm bheil sibh a' faighinn beagan litrichean air bheag brìghe—eadhon, feadhainn leibeideach, dhroch-oileanach mar a chuir “Niall Crùbach” thugaibh. Tha mi glé thoilichte leis na freagairtean geur, tapaidh, a tha sibh a' tabhairt do uile-biastan de'n t-seòrsa ud. Na h-uile duine riabh diubh ma dh' ionnsaicheas e an aibideal, cha bhi ach sìneadh air beumadh, 's air faotainn cron do Ghàillig a's modh litreachaidh muinntir eile. Tha *Mr. Disraeli* ag ràdh gur h-iad na tiolpadairean, buidheann air an do dh-fhairtlich gach seòrsa de sgrìobhadh,—agus air an aobhar sin 's éigin doibh sìneadh air smàdadh na muinntir a tha ealanta air. Tha mi a' creidsinn gu maith gu'm bi an seòrsa ud 'g ar triobladaichadh:—'s cha'n urra mise chantuinn aig a' cheart àm so nach i sin a' cheart obair a bh' aig “Niall Crùbach.” Ma bheil sibh feart idir orra na caomhuaibh a' Ghràisg, innsibh iad-fhein dhoibh, innsibh dhoibh nach d' thig às a phoit ach an toit a bhios innte. Ach creidibh-sa mise, 's thoiribh dhìom na cluasan mar eil mi ceart, an uair a their mi gur h-e ùmaidhean, leth-chiallaich, no bleideirean air chor-eigin de'n t-seòrsa sin a bhios ris a' ghnìomh mhi-chliuiteach air an robh mi a' labhairt. Bha mi ro-thoilichte leis an dara litir a chuir “Rùnasdach” thugaibh agus cho ciallach 's a labhair e air a' cheart seòrsa mu'n robh mi fhein a' labhairt. Tha mi 'faicinn nach do chuir an duine còir (mas e duine no boir-eannach a th' agam) litir no dad eile gus A' GHÀIDHEAL mu dheireadh, ach tha mi'n dochas nach do chaidil e air son sin. Thug mi gus a' so air cainneadh na Gràisg a bhios a' faighinn cron do na Ghàillig; ach le 'r cead-sa their mi-fhein focal no dha ruibh a

mise mu dheibhian oran-a chuir sibh anns
A GHÀIDHEAL mu dheireadh; agus tha mi
'a dochas nach saoil sibh gur h-ann ri tiol-
padaireachd a tha mi. 'S fhada bho mo
chail e, fhir mo chridhe. 'S ann a tha mi
air son beagan a ràdh ruibh ann an spiorad
bràthraill. 'S e an t-oran a tha mi a' ciall-
achadh, "Duanag a' Chiobair." Tha n-
t-oran gun teagamh gle chridheil, deas-
bhriathrach; ach ged a tha, dé 'thug air an
ughdar a leithid a chantuinn mu mhaigh-
dionan a' bhaile so? Smuanaichibh féin,
fhir mo chridhe, air an rann so:

"Ged a chruinn'cheadh an dùthaich.
Gu fóill Chinn-a'-ghlùbhsaich,
Cha bhiodh te ann do'n duraiginn pog."(?)

Nach fìor a thuirt an sean-fhocal, "A'
chailleach, an gabh thu 'rìgh?"—"Cha
ghabh o'n nach gabh e mi." Tha maigh-
dionan anns a' bhaile bheag so, cho tlàth, 's
cho maiseach 's a tha fù'n Chrùn Bhreat-
uinneach. 'N uair a ehi mi prasan diubh
a' dol seachad an ratha i mòr teòghaidh mo
chridhe riù—gach té dhuibh cho gràdhach,
's cho fìnealta, agus gum moladh Oisean iad
mar a mhol e Mala-mhìn. Tha mise cinnt-
each, fhir mo chridhe, na'n tachradh dhuibh
a thighinn a chaidh an taobh so, gun cuir-
eadh sibh leis gach focal a thuirt mi mu rìbh-
innean seirceil "Chinn-a'-ghlùbhsaich. Ach
's a' cho-dhùnadh innisidh misgoulachd bheag
dhuibh: Bha madal-lh-ruadh ann roimhe,
agus air dha a bhi 'falbh an fhàsaich air
latha tiorram teth, dh'fhàs e ro phàiteach
's cha romh uisge no ni air bith eile ann a
chaisgeadh iota. Mu dheireadh de chunnaic
e ach craobh fhion-dhearcan. Bha na fion-
dhearcan ro bliuagha, na h-uile aon diubh
abuich, agus iad cho lìonmhor 's gun romh
iad a lìubadh barraibh nam meangan. Ars'
an sionnach, "'S ann domh a rug an cat an
cuilean; dé na 'th'ann an sin de fhion-
dhearcan, gach aon dhubh cho maiseach 's
chòlàn; 's iad a chaisgeas mo thart," agus an
so thug e leum suas ris a' chràobh an dùil
gum biodh làn a chraois aige tighinn air ais.
Ach leibeidean, cha d'fhuair e 'm bainne;—
cha ruigeadh e leth na slighe gus na fion-
dhearcan. Leim e, 's leim e, ach ged a
bhithheadh e a' leum fhatbasd cha deanadh
e tàrn. Mu dheireadh dh'fhalbh e, agus,
ars' esan, "Tha mi coma dhe na fion-dhearc-
an,—tha iad goirt!"—Chan-eil mi ag ràdh
nach do bhlaic còrr 's an sionnach bochd air
fion-dhearcan goirte.

An dòchas nach dean sibh orm-sa mar a
rinn sibh air "Niall Crùbach,"

Is mi bhuir seirbheiseach umhal

CALLUM.

Ceann-a'-Ghlùbhsaich, Ceud }
Mios an Fhogharaidh, 1872. }

—0—

LITIR O RUNASDACH.

A' Ghàidheil Rùnaich,

Aig an àm so de'n bhliadhna cha'n eil
aon aig am bheil sgillinn ruadh ri 'choad
agus uair de dh'ùine ri 'sheachnadh, nach
fag othail agus ùpraid a' bhaile-mhòir air
son sàmhechair na dùthcha agus àile glan
nam beann. Ma thug sibh sgrìob timchioll
a' "Bhroomielaw" na cinnuidhe an eich-
iarruinn chennaic sibh le 'ur sùilean féin na
bha de shluagh a' fagail a' bhaile. Gu sòn-
ruichte air seachdain na Faireach shaoileadh
neach gur ann a bha a' phlàigh an Glaschu
is a h-uile fear riamh a' teicheadh le a bhean
's a chlann, gu ionad tearuinte. Nis 'us
ciatach an cleachdadh so, oir tha daoine tha
fad na bliadhna mhòr air an tachdadh le
toit a' bhaile feumach air aon-làn beòil de
àile ghlan, agus is mòr an t-ùrachadh
dhoibh sealladh de na machrachean uaine
agus de'n fhrìoch bhadanach ghorm. Na
saoilb, mata, gur ann a' faotainn coire
do'n chùis a tha mi. Cha 'n ann idir, oir
is ann a tha mi 's an làn bharail gum bheil
làithean cluiche, mar theirear ri, tuilidh is
tearc againn, 's e sin na 'm biodh iad air an
gnathachadh air an doigh so a chum slàinte
a's falaineachd a thoirt do'n chreubh trid-
turus a ghabhail "a sios an t-uisge" no
taobh eigin eile, far am biodh dragh as
càram, toit is gleadhraich a' bhaile mhòir
air am fàgail na'n dèigh. Ach am bheil
sibh a' feòraich, ciod a th'agamsa ri dhean-
adh ris a' chleachdainn sin? Tha dìreach a
chum an aobhar, a thug orm-sa nach cuala
sibh uam air a' mhios a dh'fhalbh, a dheanadh
soilair dhuibh. Tha fhios agaibh gu'm
bheil an sean-fhocal ag ràdh gur "fearr a
bhi às an t-saoghal na às an fhasan" a's air
an aobhar sin thug mise am fìreach orm
maille ris a' chòrr. Thug mi sgrìob air
feadh nan garbh chrìoch agus ruaig a' measg
eileanan Innse-gall, agus feudaidh sibh a bhi
cinnteach gur e sgrìobhadh a bu lugha bha
air m'aire. Bu leòir leam a bhi ag òl a
stigh an t-sonais a bha sruthadh thugam o
bhi coimhead air beanntan mo ghaol a's
a' bhi beachdachadh air àilleachd do-choim

eas, tìr thuinidh nan treun, no o' bhi g' èisd-eachd sgeula mu na làithean a dh' fhalbh a's mu na cleachdainnean ud a tha gu luath a' dol às an t-sealladh ann measg sgàilean dorch na h-aimsir a thréig. Is ma bheir sibhse agus 'ur luchd-leughaidh cead dhomh, bheir mi o am gu am dhuibh cunntas air euid de na nithean amaidheach agus faoin a bha aon uair air an làn chreidsinn 'n ar tìr. Cha 'n 'eil mi idir a' saoilsin gum bheil e na nì cearr na nithean sin a chur air chuimhne mu 'm bàsaich iad gu buileach. Tha ioma aon diubh faoin gu leòir ach tha fòghlum us teagasg anna aig am. Is eadhon ged nach bitheadh idir, is airidh iad air cuimhne a chumail orra do bhrìgh gum bheil iad freagarrach a chum soluis a thilgeil air na h-amanan as air na cleachdainnean a tha 'nis air siubhal seachad a chaoidh. Is ann o na sgeulachdan, o na baath bharailean agus o na sean ubagan aig sluagh a tha sinn comasach air eòlas fhaotainn air cìod i' fìor eachdraidh pobuill agus cìod iad na smaointeanan agus na breithneachaidh a bu ghnàth leò a bhi cleachdadh. Faodaidh mata beachdachadh air na nithean ud a tha faoin gu leòir anna fèin a bhi na nì buanachd'or a chum ar n-eòlas a mheudachadh mu dheibhin nan linninn ud a tha gu luath ga'm follach fèin a meas ceò nam bliadh-nachan agus sgàilean na h-aoise. Tha mi an dòchas mata nach meas luchd-leughaidh A' GHÀIDHEIL, gu'm bheil mi gòrach, amaidheach ged a bheir mi fo'n comhair iomadh gisreag is ùbag is barail fhaoin. Oir cha 'n 'eil mise, a' Leughadair ionmhuinn, gu'n creidsinn nì's motha na thu fèin, ach air dhomh a bhi 's an làn bharail gu'm bheil solus ri fhaotainn iomadh uair far an lugha am bheil sùil ris, agus gliocas aig am fo chleòca na h-amaidheachd, tha mi am beachd gur fhiach sean nithe nan Gàidheal aithre a thoirt dhoibh. Maille ri iomadh nì eile a tha air caochladh ann an tìr nam Beann tha beachdan an t-sluaigh mu na nithean amaidheach ud air atharrachadh mar an ceudna. Agus is maith gum bheil, oir tha e 'na dhearbhadh gu'm bheil fòghlum 'us eòlas a dol am meud, agus luchd-àiteachaidh nan garbh chrìoch a' fàs nì's tuigiche. Ach is fheudar dhomh aideachadh 'nair a thairneas mi coimeas eadar staid na Gàidhealtachd mar a tha i nis agus mar a bha i 's na linninn a dh' fhalbh gum bheil mi iomadh uair ann an teagamh a thaobh na cùise, agus air uair cha 'n 'eil e cho soileir dhomh gu'm bheil chùisean air caochladh, anns gach nì a

chum na cuid is fèrr. Tha a thaobh an nì so "dà thaobh air a' Mhaol." Air aon taobh tha beannachdan 'us buanachdan ri am faicinn, air an taobh eile, tha tiarnachd agus bròn. A thaobh na 'm buanachdan, thàinig rathad na Gàidhealtachd, faodaidh mi na nithean a leanas a chomharachadh a mach. Tha sgoilean agus eaglaisean air an suidheachadh ann an iomadh gleann uaigneach agus air iomadh eilein cuain far an robh aig aon am meadhona teagaisg agus gràis gle thearc. Tha rathaide mòra air an deanadh air feadh nan garbh chrìoch, a chum is gum feud carbad nan ceithir each, dol troimh na glinn is fadhaiche cho socrach rèidh is air cabhsair a bhaillemhòir. Tha mac talla nan creag a' co-fhreagairt do sgriach an eich iarruinn agus do dh' fhuaim rothan nan carbad aige feadh ghleanntan 'us bheanntan na h-àirde tuath far am bu chrùaidh ann an linn ar n-athraichean do neach an rathad a dheanadh na chois. Tha bàta na smùide air eileanan iomadh Innse Gall agus air Lochan fàsach na h-àirde n' iar a thoirt ro dhlùth do'n bhaile so againn. Tha trid so iomad goirceas aig luchd-àiteachaidh na Gàidhealtachd nach robh aig an athraichean. Tha eadhon an iunleachd iongantach sin, a tha air cearcal a chur air an t-saoghal air a leithid a dhòigh is gun d' thig naidheachd ann am prìobadh na sùl o America fèin, air cuid do na h-eileinean a thoirt cho dlùth oirn is gum feud neach ann am Muile no Ile (ma tha cuid thasdan aige ri chosd) còmhradh a chumail ri a charaid ann an Glaschu mar gum biodh iad nan suidhe mu choinneamh a chèile aig an aon bhòrd. Tha mar so gun teagamh iomadh caochladh aigh air tighinn air tìr nan Treun, o na làithean ud anns an robh na Finneachan do ghnàth ann an naimhead s' d'a chèile—o na linninn anns an robh sàil gun leigeadh gach Ceann Feadhna òg air dha teachd a chum a thighearnas fhaicinn a thapadh agus a threubhantas trid a chreich a thògal o fhearann a choimhearsnaich, agus anns am bi a chulaidh spuirt a bu togaraiche a bha aig 'ur n athraichean a bhi mort 's a spùineadh nan Gall. Tha e nis mòran nis furasda agus nis sàbhailte do Bhàilidhean Ghlaschu cuairt a thoirt feadh nan garbh chrìoch na bha e anns an linn anns an robh *Bailie Nicol Jarvie* cho treun agus sgriob a thoirt, fo cheannsal Rob Ruaidh Mhic Griogair, a dh' fhaicinn maisie nan Troisichean, àilleachd Loch-Chatriona agus garbh shlios Bheinn Lomuin. Ach ged a tha so uile

fior, agus ged a tha gach Gàidheal ro thàinig-eil air a shon, tha gidheadh atharraichean eile air teachd ann an lorg nan nithean sin a lionas mo chridhe le tiamhachd agus bròn gach uair a bheir mi ruig air feadh Gàidhealtachd mo Ghaoil. Tha trid nan goireasan ud agus o aobharan eile, luach fearainn air àrdachadh a chum is gum bheil na Tigh-earnan trid gaol nam màltan mòra air iomadh gleann tioral agus srath tarbhach a chur fàs a chum caoraich a chur an àite nan daoine. Is fada on a thubhairt an Slàn-aighear Beannuichte “Cia mòr is fearr duine na caora?” Ach cha’n eil uair a bheir mi cuairt feadh ionada fàsa tir mo dhuthchais, nach d’thig an smuain ann am aire gur éigin, nach eil an earainn sin ann am Bìobul Tighearna Fearainn na Gàidhealtachd idir, no gum bheil iad féin is an luchd gnothaich air solus ùr fhaotainn oirre, oir tha an deanadas a’ cur an cèill gur i a bharail acasan gur mòr is fearr caora na duine. Is tha iad air an aobhar sin air an t-sluagh fhògradh is air iomadh srath bòidheach agus gleann àillidh fhàgail nam fàsaichean tiamhuidh. Far an robh iomadh dachaidh chomhfhurtachail, anns an robh sluagh moralta, diadhaidh ag gabhail còmhnuidh, cha’n eil a nis ach na liath làthraichean fuara, agus na tolmair fheurach ghorm gu fianuis a thoirt air na bha. Air an Leith-thir thorrach far an cluinnte ann an ciùin shàmhair an annoich shamhruidh guth nan salm ag éiridh o iomadh altair teaghlach, le co-sheirm thiamhuidh bhinn cha bhuaill fuaim air a’ chluais an diugh, ach mèilich nan caorach bàna agus tabhann madadh breac a’ chlobair ghallda. Da rir-eabh “Is e lionmhorachd nan caorach, chuir clann nan daoine air alaban.” Oir tha e fior mu iomadh ceàrn do thir gharbh na h-Alba, mar thubhairt am Bàrd Ileach mu Eilein glas an fheib, far an d’fhuair e àrach.

“Tha tighean sealbh na dh’fhàg sinn
Feadh an fhuinn ‘n an càrnan,
Dh’fhalbh ‘s cha till na Gàidheil
Stad an t-àiteach, cur ‘us buain,
Tha stéidh nan larach tiamhuidh
A’ toirt fianuis air ‘s ag ràdh:
Mar a fhuair ‘s a chunnaic mise
Leig am fios so thun a’ Bhàird.

Cha chluinnear luinneag Oighean,
Seist nan òran air a’ chléith,
‘S cha’n fhaicear seòid mar ‘b’ abhaist
A’ cur bàir air faiche fèidh.

Thug ainneart fògraidh uainn iad,
‘S leis na coimhich buaidh mar ‘s àill,
Leis na fhuair ‘s na chunnaic mise,
Biodh am fios so aig a’ Bhàrd.

Cha’n fhaigh an déireach fàsadh,
Na ‘m fear astair fois o ‘sgios,
No ‘n fòsgealach luchd éisdeachd,—
Bhuadhaich eucoir Goill is cis.
Tha nathair bhreac na lùban
Air na h-ùrlair far an d’fhàs
Na fir mhòr a chunnaic mise,
Thoir am fios so thun a’ Bhàird.”

‘N uair a bheachdaicheas mi air na h-ath-arrachuidh so uile, ged tha mi ullamh gu leòir gu aideachadh gum bheil iomadh caochladh maith air tighinn air a’ Ghàidhealtachd, gidheadh thig tiamhachd air m’anam agus tiomadh air mo chridhe tra ‘chuimhnichas mi air na làithean ud anns an robh “aiteas is àgh feadh nan gleann,” mar bha an oidhche fhada gheamhraidh air a cur seachad ann an càirdeas agus ann an cridhealas, le toimhseachain, ùrsgéulan agus cleasan gun lochd, le iomradh air cliù na Fèinne agus le aithris dàin Oisein is a cho-luchd ciùil. Is ged a tha solus is àirde a nis air sgaoladh ann am measg na fuigheal a dh’fhàgadh do shìol nan treun, na na sgeulachdan faoin ud, cha’n eil fhios agam neo air thàinig gach neonachas d’an d’thug iad géill nach robh toiseach aca oirne a dhaindeoin ar bòd as ar mòit mu ar n-eòlas, ann an iomadh subhaile agus buaidh mhaiseach. Oir bha caoimhneas a’s càirdeas, mòralachd a’s deagh bheus ri fhaotainn nam measg a dh’fhaodadh nàire a chuir oirne an diugh. Bha iad aoidheil agus tabhartach ri bochdan, rachadh furan fàille a chur air a’ choigreach, is a bheatha dheanadh ged nach biodh bonn ‘na sporan, u’s rachadh gabhail aige gu maith is gu roth mhaith, gun pheighinn, gun chàin. Na’n tugadh e làmh air pàidheadh air son a shuiper ‘s a leabaidh, cha ghabhta uaidh e, is gheibheadh e mar fhreagirt, “Ud, ud, is gann an t-earrach anns an cunntar na faochagan. Cha’n eil sinn cho gallda is sin fhathasd.” Ged nach biodh mòr fheum mata anns na sean nithean sin, tha mi ‘s a bheachd gum bheil iad aithridh air àite fhaotainn air taobh duilleagan A’ GHÀIDHEIL, do bhrìgh is gum bheil iad mar thanasg sgaileach nan làithean a dh’fhalbh, a dh-ùisgeas iomadh aigne thlà, agus cuimhneachan tiamhuidh ann am broilleach muinntir a tha an diugh math dh’fhaodta fada fada o sgàile nam fuar bheann. Oir

tha a'geula na h-àimsir a' dh' fhalbh, cha 'n e mhaoin mar ghath soluis do 'n eam, ach mar fhustim thiamhuidh nan caochain uisge ann an gleann uaigneach fasail "n uair a' bhuiteas a'gàile na h-oidhche, mar gum b' ann a' caoidh na bha," no mar ghaoir isal mhuiladach nan tonn air feasgar ciùin anns a' chéitinn, a' ghiùile nas air falbh an t-anam gu beachd smuain, agus breithnachadh air seasmhachd nàduir agus a h-obair, agus air neo-nitheachd fhalasach gineil chlànn daoine. Ma bheir sibh cead dhomh mata bheir mi ann an litir eile iomradh air cuid do na nithean sin. Aig an àm is mi 'ur Caraid.

RUNASDACH.

Glaschu, air Claidh,
Dara Mìos an Fhogharaidh 1872. }

NAIGHEACHDAN.

Tha crìoch a nis air a' *Pharlamaid*; agus an uair a leughar uirghioll na Ban-rìgh, tha e soirbh ri fhaicinn gu 'n deach barrachd obair a dheanamh am bliadhna, air son gnòthaicheibh na dùthcha—araon aig an taigh a's thairis—a thoirt air an aghairt na chaidh a dheanamh o cheann iomadh bliadhna. Mu dheighinn na ceiste chud-thromach a bha eadar sinn fhéin agus na Staidibh Aonaichte, tha e taitneach ri inn-seadh gu'm bheil e coltach ris gun teid crìoch shìochail oirre; agus nach bi i fada na ceap-tuislidh air son a bhi 'garach m-run eadar an dà rìoghachd. Cha ruig sinne leis gach ni a th'air an ainmeachadh anns an uirghioll Rìoghail a chur sìos air duilleagaibh A' GHÀIDHEIL; foghnaidh e dhuinn a chant-uinn, gu'm bheil a chuid as lionmhòire dhe 'n t-slugh taingeil air son, agus, toilichte leis, na chaidh de ghnòthaichean na rìoghachd a dheanamh air a' bhliadhna so.

Tha na Sasunnaich a nise 'sgaoladh feadh na dùthcha, mar as cleachdach leo aig an àm so. Tha mòran diubh air tighinn thun na Gàidhealtachd. Air feadh an Eilein Sgiathanaich, gu deimhinn air feadh nam Beann uile, tha iad cho lionmhòr ris na meannbh-chuileagan. Tha tlachd mòr aig na Sasunnaich ann a bhi 'gamharc air àrd bheanntaibh na Gàidhealtachd, agus gun teagamh tha seallaidhean de'n t-seorsa 'g àrach smuaintinean maiseach, oirdhearc, ann an cridheachan air bith aig am bheil an gràdh is lugha do obair a' chruthaichidh, agus dìomhaireachd obair nàduir. Tha na Gàidheil a tha a' ghnàth a' measg nam beann 's nan gleann air fàs cho eolach air

gach sealladh a tha ri fhaicinn agus gu'm bheil mòran diubh nach saoil dad sam bith de na ceart-seallaidhean a thogadh suas eridheachan nan Gàidheil 'sa' bhaile. Mar gach neach eile tha a' Bhan-rìgh fhéin a' tighinn gu math gu tuath air an Fhoghar so. Tha iomradh air gum bheil i gu pàirt de 'n àine a chur seachad cuide ris an Diùc Ghatach a' n Dun-Roibin. Tha muinntir Inbhir-nis ro dheigheil air gu'm fan i dùne ghearr na 'm baile bòidheach fhéin; agus chaidh dìthis dhaoine urramach, (*Probaist* Mac-Choinnich agus a roimh-shealbhadair, *Maiseac Lyon Mac-Choinnich*) 'ga cuireadh gu tàmh aig Inbhir-nis 's an dol seachad. Tha fear de phaipearan naigheachd Inbhir-nis ag ràdh gu'm biodh e ro iomèbuidh clach-chuimhne 'chuir suas anns a' bhaile air son a tàmh. Tha iad a' meas gun cosg a' chlach so (ma bhios a leithid ann) còrr air mìle punnd Sasunnach—ach ciod e dh'aith-nicheas muinntir Clach-na-cùdainn sin uatha?

Thug Ban-impire nam Frangach agus a mac cuairt feadh na Gàidhealtachd air a mhìos a chaidh seachad. Bha i ann am Baideanach, ann an Lochabar, 's anns an Eilein Sgiathanach. Bha an dùthaich a' taitinn ro mhath rithe. Tha feadhainn a thàinig 'na car air an t-slighe ag innseadh gu'n robh bruidhinn mhòr aice air son lite, 's gach seòrsa bidhe eile a's cleachdach a a bhi aig na Gàidheil. Tha i ag ràdh nach còir do na Gàidheil a' Ghàilig a leigeil bàs; agus gun teagamh sam bith tha i ag innseadh na firinn. 'N uair a bha i anns an Eilean Sgiathanach bha iomradh mòr aice air a' Phrìopnsa 's air Fionnghal nighean Raonuille Mhic-Aonghais òig. Mu'n do dh-fhàg i an t-eilean sgrìobh i ann an *leabhar an tlachd tuthaich* 's an taigh-òsda, anns a' chainnt Fhrangaich:—"B' fhearr leam gu'n romh an t-eilean so, ris am bheil iomad co-cheangal an eacdhraidh agus anns am bheil lanntair cho òirdhearc, air a thaghal le luchd-turais, agus air a mheas leotha mar bu chòir da a bhith.

Tha am bàrr fìor mhath anns gach cearnaidh de'n Ghàidhealtachd; ach tha sinn a' faighinn cunnatas gu'm bheil an gaiseadh anns a' bhuntàta ann an àitean.

Tha iasgach an sgadain gu math air deir-eadh am bliadhna. Ged a chaidh mòran a ghlaicadh ann an àitean, cha 'n eil e idir cho math 's a bha e mu'n tìde so an uiridh.

Tha an aimsir glé fhliuch am bitheantas. Air a' mhìos a chaidh seachad bha crith-

thalmhuinn ann an àitean de 'n Ghaidheal-tachd, ach cha deach call sam bith a dhean-amh.

NITHE NUADH AGUS SEAN.

THOIR gràdh do na h uile; dean carbsa a beagan; na dean olc do neach; bi a'd' fhear dùlain an neart ni's mò na 'n cleachdadh; agus gléidh do charaid fo iuchair do bheatha féin; fuiling bacadh air son a bhi samhach agus na togar eis dhìot a chaidh air son a bhi labhrach.

FACAIL 's am bith anns am bheil thu ag innseadh do 'sgeòil mur 'eil iad a toirt do mhuinntir eile na brìgh a tha thu féin a' toirt asda, cha'n eil thu a' d' fhear-labhairt na fìrinn o' d' chridhe.

THA neart agus urram duine a' comh-sheas-amh 'n a reuson; tha gach ni a' dhòrachaisheas no a mhillas an comas iantinn luachmhor so, a' lagachadh, a' lughdachadh, 'sa' deanamh neach suarach.

SEARGAIDH maise ann an ùine ghearr, ach mairidh subhailc agus talann maille-rainn, agus mar a's aosda a tha sinn a' fàs 's ann a's fearr a tha iad a' dol.

THA Bòidhichead ni's miosa na deoch-laidir; tha i a' cur an neach anns am bheil i agus an neach a tha 'g anhare oirre ainmhisg.

TOIMHSEACHAIN.

1. Tha mi ni's àirde na beanntaibh an domhain,
Agus gum bhreug tha mo leud gun tomhas,
Cumaidh 'n sealgear mi suas, 'an cluais a ghunna,
Ged 'tha mi ni's truime na mìle tunna.
2. 'S àird' e na na beanntan,
'S doimhne e na 'm muir,
'S géire e na 'n draighionn dubh,
'S mìle e na 'mhill.
3. Cha-n eil e muigh, 's cha-n eil e staigh,
'S cha tig an taigh às eugmhaish.
4. Tri bà breaca 'n cois nan leaca,
Nach do bhlèodhnadh deur d' am bainne riamh.
5. Tha bean thorrach 'a'a' bhailid mail thall,
'S ge torrach i, cha bheil i clann;
Olaidh i 'm fion bhàrr a boise,
'S caol a coise troimh a ceann.
6. Teadhlar fhada bhàn
'Si 'n a' thmh daonnan.

FREAGAIRTEAN do na Toimhseachain anns an t-seathamh àireamh de 'N GHaidheal.

1. Botul uisge bheatha.
2. Uaireadair.
3. An corran bhana.
4. An t-uisge 's roth a' mhuilinn.
5. An luath a falach nan éighean.
6. Cearo.

SOP AS GACH SEID.

'S ann an uair a's gairne 'm biadh is còir a roinn.

'S mine min na gràn; 's mine mnai na fir.

'S e dìomhoireachd na làimhe a ni obair aotrom.

Ma their mi fhéin "thu" ri mo chu, their a' h-uile fear e.

Ma their thu na 's léir dhuit, their thu na 's nàir leat.

'S call caillich a poca; 's gun tuilleadh a bhi aice.

Is samhach an obair a' dol a dhòlaidh.

'S fearr pilleadh 'am meadhon an àtha no bàthadh uile.

Nàire nan maighdeannan an luirgnibh nan cailleanach.

Tha thu cho breugach 's a tha an luch cho bradach.

Tuitidh tòn cadar da chathair; 's tigheadas cadar da mhuinntir.

Na toir droch mheas air mac luideagach, no air loth pheallagach.

'N uair a chailleas duine a stòras cha 'n fhiù a sheòladh no a chomhairleachadh.

'S ann aig an duine féin a 's fearr fios c'ait am bheil a bhàrr 'g a ghoirteachadh.

FREAGAIRTEAN.

Sìlan iomradh air "Callum a' Ghlinne." Fhuair sinn an litir mhodhail, shuairce 'chuir e thugainn. Chi e gu'm bheil sinn a dean-amh feuma de phàirt de na bha innte. Gabhadh sinn an còrr uaithe fhathast; ach 's eugainn duinn innseadh da gur mòr a's fearr leinn na seann toimhseachain, na an fheadhainn ùra, se sin mar a bi an fheadhainn ùra fìor mhath. Chi "Callum" gu'm bheil sinn a sgrìobhadh beatha "Challum a' Ghlinne." Ach 's iomadh bonaid gorm a th'air an fhéil, a's air an aobhar sin tuigidh "Callum" nach e 'bheatha'sa 'tha againne 'n ar beachd. Coma co-dhiu, "Challum" lean thusa air àbhachd do shinnseir, agus cuimhnich ged a thachras iomadh bodachan gnù riut aig am bheil fuath do gach ni dhe'n t-seòrsa, nach 'toir iad fo'n àir na's mùgh' na bheil Callum."

Chi "Gille nan rann" gum bheil sinn a toirt "Sìlan le Fionn-airidh anns a' Bheurla.

Bithidh ar luchd-leughaidh toilichte FAILTE 'fhaighinn anns A' GHaidheal air a' mhios so, bho an "SGIATHANACH" air an romh-mòran diubh eòlach anns an t-seann "CHUAIRTEAR."

Tha R. B. ag iarraidh oirnn a leth-sgeul a ghabhail ri ar luchd-leughaidh air son mearachd beag a rinn e anns an àireamh mu dheireadh a thaobh bàs an Ollamh Leòdaich. Chaochail an t-Ollamh Mac Leòid air 16mh is cha-n ann air an 19mh mar tha air a chur sìos.

ORAN MOLAI DH DO CHOMUNN NAN GAIDHEAL ANN AM BAILE THORONTO.

LE EOGHAN MAC-CHOLLA.

Ciad fàilte air Comunn nan àrmunn deas, foinnidh,
Ni dùthchas an ath'raichean 'chumail a suas,
Seann dùthchas nan Gàidheal, an cliù a's an cànan—
A' chainnt sin a thàinig bho Adhamh a nuas—
Mar sud a's an t-éideadh, air sràid no air sléibhte,
Ta uallach, deas, eutrom—grinn, greadhnach an snuadh;
Sàr-chomunn mo chridhe! cha 'n ioghnadh ged bhithinn
'An so, mar is dligeach, a' guidhe leo buaidh.

Mo ghaol na fir ùra nach cuireadh an cùl-thaobh
Ri Cèdlraidh an dùthcha—fìor dhùthaich nam Bàrd:
Bho mhac rìgh na Fèinne gu Donnacha Bàn geur-bhinn,
Co 'n tìr sin fo 'n ghréin air a h-aosdàin bheir bàrr?
Co 'n neach leis nach sòlas bhi 'n cuideachd luchd òrain?
Deagh iomradh 'n an còmhradh mo stor agus m' àgh;
Bi 'bh sibhse nis dìleas do chleachduinn co rioghail,
'S a chaoidh cha téid dith air cainnt ghrinn nam beann-àrd.

Cha 'n eòl domh toil-inntinn is mo na bhi cluinntinn
Pìob mhòr nan dos cnaimh-gheal is fonnmhoire fuaim;
'N nair théid i gu còmhradh air faiche no 'n seòmar
B' e 'n ceòl thar gach ceòl leam a tòrman 'nam chluais;
N àm lannan a rùsgadh, 's na h-àrmuin do 'n rùn i
Air naimhdean a' brùchdadh le gnùisean gun ghruaim,
Suas "Gilleann an Fhéile" air pìoban deagh-ghleusach,
'S cha duilich ri leughadh co 'n taobh a gheibh buaidh!

'S iad cleachduinn nach miosa gu neartachadh chrìosa
'Bhi tilgeadh nan Cabar 's a' cur na Cloich-neirt:
'S e sid a rinn làidir ar n-athraichean tà'chdach—
Mo thruaigh iad 'thig ceàrr orr' a' stàilinn nan glac!
Am fear leis an suarach 'bhi 'g altrum no luaidh air
Gach lùth-chleas grinn uasal ta 'n uair so 'n ur beachd,
Cha deanainn a chàineadh, ged 's cinnteach a ta mi
Gur sìochaire grann'd' e de dh-àl air bheag thlachd.

Ged 's mithich nis dhòmh-sa 'bhi 'criochnachadh m' òrain,
Tha tuille gu leòir a bu mhiann leam a ràdh
Mu dhéighinn na tìr sin tha daonan air m' inntinn—
Seann Albainn do-chiosnaicht', do 'n fhirinn thug gràdh.
Ciad soraigh thar chuan bhuam 'g a h-ionnsuidh, mo chruadal!
Bhi 'n so mar eun fuadain fad' uair'—ach ged 'tha,
Mn 'n téid as mo smuaintean tìr àluinn nan cruach-bheann
Bithidh 'n cridhe so fuar anns an luathre a' cnàmh!

THE G A E I,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

SEPTEMBER, 1872.

THE HISTORY OF THE HIGHLANDS.

There are few things more important to the Gael at this moment than the history of his country. It does look as if the language of the Gael were destined to be stamped out ere long. If the history of the Highlands and the Highland people is not written until after that stamping out has taken place, I have no hesitation in saying that it never will be written. No one pretending to any acquaintance with the subject, acknowledges that there is any real history of the Highlands in print. There are books on the subject, very valuable in their way, and deserving to be carefully studied, if it were only to see how very little they contain of real Highland history, and to realise the duty devolving upon the present generation of Highlanders. What has been printed on this subject may almost be placed under this one head,—just what was necessary to the history of England and of the Saxon court in Scotland.

Where are we to look for the materials with which to build up the very important edifice of Highland history? I am afraid we are not so fortunate in this respect as the Irish have been. Ireland has been very much in the same predicament with the Highlands in so far as that her history, as written, has been just the western skirt, or fringe, or flitters of the History of England, and warped, twisted and torn to suit the purposes of the garment to which it was the draggled fringe. When the *seanachaidh* of Erin bethought them

of their duty in this respect, what did they do? They set about ascertaining and arranging the native materials, chiefly in manuscript. Their country had its own historians, its story-tellers and its bards: it had its schools and its places of retreat for the learned classes. But, just as with us, these sources of information were ignored by the writers whose compositions were accepted in England and Scotland as Irish history. Even so patriotic—orpseudo-patriotic—a man as Tom Moore wrote a "History of Ireland," for the English booksellers, and that work is accepted as genuine history. Subsequently when the late professor O'Curry was engaged on the old MSS. of his country in the rooms of the Royal Irish Academy, the late distinguished archæologist, Dr. Petrie, and Tom Moore, paid him a visit. The poet asked the professor what those yellow tomes were upon which he was so intent, and noticing the confusing characters inserted upon their pages, he inquired if the professor could decipher them. O'Curry gave a brief account of the MS. before him, and of others of the same class, telling the poet that he was transcribing and translating it. "And I," exclaimed the poet, "took upon me to write the history of my country, and yet I did not know of the existence of the materials from which it should have been written!"

For a number of years, O'Curry and O'Donnovan were engaged upon these MSS., making facsimiles, copies, and translations. Three volumes of results have appeared, viz., "The manuscript materials of Irish History," and two

volumes of the Irish "Brehon Laws." The former volume consists of a course of lectures by O'Curry, giving a sort of popular introduction to the various classes of Irish MSS., tracing their history, their subjects, and their present places of keeping. By the unanimous testimony of all competent witnesses, this is one of the most valuable contributions of modern times, not only to Irish history and archæology, but to all history. It is a work of which the whole Gaelic race has reason to be proud; and more than that, it goes to encourage us to set about doing for our own branch of the Gaelic people what O'Curry did for his.

I may mention here, that a very important contribution was made to the materials of Irish history by the Ordnance survey of Ireland, although that contribution is not included in the volumes to which I refer. Whilst the survey was going on, such men as O'Curry and O'Donnovan were picked up in their respective localities, the one from Clare and the other from the southern part of Kilkenny, and attached to the staff of surveyors, for the purpose of eliciting and utilizing the topography of the country. Vast stores of materials were thus collected besides what were utilized in perfecting the survey records; and among the private MSS. of O'Curry will be found treasures little inferior to what he has published in his lectures. It is to be hoped that these MSS. will not be allowed to be forgotten and lost.

But I may be asked, "What analogy is there between our case and that of the Irish in respect to MSS.? We have no manuscripts in our own tongue?" Perhaps not; but perhaps we have. There is not very long since the same thing would have been said of Ireland. She had no MSS. until they were looked for; and when looked for, it was not always in her own libraries they were found. Some of them were

found in Rome, some in Loraine, some at Oxford, and others at Stowe and elsewhere. For any thing we know at this moment, there are scores of volumes of the same kind, pertaining to our country in the Tower of London and in Dumbarton Castle. What were the records which Edward carried away with him from Scotland, and what became of them? There is every reason to believe that they included Gaelic records and other native productions. No systematic and persistent search has been made for them, or to discover what was done with them. This is an inquiry which I would call upon the Gaelic Society of Inverness to undertake. And to enable it to set about the work in a business-like way, a fund should be formed, and contributions obtained even outside the membership.

But there are traditions still extant in the country which require to be collected, compared, and arranged; and there are the legends and the romances both in prose and verse, which must perish with the Gaelic tongue if it is destined so to go. This is another and very important duty devolving upon what we hope will shortly be recognised as the premier Gaelic Society, having as it has the privilege of being seated in the centre of the Gaelic country. The country must be mapped out for the purpose of this gathering, and the most competent men in each district called upon to render service in this cause. It is a very curious thing that many of the legends, in particular, which O'Curry mentions as existing in Irish MS., should be found in various stages of disintegration, and, in some cases, apparently in a more perfect state, in the more secluded glens of our mainland and in the most distant and inaccessible of our Western Isles? This suggests the desirableness of more intercommunication and co-operation between the Gaelic people in Scotland

and in Ireland. For political purposes, they have been systematically antagonized and estranged; and it is no uncommon thing to find the Irish taking up the missiles prepared by the English, and slinging them at the Highlanders, just as Highlanders lend themselves for purposes of English prejudice to assail the Irish. No history of the Highlands, worthy of its subject, can possibly be put together, under the influence of the antagonism to which I refer. In the same way I must apprise our friends in Ireland of the loss they also sustain by yielding to that vandal feeling in England which sets Irish hands to scratch the eyes out of Highland heads. It is only with the assistance to be had from the old Gaelic story-tellers in Barra and Kintail, that some of the Irish choicest legends can be restored to anything like their original proportions and finish. This we know; and many more things pointing to this interdependence, are equally certain, though not yet quite so well known.

There is another analogy, however, between the case of Ireland and our own which I must mention here; viz., the bearing of the Ordnance Survey. This survey is at present going on in the Highlands. Can any one tell what is being done to fix the topography, to elicit the traditions which may be said to hang upon the topography, and to preserve the scraps of lore which cannot fail to turn up in the course of searching for the meaning and the origin of the names of places? Here is an admirable opportunity afforded for collecting vast quantities of the choicest materials for Highland history. But to be turned to account, we must set competent men to the work. Have we done so? Or have we given the subject a moment's consideration?

I have been told that there are several Gaelic-speaking men employed on the Ordnance Survey, and that some of them are devoted, in a measure, to

the work of elucidating Gaelic names. I am further informed that at the head office there is a competent Gaelic scholar through whose hands everything of this kind is made to pass ere it is accepted as settled; and that in a book accompanying each section of the survey maps, there is a sort of digest given of the topography. This is very interesting, gratifying, and valuable, so far as it goes; but there will be a great quantity of matter, as I have said, turned up in the course of the Ordnance inquiries which, although irrelevant to the purpose of the inquirers, should be carefully preserved, and in our present chaotic state, we do not know what on earth has been done so as to insure its preservation. I would here suggest that the Secretary to the Inverness Gaelic Society should be instructed to write to Mr. Carpenter, of the Ordnance Survey at Southampton, to ascertain what is being done, and what further is necessary to be done towards turning the work now in hand to the best account for the purposes of Gaelic History, philology and archæology. At the same time, the Society should establish relations, as quickly as possible, with the officers of the Survey over the country, not only for the sake of the objects for which the Society exists, but in the hope of being of some service in rendering the Survey itself all the more perfect.

Without moral or philosophy, I leave these hurried suggestions to be pondered by the readers of THE GAEL.

F.

A FRAGMENT OF OSSIANIC POETRY.

Through the kind attention of a correspondent in Lochalsh we are glad to be able to present to the attention of our readers a genuine fragment of Ossianic poetry that has never before

appeared in print, the very existence of which, indeed, is known to very few. It is exceedingly interesting as a relic of ancient poetry, for ancient it unquestionably is, presenting in every line abundant internal evidence of being the composition of a very remote period. It has all the characteristics of the poems attributed to Ossian, the son of Fingal, nor will Celtic scholars fail to perceive its bearing upon the still unsettled controversy as to the authenticity and genuineness of the poems of the Bard of Morven. One gladly welcomes even the feeblest ray of light or elucidation of what many still persist in considering a dark and mysterious *questio vexata*. Of the history of this fragment our correspondent, a poet himself of no mean order, writes as follows:—"I have much pleasure in sending you annexed a piece of very old poetry—Ossianic I think. It was taken down from the recitation of an old tailor who died in Kintail a few years ago. I do not know where another copy of it could be found, except one I sent some years ago to the Rev. Thomas Maclauchlan, now Dr. Maclauchlan of Edinburgh. I shall be curious to hear what you think of it."

BARDACHD DHEIREANNACH OISEIN.

(A FRAGMENT.)

Seisear sinne saor o shliochd,
Seisear nach do smaoinich lochd,
Chaidh fear dheth 'n t-seisir fo lic,—
'S mòr fàth mo chlisgidh 'nochd.

Coigear sinne a' dol air ghleus,
Sud e h-ugad Rìgh na Gréig,
O'n 's dearbhta dhuinn a dol air chnairt,
Bhuineadh uainne fear dheth 'n treud.

Ceathrar sinn a' sealg ré seal,
A bhuidheann arma 'nach gabh gior;
Air cho cruaidh 's dan cuirte leinn cath,
Bhuineadh uainne fear dheth na fir.

Triuir sinn 'an gnìomhan cor,
'G aithris thairis air chleas arm,
Shiubhail a' ghrian o ear gu iar,
'S bhuineadh uainne 'n triath gun chealg.

Suidhidh sinn 'nar dithis a muigh;
Sgaoididh sinn fo 'nar gearn:
Thainig an t-Aog mar bu dlìghe,
'S bhuin e uains' an dara fear.

Mise 'nam sonar 'nan déigh,
Cha bheatha dhomh ach am bàs,
Cha tainig air thalamh 'nuas
Aon neach leis nach cruaidh an càs.

'S mi 'n aon chnò dh-fhas 's a 'mhogan,
Gun chnò eile 'n am fhasgath;
'S gearr mo bhogadh gu tuiteam,
'S a' ghaoth dol fodham gu farsuing.

'S mi 'n aon chraobh a dh-fhas 's a' chnos,
Mar stoc a bhuailleas an tonn;
Cha bheatha dhomh ach am bàs,
'S mairg 'ga fàgar a' làmh lom.

Caoille, Goll, agus Gorraidh,
Agus Oscar unllach, slios-gheal,
Mise 's Ruidhne o'n a' mheann-bheimn—
Gum b'e sud ainm an t-seisir.

So interested are we in the above, that we subjoin for the benefit of our English readers a translation which we wrote somewhat hurriedly this afternoon. It is tolerably literal, and the sense and manner and tone of the original will be found reproduced with considerable fidelity. The difficulty of doing justice to such compositions in any translation, however laboured, is very great, as all who have ever tried it will readily admit:—

OSSIAN'S "SONG OF SORROW" IN HIS OLD AGE.

(A FRAGMENT.)

Sic childless men were we, who ne'er thought harm—

A brave and blameless life we lived alway;
But one of us soon slept beneath the cairn;
Remembering him this night I'm sad and woe.

Five were we now, five warriors of renown;
Woe to the foe that dared to beard us then!
Death came again, as he had come before—
Another hero vanished from our ken.

We then were *four*, hunting the forest free,
Fair were the arms our good right hands
did wield;

even valour saves not from all scaith—
another warrior fell in battle-field.

then were *three*, far-famed for valorous
deeds;

Bards o'er their harps sang of our feats the
while,

the sun pursued his course from east to west,
We lost another—chief withouten guile!

two then sat upon the green hill-side
(From all we love we're fated still to part);
Fate Death, unlooked for, came again,
And took the sole companion of my heart.

and *alone*, the last of that brave band;
Remembering other years, I sit and mourn;
Fated we must die, but still 'tis sad,
To go the journey whence shall none return.

the nut cluster on the hazel bough,
The last nut I—the rest are fall'n and gone,
Out to fall, I tremble in the breeze,
That wandering through the woods makes
eerie moan.

the last tree of the clump upon the hill,
Leafless and withered, I stand all alone,
That I loved are gone, and soon must I
Fall like the leaves that on the earth are
strown.

Collo bold, and *Gorrie* brave, and *Gaul*,
And *Oscar* fleet of foot and fair of skin,
Self and *Runo*, from the hill of fawns—
These were the *Six* in love and war akin.

We beg to call attention to the exceeding
beauty of the sixth, seventh, and
eighth quatrains of the above in the
Fingal Gaelic. Every Gaelic scholar
all agree with us that it is altogether
impossible adequately to reproduce them
in any other language; and yet how
clear and obvious is their meaning;
how expressive they are; how exquisi-
tely natural and simple and tender in
their native form! It will probably
occur to the reader conversant with the
poetry of Ossian, to ask—If Ossian, the
Ossian of "Fingal," "Calodín," &c., is
the author, how happens it that he
describes himself, as well as his five
companions, as "Childless," "Saor
shliochd," *sine prole*? He was the
father of Oscar, and Oscar is mentioned

with praise and pride as one of the
heroic band commemorated in the
fragment. How then could Ossian
speak of himself as "childless," with a
son, and such a son as Oscar too, by his
side? The only plausible explanation
seems to be that the Oscar here men-
tioned is not the son of Ossian, but
another warrior of the Fingalians of the
same name—an earlier Oscar than the
poet's son, for Ossian describes this
Oscar and himself as close companions
on the war-path and in the chase, when
both were in their strength and prime.
Or is it possible that the author of these
verses was not Ossian, but a later
bard of the Fingalian period who hav-
ing outlived the companions of his
youth, and fallen on evil days, finds
mournful consolation in sunning him-
self in the "light of long departed
years," and commemorating the deeds
of more heroic times. Even admitting
that the poem is not the composition
of Ossian himself, but of a somewhat
later and inferior bard, it rather gains
than loses in interest on that account.
It is unquestionably a fragment of Fin-
galian poetry, entitled at least to rank
with *Sean Dána* or "Ancient Lays," and
manifesting in every line the stamp and
impress of a very remote period, just as
a *celt* of stone or bronze connects us
with pre-historic times. Another solu-
tion of the difficulty we have been
considering, has been suggested to
us, since writing the above by an old
Glencoe man, a great *Seanachaidh*
and repository of ancient folk-lore,
whom we happened to meet during an
evening ride this afternoon. He sug-
gests that the word "*Shliochd*" should
be taken here not in its primary, but
in its secondary sense—"Saor o
Shliochd"—not meaning, as he opines,
childless, but tribeless, without followers;
the bard and his five companions hav-
ing voluntarily banded themselves to-
gether for a time, that they might
acquire the greater glory by their un-

assisted exploits in war and in the chase. This he says, was a common practice among the ancient Gaels, and he instanced an old and well known *Sgeulachd* in which a number of young men are represented as banding themselves together, a sort of "Free Lances," who set out in quest of adventures and greatly distinguish themselves for the space of "a year and a day." The abrupt apostrophe in the second line of the second quatrain is curious. Even granting that the Fingalians may have heard of Greece and Rome, the mention of the "King of Greece" in such a composition seems odd and out of place. We rather incline to believe it to be a corruption of the text that crept into the piece while floating on the stream of oral recitation. A conjectural mention would be—

Sud iad h-ugad Rìgh na Fein'.

meaning, These then were the warriors to uphold thy cause and bring honour to thy race, thou King of the Fingalians! We have given the poem, however, just as it came into our hands, "with all its imperfections on its head." The difficulties we have been considering, if they are to be regarded as blemishes, seem to us also to point very conclusively to the authenticity and genuineness of the fragment as a whole. —*Nether-Lochaber Correspondent of Inverness Courier.*

FAREWELL TO FINARY.

*Eirich agus tiugainn, O,
Eirich agus tiugainn, O,
Eirich agus tiugainn, O,
Farewell, farewell, to Finary.*

The wind is fair, the day is fine,
Swiftly, swiftly, runs the time;
The boat is floating on the tide,
That waits me off from Finary.
Eirich agus, &c.

A thousand, thousand tender ties—
Accept this day my plaintive sighs;
My heart within me almost dies
At thought of leaving Finary.
Eirich agus, &c.

With pensive steps I've often strolled
Where Fingal's Castle stood of old,
And listened while the shepherds told
The legend tales of Finary.
Eirich agus, &c.

I've often paused at close of day,
Where Ossian sang his martial lay;
And viewed the sun's departing ray,
Wand'ring o'er Dun-Finary.
Eirich agus, &c.

All-na-Caillich's gentle stream,
That murmurs sweetly through the green,
What happy, joyful days I've seen,
Beside the banks of Finary.
Eirich agus, &c.

Farewell, ye hills of storm and snow,
The wild resorts of deer and roe;
In peace the heath cock long may crow,
Along the banks of Finary.
Eirich agus, &c.

'Tis not the hills nor woody vales
Alone my joyless heart bewails;
A mournful group this day remains
Within the manse of Finary
Eirich agus, &c.

Can I forget Glenturret's name?
Farewell, dear father, best of men;
May heaven's joys with thee remain
Within the manse of Finary.
Eirich agus, &c.

Mother!—a name to me so dear—
Must I, must I leave thy care,
And try a world that's full of snares,
Far, far from thee and Finary!
Eirich agus, &c.

Brother of my love, farewell;
Sisters, all your griefs conceal;
Your tears suppress—your sorrows quell.
Be happy while at Finary.
Eirich agus, &c.

Archibald, my darling child,
May heaven thy infant footsteps guide,
Should I return. O may I find
Thee smiling still at Finary.
Eirich agus, &c.

O must I leave these happy scenes!
See they spread the flapping sails!
Adieu, adieu my native plains;
Farewell, farewell to Finary.
Eirich agus, &c.

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

THE deer forest and shootings of Glenstrathfarar, belonging to Lord Lovat, in the parish of Kilmorack, Inverness-shire, have been let to Mr. Weyness, an American gentleman, at an annual rent of £4000.

DINGWALL.—At the Quarter Sessions of the County of Ross, held on Tuesday, Mr. Alex. Hay, solicitor, Dingwall, was appointed Procurator-Fiscal of the Justice of Peace Court, in room of Mr. John Shaw, who had resigned.

IMPORTANT EXCHANGE OF LANDS IN INVERNESS-SHIRE.—We understand that Mr Bailie Dochfour, and Sir J. W. Ramsden, Bart., have made an agreement for the exchange of the former's lands within the parish of Laggan, for the latter in the parishes of Inverness and Dores. The value of the lands and others so to be exchanged, are commonly reported to be worth on either side upwards of £200,000.

PRINCE CHARLES & FLORA MACDONALD.—I must notice a popular and poetical delusion about Prince Charles and Flora Macdonald. Song-writers and painters have fancied, and made other people believe, that Flora went wandering about with the Prince for a considerable time, watching over his sleep in caves; in a kind of Juan and Haidee fashion, adapted to the Highland meridian. Now, all this happens to be mere imagination; and as the reality is quite romantic enough, and at the same time perfectly respectable, I think, being something of a Platonist, that these inaccurate representation of poets and painters ought to be discouraged. In point of fact, Flora was but *two nights* in company with the Prince. The first night was on board the open boat that carried him and her and Neil Macdonald (father of Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum) from Benbecula to Skye. The second night was in the house of Miss Flora's future father-in-law, the brave old Macdonald of Kingsburg. On the following day she escorted the Prince to Portree, and that night, "he slipped out of the house," says Boswell, "leaving his fair protectress, whom he never again saw."*"N."* in *Scotoman*.

WALLACE'S SWORD.—The Countess of Loudoun arrived at Kilmarnock from England on Tuesday night last, on her way to Loudoun Castle. The Countess brought with her from England the sword of Wallace. This

sword has been preserved at Loudoun Castle from the Death of Wallace until five years back, when it was removed by the late Marquis of Hastings to his seat in Leicestershire. On the death of the Marquis in 1868 it passed into the possession of the present Countess. The mother of Wallace was a daughter of Loudoun, and on the death of his uncle, Sir Reginald Crawford of Loudoun (hanged by the English at Ayr), Wallace had the custody of his only daughter, Susannah Crawford of Loudoun, who married a son of Sir Neil Campbell, of Argyll, and was ancestress of the present Countess of Loudoun, the hereditary custodian of the sword of William Wallace.

NATIONALITY OF OUR REGIMENTS.—A return just before Parliament gives the nationality of the various officers in the different regiments of our army. There are altogether 5982 English, 809 Scotch, and 1711 Irish. In none of the regiments do the Scotch officers show a preponderance save in the Highland regiments. The greatest portion of Scotch officers is in the 79th or Cameron Highlanders, which has 25 Scotch to 8 English and 7 Irish officers. The 92nd or Gordon Highlanders, the 42nd or Royal Highlanders, and 78th Highlanders have each 19 Scotch officers. The 42nd has 15 English and 4 Irish officers, while the 92nd has 12 and 5 Irish officers, and the 78th Highlanders has 10 English and 10 Irish officers. Of the Household Cavalry, in the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, and Royal Horse Guards, there are only 11 Scotch officers to 64 English and 15 Irish. In the Cavalry of the line, there are only 81 Scotch officers, to 605 English and 161 Irish. In the Royal Artillery there are 104 Scotch, to 1088 English and 196 Irish officers. In the Royal Engineers there are 52 Scotch, to 424 English and 134 Irish.

PERMISSION TO TENANTS TO KILL HARES AND RABBITS.—The *Elgin Courier* states that Colonel James Grant, M.P. for the counties of Moray and Nairn, has just granted permission to the tenants on his estate of Main, to kill hares and rabbits on their farms. This concession is quite a voluntary one, and the tenantry highly appreciate it. They are allowed to kill these destructive animals themselves, or by deputy without any restrictions whatever, so that it will be their own fault if they suffer damage.

GAELIC BURSARY.

On this subject Professor Blackie addresses the following letter to the Editor of *The Inverness Courier*.

"Altnacraig, Oban, 2d August 1872.

"Sir,—At the late meeting of the Inverness Gaelic Society, at which I had the honour to be present, one of the speakers announced that it was in prospect to found a bursary for a Gaelic student from the funds of the Society. I presume this bursary is intended not only for the advancement of Highland talent generally, but, in connection with that, specially for the encouragement of the Gaelic language and literature. On this supposition I venture to make the following suggestions, trusting that they will meet with the kindly consideration of the Society:—

"1. That the qualifications for holding the bursary shall be general excellence in the studies of the schools attended by the student previous to his joining the University; and in addition to this a colloquial command of the Gaelic language.

"2. That at the commencing of every season, during the term of his bursary, the student shall be examined of his knowledge of Gaelic grammar, philosophy, and literature, according to a graduated scale of progress; and that a fair pass in this examination shall be a condition *sine qua non* of the annual payment of his bursary.

"3. That the qualification of the student shall be tested by impartial persons well skilled in the Gaelic language, to be named by the Society.

"If these, or some such regulations be made, our Gaelic students will be induced to join classical and Celtic philology in a fashion equally pleasant and profitable, calculated no less to exercise their usefulness in school or pulpit, than to plant their linguistic studies on a broader and a firmer basis.—I have the honour to be yours, &c.

"JOHN STUART BLACKIE."

THE ARGYLSHIRE GATHERING.—On the occasion of the home-coming of the Princess Louise at Inverary last year the lairds of the county of Argyll who were present to welcome her Royal Highness determined to organise an annual social meeting in the county. To carry out this idea an association was formed under the presidency of the Marquis of Lorne, which adopted the name of the "Argyleshire Gathering" and intends

to inaugurate its proceedings by a ball at Oban on the 1st of October, at which, it is stated, the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, will be present.

ISLAY—ORDINATION.—On Tuesday, the 13th inst., the Free Presbytery of Islay ordained the Rev. Alexander Lee, A.M., to the pastoral charge of Kildalton and Oa. The Rev. James Pearson of Kilarrow presided on the occasion, and after the ordination, suitably addressed the pastor and people. Dr. MacIaichlan of Edinburgh, and Rev J. F. Macara, Kinloss, being present, were associated with the Presbytery. At the close of the services, the young minister received a most cordial welcome from the members of his flock.

CALL TO THE REV. MR KENNEDY DINGWALL.—The Free Gaelic Congregation of Greenock met on Thursday, the 16th August, and agreed to present a call to the Rev. John Kennedy, Dingwall, to become their minister.

THE EAST COAST HERRING FISHING.—The total catch of herrings to this date for the 3300 boats from Aberdeen to Wick inclusive is 330,000 crans, of which two-thirds are on the Aberdeen coast, Fraserburgh alone having about 100,000 crans. The Wick catch is only about 50,000, or half last year's to a like date. The catch on the whole coast is 20,000 less than last year's, but a good deal above the average of former years.

SALE OF AN INVERNESS-SHIRE ESTATE.—The estate of Raasay and Rona, in western Inverness-shire, was exposed in Dowell's Rooms, Edinburgh, on Friday, at the upset price of £50,000, and after keen competition was secured for George Grant Mackay, Esq., of Rosehall and Oban; at the sum of £55,000.

ON Thursday the 22nd August, the Glasgow Presbytery met in the Govan Established Gaelic Church and ordained Mr David MacKenzie as Pastor of that church. In the evening a soiree was held in the Govan Hall, when a Bible and Psalm Book, a handsome gown and a purse of sovereigns were presented to the new minister. Addresses were given by Mr D. MacMaster, the chairman; by Bailie MacFarlane, and the Rev. Messrs Stevenson, Rutherglen; MacLachlan, Tarbert; Blair, St. Columba; and Brown, assistant to Mr. Blair.

AN GAIDHEAL.

I LEABH.] TREAS MIOS AN FHOGHARAIDH, 1872.

[8 AIR.

CALLUM A' GHLINNE.

EARRAN II.

B' e Callum 'an t-aon a b' oige de 'n teaghlach, agus mar is tric a thachair, b' esan ailleagan agus annsachd na h-uile neach; bu ghrian 's bu ghealach gach ni 'theireadh no 'dheanadh e. Bha e 'na leanabh urail fallain eireachdail. 'Na fhior leanabuidheachd, thaisbean e buadhan inntinn a bha comharraichte—bha 'aignidhean maoth soitheamh ciùin so-ghluasadach, agus a chuimhne gramail, dionach. Shuidheadh e gach feasgar Sabaid gu samhach tosdach ag eiseachd le dian aire ri ceasnachadh an teaghlaich, agus ri leughadh a' Bhiobuil. Ann 's a' cheathramh bliadhna d' a aois dh' aithriseadh e gu pongail 'na chainnt liotach shimphlidh fhéin, Eachdraidh a Chruthachaidh; Tuiteam an duine; Togail na h-Airce le Noah, agus Sgrios an t-saoghail leis an Dile. Ri h-uine, chaidh a chur do sgoil na sgìreachd, a bha mu cheithir mìle dh' astar uaithe. Be Leabhar aithghearr nan Ceidean, anns a' Bheurla, leis an Aibideil Romanaich agus Eadailteich, maille ris na foghairean agus na combhoghairean, agus mu leud na boise do fhoclan da-litreach agus tri-litreach air a' cheud duilleig, a bha air uiseachadh anns an sgoil mar an ceud leabhar foghlaim. Aig ceann seachduin no dha, cho luath 's a fhuair Callum lamh-an-uachdar air a' cheud duilleig, cha robh a null no nall aige ach aghaidh a thoirt a dh' aon leum air "Crioich araid an duine," mar sin fhuair e 'mach gun dail nach b' fhealadhà an sgoileireachd; coma co-dhiu

—chuir e 'uchd ris an uchdaich, agus mu'n robh e thar dusan bliadhna dh' aois, thog e uiread do fhoghlum 'sa bha am maighistir-sgoile comasach air a theagasg dha. Mu'n am so, fhuair e leabhar araidh a rinn greim agus drughadh comharraichte air 'intinn—ursgeul gaoil da 'm b' ainm "*Paul and Virginia*." Bha 'n t-ursgeul anabarrach tiamhaidh so-ghluasadach. Ged b' iomadh oran gaoil agus cumha a chuala Callum air an seinn agus air an leughadh, luchdaichte mar bha iad am bitheantas le mulad 's le bron, le iundrainn 's le cianalas, le bristeadh-cridhe 's le dùil-bhristeadh—cha d'rinn iad riamh ach ro bheag de dheargadh air aignidhean an coimeas ris an ursgeul ud. Be crìoch an ursgeoil, an deigh bliadhnachan do 'n ghaol bu dealasaiche agus a bu dilse, taobh air thaobh, gaol nach do lasaich riamh roimh dhiomb chairdean, no roimh thuailas luchd mi-ruin, gun deachaidh Virginia a bhathadh. Bha dealbh anns 'an leabhar, a' nochdadh mar a fhuair Paul i, ann an oir a' mhuir-làin, le a broilleach ruisgte, agus a folt dualach camagach riobta le feamunn 's le lirein a leth-chomhdach a muineil. Bha 'leithid de bhuaidh aig deireadh cianail an ursgeoil ud air cridhe maoth Challuim bhoichd agus gur tric a b' eigin dha teicheadh a mach do bhadan coille a bha dluth do 'n tigh, gu bhì 'fosgladh tuil dhorsan a chridhe ann an comb-fhulangas ri crannchur cruaidh-fhortanach "*Phoil agus Virginia*." "Tha tri nithe a thig gun iarraidh,—an t-eagal, an t-iadach 's an gaol" agus co aca 'bha no nach robh ursgeul "*Phoil agus Virginia*" ann an tomhas

air bith 'na mhathair-aobhair dha, laidh galar a' ghaoil gu scaiteach fuathasach air Callum mu 'n àm ud, og 's mar a bha e; cha b' fhada gus an d' fhairich esan do rìreadh *Nach 'eil gaol ann cho teih ris a' cheud ghaol.* Air latha de na laithibh an uair a bha Callum mar sud a sior-chnuasachadh cìod a dheireadh dha féin na 'm biodh e anns an t-suidheachadh dheuchainneach 's an robh *Pol*, thainig ceard a dh' ionnsuidh an tighe 's an anmoch, le 'theaghlach 's le 'asail agus le 'chuid acfhuinn. Be gnaths nan ceard aig an am ud, a bhi dol mu 'n cuairt o bhaile gu baile, a' deanamh spainean de adhaircean cruidh agus reitheachan agus a' càradh phoitean agus choireachan. Bha cairtealan saor fosgailte dhoibh ann 's gach baile, oir ged a bha iad am bitheantas borb fiadhaich, mì-rianail 'n an clùt, bha iad feumail 'n an gairm. Cha 'n iarradh iad aite taimh a b' fhearr na 'n atha, far am faighte i. Dh' fhuirich an ceard agus a theaghlach corr 'us seachduin. Bha nighean aige a bha mu 'n aois cheudna ri Callum. Bha i na caileig bhoidheich sgiobalta, aoigh-eil, thaitneich, shunndaich. O na cheud oidhche a thainig i do 'n bhaile, thigeadh i 'stigh 's an fheasgar am measg an teaghlach; bha i ro ealanta air aithris sgeulachdan, agus 'na bannanaiche thaghta coidheas am Beurla 's an Gailig. Bha cluas-chìuile ro mhath aig Callum; bha orain annasach aig a' bhan-cheard air fuinn agus teisean ùra nach cual e riamh roimhe. Air feasgar àraidh, air dhi a bhi 'seinn oran Eireannach d'am b' ainm "*Donnybrook fair*"—ann am priobadh na sul, thuit Callum ann an gaol oirre agus be sin an gaol gun choimeas am fad 's a' mhair e, thug e ach beag a leirsinn 'sa chlaisteachd uaithe. O! cìod e dh'èirich dha; an e gur h-i nighean a cheard a choisneadh a cheud ghaol ged a bhiodh i cho aillidh ris a' ghrein? coma co dhiu—bha an t-saighead dhiomhair an sàs 'n a chridhe, ach—

"Ged a chuir *Cupid* an t-ultach 'na bhroilleach
D'a shaighdean coronach caol,
A dhrugh air a chuislean 'sa chuir luchd
air a choluinn,
Leis an do thuit e ge b' oil leis."

Ged a bheirte an saoghal dha,

"Cha 'n innseadh e 'n sgeul do 'n te 'rinn
acain."

No do neach air bith; chum e air fhéin e. Latha no dha an deigh so, air dha bhi na shuidhe 's an tigh sgoil, co chaidh seachad an uinneag, ach an ceard agus a theaghlach, air a thurus gu tigh tuathanaich a bha mu leth-mhìle air falbh. 'N uair a sgaol an sgoil 's an fheasgar, air falbh chaidh Callum cho luath sa bheireadh a chosan e, an taobh a ghabh an ceard. Nuair a rainig e Bealach-an-droighinn, dluth do thigh an tuathanaich, co a chunnaic e ri taobh an fhrith-rathaid a' trusadh connaidh, ach a bhan-cheard agus a mathair? Ghabh e air adhart gus an deachaidh e às an t-sealladh orra; thionndaidh e air a shail agus thill e an taobh a thainig e. Ann sandol seachad, chunnaic e Marsail aig taobh an rathaid agus i a ceangal a cual chonnaidh—sheall i na aodann gu bathaiseach, caoin-shuarach. Labhair e focal no dha rithe gun moile a chur air a cheum. 'N uair a chuir e cul a chinn rithe, sheid i suas gu sunndach iolagach luinneag "*Donnybrook fair*;" luathaich Callum a cheum oir bha gach ponnc de 'n teis ud o na ghuth-cinn a bu mhillse a bhuail riamh air a chluais, a' dol mar shaighdean geur troimh a chridhe. Mu 'n deachaidh e fad air adhart, shuidh e air cloich ri taobh an rathaid; chuir e a lamh ri 'cheann; dh' analaich a' Cheòlraidh air airson na ceud uair. Smuainich e, na 'n rachadh leis rann no dha chur an eagan a cheile, gun tugadh e faothachadh d'a 'chridhe briste. Thoisich e mar a leanas, air fonn "*Donnybrook fair*:"—

Co 'dhìreas am bealach sa ghiulaineas
beannachd,
A dh' ionnsuidh an fhiurain 'dh' fhas
cùbhraidh deas fallain—
Oigh ùr a' chuill chlannaich d' an can-
ainn am fonn.

Ged dhuraiginn luaidh air gach buaidh
agus loinn
'Th' air oigh a' chuill dualaich 's nan
cuach-chamag grunn.
Tha mo chlarach garbh-fhuaimeach,
'sa teudan air fuasgladh,
Mur tig Ceolraidh nan téisean 'chur
mur eislein air fuadach,
'S a ghleusadh mo bhuadhan gu bual-
adh nam ponnc.
Co dhìreas am bealach, &c.

Tha 'gruaidh mar na caoran 's iad
agaoilt' air a' chrann,
Tha 'cneas mar an fhaiclean air aodann
nam tonn—
A broilleach caoin fallain cho min ris
a' channach,
Thug mise dhi gealladh—

"Air t-athais," arsa 'choguis, 'si' togail
a guth 'n a bhroilleach, "thoir an aire
nach cuir thu a' bhreug 'n a do cheud
oran; ged a thug thu do ghaol do 'n
bhan-cheard, cha tug thu do ghealladh
dhi. O 'n uair 'san do chuir i druidh-
eachd ort le a suilean is ann a chuir i a
ghlas-ghuib ort." Ann am priobadh
na sul, dhealaich Callum agus a' Cheol-
raidh ri cheile; cha deachaidh e ni b'
fhaide air aghaidh ann an deilbh an
orain. Mar a bha e 'g eiridh gu falbh,
chuala e fann-ghuth ciuil a' snamh
air osaig thlath an fheasgair. Shaoil e
air tus gum be guth milis druidheachd-
ail Marsali a bha e a' cluinntinn, ach
'n uair a thàr e ni b' fhaighe dha O! bu
neo-choslach ri cheile iad! Ciod e a
bh' ann, ach guth tìchanach reasgach
brogach buachaille a bha ag ioman a'
chruidh gu todhar, agus ciod e a bha e
'seinn ach eran a rinneadh uair eigin
do luidseich bhochd neo-sgiobalta a'
mhuinntir na sgìreachd a ruith air
falbh le ceard. 'Nuair a chuala Callum
gu riochdail soilleir an rann a leanas:

"Tha mithlachd air do chairdean,
'S tha tamailt air do dhaoine
Thu bhi falbh le ceard a giulan spain-
ean,
'S maileid air do chaol-drùim"

cha d' eisd e ris a' chorr, shin e a
chos ris an astar, agus mu 'n d' rainig
e 'dhachaidh fhuair e cuibhte do 'n
bhan-cheard ann 's na h-uile seadh.
Dh' fhaodta 'radh do rìreadh d'a
thaobhsan,—"An gaol a thig le cabh-
aig, cha bhi e fada 'fuarachadh," agus
chuir e roimhe nach glacta a rithisd e
ann an lion-mhoguil a ghaoil gus am
biodh 'fheusag ni b' fhaide na 'fhiacian.
Cha robh a' bheag do chreideas aig
Callum ann an geasaibh no ann an
gìseagaibh, ach riamh cha b' urrain e
thuigsinn cia mar a thuit e ann an
gaol cho breisleachail air a' bhan-cheard
mur a b' e an drughadh lasanta cianail
a rinh ursgeul *Phoil* agus *Virginia* air
'inntinn, agus riamh 'na dheigh sud cha
robh ach beag umhail aige do ursgeulaibh
gaoil, agus b' fhada uaithe a chliuth-
achadh d' a chairdean oga a bhi 'g an
leughadh. Bi a bharrail gun robh moran
de na faoin sgeoil annasach a tha tigh-
inn a mach gach seachduin ann 's a'
Bheurla ri barrachd cron na maith do
oigridh an latha. B' aithne dha ban-
charaid og a fhuair deagh oileineachadh
le rogha gach eiseimpleir, a thainig a
mach gu seirbheis do Ghlaschu, agus a
bha fo dheagh theistean marshearbhanta
thapuidh sgoinneil, easguidh, churam-
ach, ach coltach ri ioma te a bharr oirre,
thoisich i ri leughadh an "*London*
Journal," agus cha b' fhada gus an do
chuir a chuid ursgeulan spleadhach a
leithid de thuainealach 'n a ceann is
gun d' fhas i cho dearmadach mi-
shuimeil mu a dleasdanas agus gum b'
fheudar d'a ban-mhaighstir cead a coise
thoirt dhi. Thainig latha na h-imrich
oirre, ach cha d' thainig mac Iarla no
Moraire 'g a giulan air falbh ri solus
na gealaiche ann an carbad cheithir-
eachach, gu a posadh gun fhios d'a
chairdean a dh' aindeoin co le 'm b'

oil e, agus gu a togail suas a dh' aon bheum o thraillealachd onorach a chosnaidh gu greadhnachas ailghiosach na moralachd. Dh' fhaodadh i bhi air a deagh phosadh oir dhiult i lamh fir no dha de a coimpirean fhein, agus tha i nis na seann mhaighdinn: cha b' fhiu leatha na coisichean agus cha d' thainig na marcaichean.

MUILLEACH.

(Ri leantuinn.)

MU NA SEANN GHÀIDHEIL.

VI.

Thug sinn fainear mar fhuair Coinneach Mac Ailpein an rioghachd *Pict-each* a chionn gu'm b'e an t-oighre dligeach a thaobh a shean-mhàthair, màthair Ailpein, a bi piuthar Aonghais agus Chusantain a bha le chéile 'n an righribh air na *Picti*. Thachair an ni so anns a' bhliadhna A.D. 843. Aig an àm so, fo riaghladh Choinnich chaidh an dà rioghachd, agus an dà fhine Ghàidhealach, na *Picti* agus na *Scoti*, aonadh ri chéile gu bhi 'n an aon sluagh. Tha cuid de sheanachaidhibh ag radh gun do cheannsaich Coinneach na *Picti* ann an cogadh, agus gun d'thug e an rioghachd a mach le faobhar a' chlaidheimh; ach tha an nì sin mì-choltach agus do-chreidsinn gun deanadh prasan beag de dh-Earraghaidhealach buaidh a thoirt air a' chuid eile de na Gàidheil; is ann a fhuair e còir air an rioghachd a thaobh a shean-mhàthar mar a fhuair Seumas VI righ na h-Alba còir air rioghachd Shasuinn ann an linnibh an déigh sin. Tha àghdair an Leabhair "Nennius" a sgrìobh mu'n bhliadhna A.D. 858 ag radh mu na *Pictich* "*tertiam partem Britanniae tenuerunt, et tenent usque nunc.*" 'Se sin an Gaillig: Bha sealbh aca air treas earrainn Bhreantuinn, agus *tha sealbh aca oirre gus a nise.*" Chaidh so a sgrìobhadh mu chòig bliadhna deug an déigh do Choinneach Mac Ailpein rioghachd nam *Pictich* fhaotainn, agus tha e soilleur nach deach-

aidhan sluagh a chasgairt no a dhitheachadh leis na *Scoti*, ach gun robh iad a' gabhail còmhnuidh anns an aon dùthaich cheudna 's an robh iad roimhe, ged a fhuair iad Coinneach *Rìgh nan Scoti* gu bhi 'na Rìgh os an ceann. Dearbhaidh na Seanachasan Eirionnach a sgrìobhadh mu thimchioll nan amannan so an nì cendna, oir their iad "*Rìgh nam Pictich*" mar thiodal ri Coinneach Mac Ailpein, nì a tha 'nochdadh gun robh an sluagh agus an rioghachd a lathair aig an am sin, agus nach deachaidh idir an lom-sgrìos mar a tha cuid a' cumail a mach gu mearachdach. Tha e sgrìobhta ann an Seanachasaibh Morroinn *Ulladh* gun "d' fhuair Coinneach Mac Ailpein *Rìgh nam Pictich* bas" mu 'n bhliadhna A.D. 858, agus tha Nennius ag radh "*Rìgh nam Pictich*" ris mar an ceudna. Fhuair e bas aig Dun-fothair ann an Siorramachd Pheairt, aon de Chaistealaibh nan seann rìghrean Gàidhealach: agus thainig Domhnall Mac Ailpein gu bhi 'na rìgh an aite a bhràthar, nì a bha a réir an t-seann lagh Albannaich a bha air a chleachdadh am measg nan *Gaidheal Pictich*. *Their ead Rìgh nam Pictich* ri Domhnall mar an ceudna, oir tha Seanachasan *Ulladh* ag radh "gun d' fhuair Domhnall Mac Ailpein *Rìgh nam Pictich* bas" anns a' bhliadhna A.D. 862. Rìghich dithis mhac Choinnich a rithist, Cusantain agus Aodh, fear an deigh fir agus b' e an tiodal a theirteadh rìusan "*Rìghrean nam Pictich*." A thaobh Chusantain faodar a thoirt fainear, nach robh an t-ainm so riabh air aon de na *Scoti* agus nach robh e ach air aon de na Rìghribh *Pictich* roimhe so, se sin air brathair sean mhàthar Choinnich; agus uime sin tha e ro chosmhail gur ann air a shon-san a thug Coinneach an t-ainm air a mhac féin.

Mu 'n bhliadhna A.D. 900 thainig Cusantain Mac Aoidh, mhic Dhomhnall, mhic Ailpein gu bhi 'na Rìgh air na *Pictich*. Anns a' bhliadhna 918 chuir an Rìgh so air ceann nan *Gaidheal* cath

gailbheach ris na Lochluinnich air an d'fhuair iad buaidh; agus anns a' bhliadhna 937 chuir e cath ris na Sasunnaich; mharbhadh a mhac anns a' chath so. Cha 'n 'eil iomradh sam bith air a dheanamh air na *Scoti* aig an àm so, oir dh'fhuirich iad 'n an tìr féin ann an Earraghaidheil, agus chuir na Picti 'n an tìr na cathan fuilteach so ris na Lochluinnich agus ris na Sasunnaich: a' dearbhadh mar so gum b' iadsan iarmad nan treunlaoch gaisgil a chog ris na Romanaich agus ri Agricola aig a' Gharbh-mhonadh, ceudan bliadhna roimhe sin. Fhuair Cusantin bàs ann am mainistear Chill-Rìmhinn agus b'e an tiodal a theirteadh ris "Rìgh Albainn."

Ré na h-ùine so dh'fhuirich na *Scoti* na'n dùthaich féin; cha d'fhàg iad idir i a cheannsachadh nam *Picteach* no a ghabhail seilbh 'n an àite air am fearann. Dearbhaidh na seanachasan Eir-eannach so, oir tha iad ag innseadh dhuinn gun do mharbhadh Goraidd Mac Arailt Rìgh Innse-Gall leis na *Scoti* 'sa' bhliadhna A.D. 989, agus gun d'rinneadh an gnìomh fuilteach se 'n an tìr féin an Earraghaidheil. Thachair so mu thimchioll còrr agus seachd fichead bliadhna an déigh do Choinneach Mac Ailpein rioghachd nam *Picteach* fhaotainn, agus feuchaidh e dhuinn gu soilleir nach d'fhàg na *Scoti* Earraghaidheil idir. Ged a chaidh an Rìgh aca do dhùthaich nam *Picteach* gu bhì 'riaghladh os ceann an dà shluaigh, dh'fhuirich iadsan 'nan tìr féin, mar a dh'fhuirich na h-Albannaich 'n uair a chaidh Seumas VI. do bhaile Lunnainn gu bhì 'na Rìgh air Breatninn gu h-iomlan. Agus na fin-eachan Gàidhealach a thàinig a nuas uapasan is ann an Earraghaidheil a gheibhear iad gus an là an diugh, nì a dhearbhas nach d'fhàg an sinnsear an dùthaich féin riabh, oir nam fàgadh, gheibheadh iad ann an àitibh eile de'n Ghàidhealtachd mar an ceudna. A thuilleadh air so tha Gàilig Earraghaidheil nas faisge air a' Ghàilig Eireannaich

agus nas mò air a measgadh leatha na Gàilig earrainn sam bith eile dhe Albainn. Tha na h-argumaidean so uile a' dearbhadh nach d'fhàg na *Scoti* an tìr féin, agus nach ann uapasan a dh'ionnsuich a' chuid eile de shluaigh na Gàidhealtachd a' Ghàilig, na 's mò na 'sann uapa a shìolaich iad mar shliochd; ach gur ann a fhuair iad i a thaobh dùthchais mar dhìleab o'n sinnsearaibh a ghabh còmhnuidh an Albainn o chian, leis an robh i air a labhairt ann an tìr nam beann ré nan ceudan bliadhna mu'n d' thàinig na *Scoti* a nall thar chuan na h-Eirinn.

Mu'n bhliadhna A.D. 1020, timchioll deich bliadhna fichead an déigh bàis Ghoraidh Mhic Arailt rìgh Innse-Gall, thàinig sluagh agus dùthaich nam *Picteach* gu bhì 'faotainn ainme nuaidh, 'se sin *Scoti* agus *Scotia* na *Scot-fhonn*. Bho 'n àm so cha chluinnteadh luaidh tuilleadh air na *Picti* ann an Eachdraidh na Dùthcha. Chaidh iad as an t-sealladh mar a chaidh na *Caledonaich* ann an làithibh an Impire *Chonstantius Chloruis*. B'ann r'a linnas a fhuair na *Caledonaich* an t-ainm nuadh "*Picti*" ainm a lean riutha fad seachd ceud bliadhna; agus a nise air dhoibh an t-ainm so a chall, fhuair iad ainm nuadh eile, *Scoti*; gidheadh cha robh nì ùr sam bith 'nam measg ach an t-ainm agus an *teaghlach rioghail*. Chaidh *Ainm a' chinnich atharrachadh o'n a dh'atharraicheadh an Teaghlach Rioghail*; ach dh'fhuirich an *luchd-aitich* gun chaochlaidh gun atharrachadh sam bith, ach mar a bha iad roimhe, dìreach mar a dh'fhuirich na *Caledonaich* o shean 'nuair a fhuair iad an t-ainm nuadh, *Picti*. Cha robh anns na h-ainmibh so ach sloinneadh a fhuair iad o na Seanachaidhibh a bha sgriobhadh mu'n timchioll anns an Laidinn; cha bhuineadh iad dhoibh a thaobh dùthchais, oir b'e an t-ainm a bha dualach dhoibh o'n sinnsearaibh, na *Gaidheil*. Chaidh an t-ainm *Picti* air chall, ach dh'fhuirich an sluagh, ris an abairteadh na *Picti*, agus

a' chanain a bha iad a' labhairt gun atharrachadh mar a bha iad riabh anns an tìr. A chionn gum b' ann de na *Scoti* a bha an teaghlach rioghail, sgaoil an t-ainm so thairis air an dùthaich gu leir, ionnus nach abairteadh ach *Scoti* ris an t-sluagh agus *Scotia* ris an tìr; ach b'e so an t-ainm a theirteadh o shean ri Eirinn 's a luchd-àiteachaidh leis na seanachaidhibh a sgrìobh anns an Laidinn; gidheadh cha d' aidicheadh riabh e leis na Gaidheil, aon chuid an Albainn no an Eirinn, ged a tha e nise air a ghabhail leis na *Gaill* mar ainm na tire agus an t-sluaigh, oir their iadsan *Scotland* ri h-Albainn agus *Scots* ris na h-Albannaich. Anns a' bhliadhna A. D. 1158, Sgrìobh Andreas, Easbuig Ghall-thaobh, leabhar "Mu shuidheachadh Albainn," anns am faighear na briathran so, "*Albania quae nunc corrupte Scotia appellatur*,"—se sin 'an Gailig, "*Albainn ris an abrar'a nise gu mearachdach Scotia*." Tha na briathran so a' dearbhadh gun robh aon de na daoinibh a b' ionnsuichte anns an rioghachd 'g a mheas 'na mhearachd truailidh aig an àm sin a bhi 'ag radh *Scoti* mar ainm ris an t-sluagh agus *Scotia* ('se sin *Scotland*) ris an rioghachd d' an goirear Albainn. Agus tha iad a' nochdadh mar an ceudna nach robh esan a' creidsinn aig an àm sin mar ni air an robh

o s gun do cheannsaich na *Scoti* *Earraghaidhealach* na Seann Ghaidheil Albannach, oir nam biodh cha b' urrainne a' chainnt ud a chleachdadh le firinn; agus an uair a dh' atharraicheadh ainm na tire agus an t-sluaigh gur h-ann a dh' eirich so bho na righribh ùra a thainig a steach air an tìr a bha dhe 'n fhine Scuiteich.

D. B. B.

OISEIN:—A LINN AGUS A BHARDACHD.

(Air leanthuinn.)

Nach anabarrach farsuing a bha beachdan a' bhàird aig an robh comas a

leithid do choimeas a dheanamh, agus a chuir ann an dealbh co riombach.

Ach cha 'n ann an spealtadh chlogad, agus ann an iomairt nan lann 's nan sleagh, 'tha Oisein 'sa ghaisgich ainmeil agus curanta. Tha sprochd 'us tiamh-aidheachd mhòr r'am faicinn ann am mòran de dhàin Oisein. Dh' fhàgadh esan an déigh na Féinne, agus is ann 'na shean laithean, maille ri Malambhin nan seod, bean uasal ant-sàrlaoich Oscar, a chuir e a bhàrdachd ri chèile. Tha e daonnan rioghal, àrd, 'us measail 'na sheanachas, agus bha tuille mòr 'us truscan cian a' chomhraig a' lionadh anama. Bha Fionnghal beusach, caoin, 'us càirdell mar an ceudna. Bha e gaisgeil agus buadh-mhor anns an strì, agus caoimhneil uasal ris an anfhann. Is i so an earail a thug a sheanair do Oscar nan lann am feadh a bha iad a' cuideachadh Chuchullin an aghaidh Shuaran nan long:

"A mhic mo mhic, thubhairt an rìgh,
Oscair na strì 'na t'òige;
Chunn' am do chlaidheamh nach min,
Bha m' uaille mu m' shinne-sar mòr.
Leansa clìd na dh' aom a chaoidh;
Mar t' aithrichean bi sa féin,
Mar Threunmor, ceud cheannard nan saoi,
Mar Thrathul sàr athair nan treun:
'N an òige bhuail iad am blàr;
'An duanaibh nam bàrd tha 'n cliù,
Bi-sa mar shruth ris na sàir;
Ri laigse nan lann cho ciùin
Ri aiteal gaoith air raon an fheòir,
Mar sin bha Treunmor nan sgiath,
Is Trathul, ceannard nan triath;
Mar sin bha mo ghnìomh 's an t-sliabh.
Bha 'm feumach riamh ri mo làimh
'S dh' fhàs an lag dana fo m' chruaidh,
Na iarr-sa carraid nan sgiath,
'S na diùlt i air sliabh nan cruach."

Cha 'n e fuaim nan lann an aon toil-eachas a bha aig laoiich na Féinne. Tha 'chomhairle a thug rìgh Mhorbheinn nan glonn air Oscar nan ciabh donn, a' dearbhadh gu soilleir gun robh carthanachd 'us caoimhneas 'us fìghantachd a taineadh ann an anam na Féinne. Tha

e da rìreabh iongantach gun cluinneam-
maid smuaintean co ceart agus co stuama
air an aithris le neach a bha beò ann an
aimsir co fad air chùl. Cuimhnich-
maid mar an ceudna gum b' àbhaist do
Ullin imeachd le focal caoin na sith a
dh' ionnsuidh clann nan coigreach ag
ràdh:

"Is mòr an clùsan a thog am fìeagh,
'An talla farsuing a's fial bàigh;
Ceud fàilt air mac coigrich nam fìeagh,
Thig gu cuirm Fhionnghail nam beann,
Thig gu cuirm an rìgh a nall."

Tha cleachduinn 'us comhludair na
Féinne ag éiridh gu fada os cionn abh-
aistean nan Lochlinneach agns cinnich
eile a bha 'mealltuinn nan cothroman
ceudna rìusan. A thaobh an inbhe
chìataich anns an robh laoiach na Féinne,
bha iad a' toirt an àite féin do na
mnathan; agus ag altrum meas 'us
urram doibh mar bu chòir:

"STRI-NAN-DAOINE nan cìoch àrd,
Ma's ann air sìubhal an fhraoich
Bu ghile nan canach a cruth;
Ma's ann air tràigh nan stuadh faoin,
Na'n cobhar air aomadh nan sruth;
Bha suilean soluis mar dha reul;
Mar bhogha nan speur am braon
A gnùis àluinn fo 'ciabh féin,
'S duibhe na nial fo ghaoith;
Bu tuinidh dhuit anam nan laoch,
A stri-nan-daoine bu caoine làmh."

Tha dearbhadh againn air cia co
tìnsail, bàigheil, furachair, furanach 'sa
bha sar ghaigich na Féinne rì ainneirean
nan rosg mall, ann an *Carraig Thura*,
an uair a chuartich dorchadas anam
'Utha nan rosg mall, 's na dedir a' sil-
eadh air a gruaidh chaoin, a broilleach
geal ag eirigh thall, 'sa ciabh nach gann
air làr 's i truagh,

"Ghluais tiomachd air anam an rìgh,
Mu òigh mhìn bu ghile làmh;
Chaisg e 'chlaidheamh anns an strì;
Thuit deoir neo-chlì o rìgh nan lann."

Agus co aig am bheil eòlas idir air
bàrdachd Oisein a tha aineòlach air
gràdh 'us gaol teochridheach Chuchullin
d'a mnaoi féin? Eadhon am meadhon

othail 'us creuchdan a' chòmhraig, tha
e ag ràdh:

"Buail clarsach, mhic Fhena, buail,
Mol, a Charuill, mo luaidh 'tha thall,
Deo-ghreine Dhun-scataich nan stuadh,
Og-bhean bhànail chòir mhic Sheuma.
An tog thu aghaidh nan snuadh caoin
O'n charraig a' coimhead mo sheòil?
Cha 'n fhaic thu ach a' mhuir fhaoin,
Cha 'n e cobhar nan tonn do sheòid,
Fag a' charraig 'us oidhe mu'n cuairt;
Tha osag nan cruach mu d' cheann."

Is e ni mòr a'm fàbhar Oisein agus na
Féinne, gun robh iad co dealuichte o
chinnich eile ann am meas iomchuidh a
chuir air òighean 'us mnathan nan rosg
mall. Tha cunntas air dreach 'us sgiamh
àilleag ann an *Losga Taura*, agus tha
mi a' saòilsinn nach 'eil e furasda buaidh
a thoirt air briathran 'us beachdan a'
bhàird 'n uair a tha e 'seinn mar so:

"Innseam pàirt do dhreach na reul:
Bu gheal a deud gu h-ùr dùl.
'S mar chanach an t-sleibhe
Bha a cneas 's a h-eide ùr,
Bha a' braighe cearclach bànn,
Mar shneachda làth 's an fhìreach,
Bha dà chich air a h-uchd ciatach,
Be'n dreach sud mian gach fir,
Bu shoitheamh binn a glòir,
'S bu deirge na'n ròs a beul;
Mar chobhar a sìos r'a taobh
Sinnse gu caol bha gach meur,
Bha a dà chaol mhala mhine,
Dù-dhonn air liomh an loin,
A dà ghruaidh air dhreach nan caorunn,
'S i gu h-iomlan saor o chron,
Bha a gnùis mar bharra gheuga
Anns a cheud fhàs ur.
A falt buidhe mar orra-shleibhte
'S mar dhearraa gréine bha sùil."

Tha ceilear cèidmhor nan rannan sin
annta féin ag aithris, gun robh Oisein
air a' lionadh le greadhnachas ann an
conaltradh a ghleidheadh rì àilleachd 'us
aghaidh nàduir. Ciod e an dòigh air
an gabh moladh as àirde 'deanamh air
grinnead 'us uaisle digh no ainneir na
rinn Oisein anns a' chainnt so.

Ann an tuireadh a' dheanamh thairis
air na laoiach a thuit ann am meadhon
astar an làithean mu'n d' éirich 's an

dàn an cliù tha Oisein ùr-labhrach,
tiamhaidh, agus muladach. Tha cumha
Oisein thairis air Oscar da-rìreabh tiom:

“An do thuit thu Oisair shàir nan lann,
Am meadhon do gharbh astair féin!
Na thuit am mac a thug dhomh cliù?
Nach fhaic mi thu, Oisair, a chaoidh?
'N uair a chluinneas triathan mòr m' an
cloinn,

Nach cluinn mi 's an àm ort, a thriath?
Bidh còineach air do chlachaidh liath;
Bithidh gaoth 'measg an ciabhan fo bhròn;
Cuirear còmhrag gun thusa air sliabh;
Cha lean thu eilid chiarr mu thorr,
Chruinnich iad uime na sluagh,
'S gach aon neach ri bùirich thruagh;
Cha chaoineadh a mhac féin,
'S cha ghuileadh a bhràthair e;
Cha chaoineadh piuthar a bràthair,
'S cha chaoineadh màthair a mac,
Ach iad uile anns a' phlogail
A' geur chaoineach mo chaomh Oscar.”

Tha bròn 'us mulad mòr a' siubhal
troimh 'n tuireadh a rinn Oisein thairis
air a mhac, Oscar. An déigh bàis a
mhic, chaith Oisein agus Malamin nan
seod, nighean Thocsair agus bana-
chliamhuinn a' bhàird féin, mòran d'an
làithean le cheile. Is minic 'tha bàrd
Chòna a' dèiseachadh a dhàin, le luaidh
a dheanamh air Malamin nam buadh,
agus ag radh “a Mhalamin le d' chlàr
bì dlù.” Tha e soilleir gun robh fìnghair
aig laoidh na Féinne, gum bitheadh iad
an déigh am bàis a' leantuinn na seilge,
agus a' ruagadh nan torc ciar mar a bha
iad air raon Lena agus am measg
fhrithèan 'us aonaichean Mhorbheinn.
Anns a' cheathramh duan de Fhionnghal,
tha Oisein a' toirt an ùrdugh so seachad:

“Cuimhnich, thusa, cuir mo lann,
M' iubhair cam 'us cròd an fhéidh,
An taobh cloich ghlais a tha ri ceann
Caol thall, a chuirn gun leus.”

Bha Oisein 'na gheug 'na aonar, leis
féin, air athrèigsinn le 'chàirdean uile, aon
an deigh aoin dhiubh dh' fhainnich, 'us
dh' fhàg iad ehan gu dubhach. Shil
deòir Mhalamin 's an oidhche, cha 'n
fhaiceadh i lochran nan speur; b' amhuil
i 's reul na maidne, glas neulach an

déigh gach lèchrain. Thàinig guth ann
am badaibh nan coilltean, agus b' ait
an fhuaim. “Bidh Oisein 's Malamin
gu luath leinn.” Tha sar bhean Oisair
ag radh:

“Fosglaidhse talla nan speur,
Aithriche Oisair nan cruaidh bheum;
Fosglaidhse dorsa nan niall.
Tha ceuma Mhalamin gu dian.”

Dh' fhas guth Chona balbh, agus cha
'n eil faisneach a' bhàird gun bhrìgh:

“Pill thusa gu d' fhois Oisein chaoimh,
'S na guil nis mo an déigh na dh' fhalbh:
Cho fhad 's a bhios grian no gealach ann,
Cha 'n airmhear iad am measg nam
marbh!

'S gus an caochail na h-uile ni tha fo 'n
ghréin,

A bhàird chaoimh nan ìomadh sgeul,
Cha 'n fhainnich da chumhachd no do
chliù,

'S cha ghearrar do chuimhne o mheasg
an t-slàigh.

CONA.

NA TRI BANTRAICHEAN.

Bha triùir bantraichean ann roimhe,
agus bha mac aig gach té dhiubh. 'Se
Dòmhnall a b' ainm do mhac a h-aon
diubh. Bha ceithir daimh aig Dòmhnall,
's cha robh ach dà dhamh an fhir aig
càch. Air son sin bha iad daonnan a'
trod ag radh gu'n romh'n còrr fedir aig
Dòmhnall 'na bha aca fhéin. Oidhche
dhe na h-oidheachan chaidh iad do 'n
mhainnir agus mharbh iad na daimh aig
Dòmhnall. Air do Dhòmhnall éiridh
's a' mhaduinn chaidh e 'choimhead a
chuid dhamh, agus fhuair e marbh iad.
Dh-fheann e iad, 's shaill e iad, agus
thug e leis té dhe na seicheachan do 'n
bhaile-mhòr air son a reic. Bha 'n
t-astar cho fada 's gun d' thàinig an
oidhche air mu 'n d' ràinig e 'm baile-
mòr; agus chaidh e 'staigh do choille
's chuir e 'n t-seiche mu 'cheann.
Thàinig grunnan ian 's laidh iad air an
t-seiche. Chuir Dòmhnall a mach a
làmh, 's rug e air fear dhiubh. Mu

ghoillseachadh an latha dh-éirich e's dh-fhalbh e. Ghabh e gu taigh duine-nasail. Thàinig an duine uasal gus an dorus, 's dh'fheoraich e do Dhòmhnall dé bh' aige 'n a achlais. Fhreagair Dhòmhnall gu'n romh fiosaiche. "De'n fhiosachd a bhios e 'deanamh" ars' an duine uasal. "Bithidh na h-uile seòrsa fiosachd" arsa Dhòmhnall. "Thoir air fiosachd a dheanamh," ars' an duine nasail. Dh-fhàisg Dhòmhnall an t-ian gus gu'n d'thug e ràn às. "Ciod e 'tha e 'g radh?" ars' an duine uasal. "Tha e 'gradh gum bheil toil agadsa 'cheannach, agus gu'n tabhair thu dà chiad punnd Sasunnach air" arsa Dhòmhnall. "Mata, gu cinnteach!" ars' an duine uasal, "tha e fìor, agus na'm bithinn a' smaoinseachadh gu'n deanadh e fiosachd bhéirinn sin air." Cheannaich an duine uasal, an sin, an t-ian o Dhòmhnall air son dà chiad punnd Sasunnach. "Fiach nach reic thu ri duine 'sam bith e" arsa Dhòmhnall, "gun fhios nach d'thig mi fhéin fhathasd ga iarraidh. Cha d'thugainn dut air son trì mìle punnd Sasunnach e mar bitheadh gu'm bheil mi ann an éiginn." Dh'fhalbh Dhòmhnall dachaidh 's cha d'rinn an t-ian an còrr fiosachd.

'N uair a ghabh Dhòmhnall a bhiadh, thòisich e air cunntadh an airgid, agus co 'bha 'ga choimhead ach na fir a mharbh na daimh; a's thàinig iad a steach. "A Dhòmhnall" ars' iadsan "cia mar a fhuair thusa na tha'n sin de dh-airgead?" "Fhuair mar a gheibh sibhse e cuideachd. 'S mi 'bha toilichte gu'n do mharbh sibh na daimh orm" arsa Dhòmhnall. "Marbhaibh-se na daimh agaibh féin agus feannaibh iad; thugaibh leibh na seicheachan do'n bhaile mhòr, 's bithibh ag éigheachd 'co 'cheannaicheas seiche daimh?' agus gheibh sibh pailteas airgid." Mharbh a's dh-fheann iad na daimh. Thug iad leotha na seicheachan do'n bhaile mhòr, 's thòisich iad air éigheachd "co 'cheannaicheas seiche daimh?" Lean iad air éigheachd sin fad an latha, 's muin-

tir a' bhaile mhòr a' deanamh spòrs orra; agus mu dheireadh thill iad dhachaidh. Cha romh fhios aca 'n so ciod e 'dheanadh iad, 's bha aithreachas orra chionn na daimh a mharbhadh. Chunn-aic iad màthair Dhòmhnall a' dol do'n tobar, rug iad oirre 's thachd iad i. Bha Dhòmhnall a' gabhail iongantais nach ro 'mhàthair a' tighinn. Chaidh e 'choimhead air a son, 's fhuair e i marbh aig an tobar. Cha romh fios aige dé 'dheanadh e; ach thug e leis dhachaidh i, 's a la' r na màireach sgeadaich e i anns an aodach a b' fhearr a bh' aice, 's thug e do'n bhaile mhòr i. Choisich e suas gu taigh an rìgh 's i aige air a mhuinn. Air dha thighinn gu taigh an rìgh thachair tobar mhòr ris, agus stob e 'bhata 'm bruaich na tobarach, 's chuir e a màthair 'na seasamh ri 'thaic. Ràinig e dorus taigh an rìgh; bhuail e, 's thàinig searbhanta 'nuas. "Abair ris an rìgh" ars' esan "gu'm bheil boireannach còir thallud 's gu'm bheil gnothach aice ris." Dh-innis an t-searbhanta so do'n rìgh. "Abair ris a radh rithe tighinn a nall" ars' an rìgh. "Tha'n rìgh ag iarraidh ort a radh rithe tighinn a nall" ars an t-searbhanta ri Dhòmhnall. "Cha téid mise; siubhal fhein ann; tha mi sgèth gu leòr" ars' a Dhòmhnall. Dh-fhalbh an t-searbhanta 'n so, 's ars' a Dhòmhnall "mar a freagair i thu, put gu math i, oir tha i bodhar." Ràinig an t-searbhanta agus labhair i. "A' bhoireannaich chòir, tha'n rìgh ag iarraidh oirbh féin tighinn a nall." Cha d'thug a' chailleach feairt. Phut i i 's cha d'thubhairt a' chailleach facal. Bha Dhòmhnall a' faicinn mar a bha 'muigh. "Tarruing am bata o 'h-uch' arsa Dhòmhnall, "'s ann 'na cada a tha i." Tharruing i'm bata o 'h-uchd, agus sid a' chailleach an coinneamh a cinn do'n tobar; agus aig an àm dh'èigh Dhòmhnall "O m'eudail! m'eudail! mo mhàthair air a' bàthadh anns an tobar! ciod e 'ni mise'n diugh!" Bhuail e'n so a bhasan, 's cha robh ràn a bheireadh e às nach cluinnte miltean air astar. Thàinig

an rìgh a mach, agus ars' esan ri Dòmhnall, "O ghille na toir guth gu bràth air is pàighidh mise do mhàthair.—Cìod e 'n t-sium a bhios tu 'g iarraidh oirre?" "Còig ciad punnd Sasunnach" arsa Dòmhnall. "Stu 'gheibh sin gu'n dàil" ars' an rìgh. Fhuair Dòmhnall an t-suim airgid a dh' iarr e; dh' fhalbh e far an romh a mhàthair; thug e dhi an t-aodach a bh' oirre; 's thilg e 's an tobar i.

Chaidh e 'sin dhachaigh agus thòisich e air cunntadh a chuid airgid. Aig an àm co 'thigeadh ach an dithis eile, 'choimhead an romh e brònach an déigh bàs a mhàthair; agus air dhoibh an t-airgead fhaicinn, dh-fheòraich iad c' àite 'n fhuair e na bha sud. "Fhuair" arsa Dòmhnall "far am faigeadh sibhse pailteas na 'n toilicheadh sibh féin." "Cia mar a gheibh sinn e?" "Marbhaibh-se 'ur màthraichean; thugaibh leibh air 'ur muin iad; rachaibh thun a' bhaile mhoir leotha; bithibh ag éigheachd, 'Co 'cheannaicheas seana chaill each an marbha?' 's gheibh sibh 'ur fortan."

'N uair a chuala iad so chaidh iad dhachaigh, 's shìn gach fear diubh air a mhàthair fhéin le clach 'am mogan gus an do mharbh e i. An la 'r na mhàireach, dh-fhalbh iad do 'n bhaile mhòr leotha; 's thòisich gach fear diubh air éigheachd, 'Co 'cheannaicheas seana chaill each mharbh?' ach cha romh duine 'cheannaicheadh am bathar sin. 'N uair a bha muinntir a' bhaile mhòir sgìth a' gabhail spòrrs orra, chuir iad na coin na 'n déigh dhachaigh.

Thàinig iad dhachaigh fann, sgith, 's chaidil iad gu maith an oidhche sin. An la 'r na mhàireach 'n uair a dh-éirich iad thàinig iad far an robh Dòmhnall, rug iad air, 's chuir iad ann am baraille e. Dh-fhalbh iad leis gus a thilgeadh sìos o mhullach creige.. Bha iad a' dol air an aghaidh leis—'s fear mu seach aca 'g a ghiulan. Ars' an dara fear diubh "O'n tha 'n t-astar cho fada, 's an latha cho teth, bu chòir duinn a dhol a staigh do thaigh a ghabhail drama." Chaidh

iad a staigh, 's dh-fhàg iad Dòmhnall anns a' bharaille air an rathad mhòr a muigh. Chual e tristrich a' tighinn, 's co 'bha 'n so ach cìbear le ciad caora. Ghabh an cìbear air aghaidh agus shìn Dòmhnall air seinn tràmp a bh' aige 'sa' bharaille. Ars' an cìbear 's e 'bualadh a bharaille le a bhata "co tha 'n so?"—"Tha mise" arsa Dòmhnall. "Cìod e 'tha thu a' deanamh an so?" ars' an cìbear. "Tha mi 'deanamh an fhortain ann" arsa Dòmhnall, "'s cha 'n fhaca duine riabh a leithid so de dh-àite le dr 'as airgead. Tha mise 'n déigh mìle sporan a lianadh 'an so, agus tha m' fhortan an coinneamh 'bhi deanta." "S truagh" ars' an cìbear, "nach leigeadh tu m' fhein a steach treis." "Cha leig; 's mòr a bheireadh orm e." "S cinnteach gu'n leig thu ann mi air son aon mhineid, agus gu 'm faod pailteas a bhi agad féin co-dhiù." "An leòbhra 'dhuine bho chd o'n tha thu cho feumach, leigidh mi ann thu, cuir fhéin an ceann às a' bharaille 's thig an so; ach cha-n fhada 'gheibh thu 'bhi ann" arsa Dòmhnall.

Thug an cìbear an ceann às a' bharaille, 's thàinig Dòmhnall amach, a's rug e air dhà chois air a' chìbear, 's thilg e an coinneamh a chinn 's a' bharaille e. "Cha-n eil aigead no dr an so" ars' an cìbear. "Cha-n fhaic thu dad gus an d' theid an ceann 's a' bharaille" arsa Dòmhnall. "O cha-n fhaic mise ni air bith an so" ars' an cìbear. "Mar a faic, biodh agad," arsa Dòmhnall.

Dh' fhalbh Dòmhnall 's chuir e air am breacan a bh' air a' chìbear, 's an uair a chunnaic an cù am breacan, lean e Dòmhnall. Thàinig na fir a bha 'g òl amach, rug iad air a' bharaille, 's thog iad air an gnaillibh e. Dh-fhalbh iad leis; agus theireadh an cìbear 'an ceann na h-uile mionaid, "Mise 'th' ann, mise 'th' ann." "O 's tu bhraidean, 's math gur tu." Ràinig iad beul na creige 's leig iad sìos am baraille leis a' chreig 's an cìbear 'n a bhroinn.

Air dhoibh pilleadh, co chitheadh iad ach Dòmhnall le 'chù 's le 'bhreacan, 's

ciad caora aige ann am pàirc. Ghabh iad a null far an robh e, agus ars' iadsan, "O Dhòmhnnull, cia mar a fhuair thusa tighinn an so?" "Fhuair" arsa Dhòmhnnull, "mar a gheibheadh sibhse na'm fiachadh sibh ris. An déigh dhomhsa 'n saoghal thall a ruigsinn, thuirt iad rium gun d' ràinig mi ro thrà, 's chuir iad a nall mi 's ciad caora 'n a mo chois gu airgead a dheanamh dhomh fhéin." "Agus an d' thugadh iad a' leithid sin dhuinne na 'n rachamaid féin ann?" ars' iadsan. "Bheireadh, 's iad a bheireadh" arsa Dhòmhnnull. "Ciod e 'n dòigh air am faigh sinn dol ann" ars' iadsan. "Direach air an aon dòigh air an do chuir sibh féin mis' ann?" ars' esan.

Dh' fhalbh iad, 's thug iad leotha dà bhàraille gu iad fhéin a chuir unnta gu h-àrd. 'N uair a ràinig iad an t-àite chaidh fear dhiubh ann a h-aon de na bàraille, 's thilg am fear eile sios leis a' chreig e. Thug am fear sin ràn às shios 's an eanchainn an déigh dol às leis a' bhuille 'fhuair e. Dh' fheoraich am fear eile de Dhòmhnnull ciod e 'bha e 'g ràdh. "Tha e 'g éigheach, 'Crodh a's caoraich! maoin a's mathas!" arsa Dhòmhnnull. "Sios mi! sios mi!" ars' am fear eile. Cha d' fhan e ri 'dhol anns a' bhàraille ach ghrad leim e sios, 's chaidh an eanchainn às. Thill Dhòmhnnull dhachaidh 's bha 'm fearann aige dha fhéin.—*Sgeulachdan Gaidhealach.*

MAR A CHAIDH MENELAUS A LOT LE PANDARUS.

Air a thionndadh gu Gàilig Abraich :
bho 'n cheathramh Duan de 'n liad—
le EOBHAN MAC LACHLAINN.

Labhair i 's dh' ìmpich foill,
Crìdh' gun sgoinn gu gnìomh gun bhuaidh:
Tharruing e 'n tiota air lom
Bogha crom bu lìomhaidh anuagh.
Adh' rcean bras-ghaibhre nan cruach
A bhuail 'fhiubhaidh luath roimh 'n chliabh;
A press-falaich leum an calg,
'S i 'dreadh nan garbhliach liath.
'S teach 'n a h-uchd chaidh an gath searbh,
Thuit i marbh air creag nan sliabh;

Bha sia bann-lamh' deug air àird'
'S na h-adh' rcean a b' àillidh snìomh.
Ceard seòlta nan iubhar caol
Chuir air ghleus an fhaodail chòrr—
Shnaigh e 'n slios gu dealbhach, grunn,
'S chòmhdaich e 'n dà ruinn le h-òr.
Leag e sios air làr am ball,
'S shnaim e 'n taifeid ùr gu teann,
'S an cleith bho shùil-bheachd na Gréig'
Air chùl sgiath nan treun gun mheang,
Chum 's nach brùchdadh neart nan nàmh
A mhosgladh a' bhlàir romh 'n àm,
Seal mu 'm biodh fuar marbh, fo chreuchd,
Ceannard Greugach nan geur lann.
Thog e beul-còmhdaich a' bhuilg,
'S fhuair e calg guineach a' bhàis,
Frith-bhacach, iteach, ùr, slim,
Aobhar nan deich mìle cràdh.
Ghrad-chuir e 'n t-saighead an crois,
Saighead gheur nan dosgaimn truagh;
'S rinn ùrnaigh bho chrìdh' gu dian
Ri mòr-dhia nam fiùbhaidh luath;
'S gheall iar 'ath-philleadh gu 'thir
Gu 'n tairgeadh e an iobairt shaor,
A choig fichead ceud-ghin uan
Air làr Shelia, stuagh a' ghaoil.

An sin ghlaic an cuimsiche còrr
An èarr ghobhlach, 's an deagh shreang;
Tharruing e 'n taifeid gu 'chich,
'S a chuile dhìreach gu fìor-cheann;
'N uair bha 'm bogh' air a shàr-lagh
Mar mhòr-chearcall, a' spadh chruaidh,
A dha bhàrr cuideachd, ach gann,
Bhreab am ball bu ghliograch fuaim.
Shraon an taifeid le h-àrd-eubh
Leum air ghaoth nan speur 'n a still
Le h-acras caothaich gu feòil *
Fiùbhaidh chròcach nan geur-ruinn.

Dhuta, a Mhenelàuis thréin,
Cha b' ascaoin na dé bhìch-bhuàn:
'S i Pallas euchdach nam blàr
'Dhion bho 'n Eug thu 's a' chàs chruaidh.
Thill i 'n dealg-bhior bho d' chaomh chneas,
Mar mhàthair an taic a luaidh,
'Dh' fhuadaicheas creittheag bho ghnùis,
'Micein ùir 's e trom 'n a shuain.
Stiùir Pallas gu seòlt' an calg
Gu sreath ghriinn nan aillbeag òir
A dhaingnich an crios gu dlùth
Far 'm bu dùbailt uchdach chòrr.
Lot an t-iarunn stìm nan gréis
Gòrsaid cheutach nam breac dhealbh,

* "Is minig le Homer, trid samhlaichaidh, anam a thoirt do nithibh gun anam. Anns gach seanchas is ro-thànt-neach a' bhuaidh bheothachaidh so: mar a thuirt e (mu 'n t-saighd): Le h-acras caothaich," &c. Aristot. Rhet. III

'S an fhalluing ri taic a chléibh
A bhac neart nan reub-ghath searbh.
Riach an gáinn' a chraicinn maoth
Romh 'n deagh-fhaobh bu dlúth ri 'chòm;
An fhuil chraobhach bhrùchd gu luath
'N a blàth shruithean ruadh romh 'n toll.

SOLUS A' DEALRADH MACH A DORCHADAS,

EADAR-THEANGAICHTHE LEIS AN URRAMACH
ALASDAIR CAMSHRON.

An dòighibh diomhair gluaisidh Dia,
Thoir 'iongantais mu'n cuairt;
Mar charbad dha tha 'n doinionn dhian,
'S tha lorg a' chois' 's a' chuan.

An doimhneachdan do ghliocas sìor
Tha 'rùintean taisgte suas;
Is cuirear leis a thoil an gnìomh,
Mar 's miann leis féin gach uair.

Ur-mhisneach glaeabh, naoimh gun
treòir,

Na neòil a's duirch' tha làn
Do thròcair chaoimh, is dòirtear leò
Oirbh maithas mòr gun dàil.

Na measaibh Dia tre shealladh mhàin,
'N a ghràs cuiribh 'ur dùil;
Air cùl an fheadail dhuirch tha gràdh
A' lasadh ghnàth 'n a ghnùis.

A rùintean abaichidh gu luath,
'S iad fosgladh suas gun tàmh;
'S ged robh a' ghucag searbh 's an uair,
Bidh mills' is buaidh 's a' bhlàth.

As-creidimh dall théid cùl 's gach ceum,
Gnìomh Dhé a chaidh cha sgrùd;
'S e Dia 's fear-mìneachaidh dha féin,
'S ni soilleir réidh gach cùis.

LITIR O RUNASDACH.

A Ghàidheil Ghaolach,

Gheall mi anns an litir mu dheireadh
a chuir mi thugaibh gun innsinn duibh cuid
de na sean nithe faoin a chruinnich mi air
mo thuras feadh na Gàidhealtachd.

Tha mi a nis a' dol a thoirt oidhirp air
mo ghealladh a choilionadh. Ach an creid
sibhse mi, 'n uair a their mi ruibh gu 'm
bheil mi, mar is motha 'bheachdaicheas mi
air na nithean amaideach ud, air mo dhaing-
neachadh anns a' bharail, gu'm bheil aig

mòran dhiubh an stéidh ann am fìrinn
éigin?—nach robh ann an cuid dhiubh ach
dòigh bhàrdail air nì éigin a chumail air
chumhne, 'no rathad seòlta a ghabh daoine
glìce air fìrinn shònruichte a theagasc do
shluagh a bha aig an àm cho àineòlach nach
tuigeadh iad an nì a bha air a theagasc
n'an rachadh a chuir fa'n comhair air
dhòigh eile? Ach leigidh sinn seachad so aig
an àm is bheir sinn cuid de'n ghòraich ud a
lathair. Anns an litir so tha, 'mhian orm
labhairt air beachd a bha aon uair cumanta,
is nach 'eil fhathast tur bàs, anns a' Ghaidh-
ealtachd, 's e sin, creideas ann an droch-
chòmhlaichean. 'Bha e air a làn chreidsinn
gun robh cuid de nithibh, de chreutairibh,
agus de dhaoinibh nach robh idir cneasda a
thachairt air neach. Na'm biodh tu 'dol a
chum margaidh, no air tòir mnatha, no air
air ghnothach cudthromach air bith eile,
dh' fhaodadh tu tilleadh dhachaidh n'an
tachradh aon de na nithibh, neo-sheunta ud
ort. Am measg nan nithe nach robh idir
sona, n'am b' fhìor, bha an fheadhainn a
leanas: Cha robh e ceart ma bha thu 'dol
air thuras uighean a ghabhail chum do thra
maidne. Cha mhotha a bha e sona piogh-
aid a thachairt ort no seillicheag air lìc luim,
no uan no searrach fhaicinn 's an culthaobh
riut.—Ach cha 'n e a mhàin gun robh iad so
fìor mi-shealbhach ri tachairt orra 'nuair bha
thu dol air thuras, ach bha iad a' cur air
mhanadh droch fhòrtan fad na bliadhna, ma
se is gu'm biodh a chiad seillicheag a chith-
eadh tu air bith lom, agus a chiad uan agus
searrach 's an culthaobh riut. Is còmhla ri
so uile, nan cluinneadh tu a chuthag air son'
na ciad uair 's an òg Shamhradh mu'n do-
bhlais thu lòn, bha cupan do mhi-fhortain
làn. Cha ruigeadh a leas sùil a bhi agad
ach ri tubaistean, droch-fhortan agus rosadan
fad na bliadhna. A chum am mi-fhortan
so a sheachnadh bha e na chleachdainn
"greim cuthaige" a ghabhail 'sa' mhaduinn.
B' aithne dhomh iad a bha 'cur mir de
dh' aran fo'n chluasaig aca, a chum itheadh
'n uair a dhùisgeadh iad a mochra, 'us gu'm
biodh mar so toiseach aca air a' chuthaig.
Tha mi cinnteach gu'n cuala iomadh aon
de luchd-leughaidh "A' Ghàidheil" an rann:
Chuala mi 'chuthag gun bhìadh 'am bhreinn,
Chunna mi searrach 'sa chùlthaobh rium,
Chunna mi seilcheig air lìc luim,
Is dh' aithnich mi nach rachadh a'
bhliadhna sin leam.

Cha 'n eil fhios agam ciod a b' aobhar do
na barailean so. Math dh' fhaodte a thaobh

na cuthaig gur e an leasan a bha air a theagasg, gu'm bu chòir do dhaoibh a bhi moch air an cois; oir bha meas mòr aig 'ur n-athraichean air moch-eiridh. Bha iad a' creidsinn ann am flirinn an teagaisg a bha air a chur sìos ann an rann beurla air am bheil gach aon eòlach. Bha an rann so ag ràdh gu'm b'è. "A bhi àmail ma thamh, agus mooh air do chois, an dòigh gu bhi saoi bhir, bhi falan 'us glic." Ach is eagal leam, "air maduinn chiùin chéitein" gu'm feumadh iad "a bhi bogadh nan gad" "mu'n blaiseadh an t-eun an t-uisge" ma se is gum bitheadh an trath maidne seachad ma'n goireadh a' chuthag. A thaobh an rainn so mu'n chuthaig, chuala mi freagairt air a thoirt dha is fìora gu fada na an teagasg a tha ann. Be so e:

Ged 'chuala mi 'chuthag gun bhiadh 'am bhroinn,

Ged 'chunna mi searrach 'sa chùlthaobh rium,
Ged 'chunna mi seilcheag air lic luim,
Is coma leam sud, ma bhios Dia leam.

Bha e mar an ceudna air a mheas neo shona, thu a dhi-chuimhneachadh ni air bith as tilleadh air a shon. Na'n deanadh fu so, cha chinneadh do ghnòthach leat air aon chor. Tha gliocas anns a' bharail so, oir ged nach b'è an tilleadh air ais a dheanadh dolaidh ort, bha e 'dearbhadh, nach robh thu a'd ghille gnothuich maith, nach robh annad ach claoibaire gun òrdugh mar bha thu mar so 's a' cheud dol a mach a' di-chuimhneachadh. Bha mar an ceudna a mbaigheach na fìor dhroch chomhlaiche, a chionn, math dh' fhaodte gur i cailleach éigin a bha air i féin a chur ann an riochd gearra. Oir bha, n'am b'fhior, an cumhachd so aig na buidsichean iad féin a chur ann an cruth a' chreutair cheithir-chasaich so.

Labhraidh mi ann an litir eile mu'n ni so, buidseachas, is air an aobhar sin cha'n abair mi tuillidh mu na cleasan acasan aig an àm. Ach cha'n e 'mhàin gu'n robh creutairean de'n t-seòrsa so na'n droch chomhlaichean, ach bha daoine ann mar an ceudna nach robh cneasda a choinneachadh. Bha mi féin eòlach air aon no dhà aig an robh an cliù so. B'aithne dhomh duine còir 'us na'm b'è a' cheud aon a thachradh air iasg-airean, mar a bha iad air an rathad thun a' bhàta aca, thilleadh iad dachaidh, oir ceann cha ghlacadh iad n'an tachradh esan orra. Cha'n aithne dhomh carson a fhuair an duine so an t-ainm, oir tha fhios agam nach do thoill se e, oir is iomadh uair a thachair

e orm fhéin is cha robh e riamh na dhroch chomhlaiche dhomh. Ma bha neach air bith na dhroch chomhlaiche, is gun robh a thoil agad nach deanadh e coire ort, cha robh agad ach fuil a thoirt às os ceann analach, is cha b' urrainn e coire air bith a dheanamh ort. Tha seann duine a b'aithne dhomh, a tha fhathasd a lathair (cho fhada 's as fìos domh,) a tha beagan cearr 's an inntinn. Bha e làn do dh' ubagaibh agus do ghisrigaibh agus làn chreidsin aige gun robh muinntir ann a bha na'n droch chomhlaichean. Bha e aon uair 's an tràigh chailleag, 'us thàinig boireannach còir a thrusadh maorach mar an ceudna, thàinig i eadar esan agus a' ghrian, 's thuit a faileas air. Ghrad thog esan air a chliabh is dh' fhalbh e dhachaidh. An la'r na mhàireach bha e dol do'n bhaile mhargaidh a b'fhaisge air, air ghnòthach, is co a chiad aon a thachair air ach a' cheart bhean. "Bheir mise ort," ars' esan, "nach bi thu daonnan a' cur buidseachas ormsa." Is tairnear e botal a bha aige 'na achlais is ghearr e 'bhean chòir 'sa' mhaladh. Thug e a leithid do phailleadh dhi 's gun do theab e cur as di. Chaidh a thoirt gu mòd. Dh' fheòraich am breitheamh dheth "Ciod a thug ort a' bhean a' bhualadh? Ciod a rinn i ort?" "Rinn i gu leòir orm" fhreagair e, "bha i daonnan a' cur ubagan orm, is bha mi dìreach ga'm dhion féin o a gisreagaibh le fuil a thoirt às a maladh." Chaidh fhaighinn a mach nach robh e gu buileach 'n a chiall féin, is air an aobhar sin chaidh cùram a ghabhail dheth. Ach cha b'è daoine mearanach a mhàin a bha aon uair a' creidsinn a leithid so do dh' amaideachd, ach muinntir a bha pongail tuigseach gu leòir a thaobh nithean eile. Tha mi 's a' bheachd gu'm bheil dlùth dhaimh eadar creideamh ann an droch chomhlaiche agus a' chleachdainn ud a tha coitheadh gu leòir 's a' bhaile so féin ris an abrar "*first-footing*" anns a' Bheurla. Is e an nì o'm bheil a' chleachdainn so a sruthadh, gu'm bheil e air a mheas neo shona dol do thigh neach air tùs na bliadhna 'ùire gun tiodhlachd éigin a'd làimh. Ma theid thu falamh ann tha thu a' toirt gainne is bochdainn chum an tìge. Ach ma bheir thu leat tiodhlachd éigin, 'us gum bheil thu féin a bhàrr air sin a'd chomhlaiche math tha thu 'toirt sonais 'us rath 'ga ionnsuidh. Tha e air a mheas na nì fìor olc nì air bith iarraidh air iasad air latha na bliadhna 'ùire gu sònruichte fadadh teine. Na'n tuiteadh gun rachadh an teine às agus nach robh

igh agad air fhadadh, b' fheàrr a bhi gun ne idir no gun rachadh tu a shireadh foid teine air coimhearsnach. Na'n tigeadh neach a dh' iarruidh teine chum do thighe, is gu robh droch rùn 'na bheachd le so a dheanadh, cha robh agad ach eibhleag a chur ann an soitheadh usige, agus thuiteadh an teine bha iadsan a' toirt leo ann an lub is rachadh a bhàthadh, is mar a tuiteadh cha robh iad comasach air coire air bith a dheanamh aona char, mar rachadh so a dheanamh. Am eile a bha air a mheas cearr foid teine a thoirt á tigh, 'n uair bhiodh leanabh a stigh nach d' fhuair na fiacalan. Ma se is gun d' thugadh aon aig an robh geasan air bith a mach foid teine aig a leithid sin do dh' am, bha aobhar eagail nach faigheadh am paisde na fiacalan idir. Dh' fhairtlich orm fhaotainn a mach ciod a bu stéidh do'n bharail amaideich so, no ciod an co-cheangail a b' urrainn a bhi eadar foid teine o'n teallaich agus fiacalan naoidhein 's a' chreitheil. Car do'n cheart seòrsa bha beachdan agus cleachdainean a bha air an coimhead a thaobh dol air imrich. Bha e feumail air son so gum biodh latha ceart air a thaghadh. 'N uair a thigeadh tu a chum an tighe anns an robh thu ri còmhnuidh a ghabhail, bha e na ni glic creutair beo a chur a stigh air an doras ma'n rachadh aon do'n teaghlach a steach. Bha e na ni fìor mi shona cat a thoirt air imrich nis lugha na gun rachadh a thilgeil a stigh ma'n rachadh ball de'n earnais a steach; na'n rachadh so a dheanadh cha bhiodh ole air bith a' leantainn a bhi toirt a' chait air imrich. Bha Di-sathurn air a mheas na dhroch latha gu dol air imrich agus Di-luan na latha fìor shona. A réir seann rann a chuala mi, cha robh a réir aogais ach dà latha anns an t-seachdainn air am bu chòir imrich a dheanadh. Tha an rann ag radh:

Di-ciadain craobhaidh,
Diar-daoin dalach,
Di-h-aoine cha'n 'eil e buadhar,
'S cha dual duit faibh am maireach.
Imrich an t-Sathurna gu tuath,
Is imrich an Luain gu deas:
Ged nach biodh agam ach an t-uann,
'Sann Di-luain a dh' fhalbhainn leis.

Cha mhotha a bha e air a mheas sona do'n aon a thigeadh a' d' dhéigh, na'm fagadh tu an tigh air a sguabadh gu glan. Mar is motha a bhitheadh de shopan, de smùr, 's de thearmalug feadh an tighe 'sann a bu mhotha a bhiodh de bhuaidh a's de phiseich air an teaghlach a bha gu còmhnuidh ann. Cha'n 'eil e furasd 'fhaicinn

ciod is ciall do'n t-saobh bharail so, no ciod an ceangal a tha eadar salachar is sonas. Shaoileadh neach gur ann mar bu ghloinne a bhiodh tigh air fhàgail, gur ann a bu lugha dragh a bhitheadh acasan a bha 'tighinn a chòmhnuidh ann. Is a bhàrr air sin ma tha sonas idir ri 'fhaighinn 's ann ann an gloinead a tha e ri fhaotuinn is cha'n ann idir ann an salachar. Tha eagal orm gu'm feum mi an litir so a tharruing gu crìch. Tha mòran de shean bharailibh eile air am bheil a rùn orm sgriobhadh ma's i 'ur toil-se, Fhìr-Ullachaidh, àite a thoirt dhoibh 's A' GHÀIDHEAL. Ach, "foghnaidh na dh'fhoghnas" aig aon am, is gleidhidh mian còrr gu am eile. Air an ath mhios labhraidh mi air an "Droch Shùil" air "Cronachadh" agus air an dòigh gu dol às uatha. Ach nach mòr an aobhar thaingeachadh, gu'm bheil na Gàidheil a nis cho saor o chreideas a thoirt do ghòraich de'n t-seòrsa so is 'tha sluagh air bith 's an Roinn-Eòrpa; gum bheil iad a nis eòlach air fìrinn Dé a tha comasach an inntinn àrdachadh os ceann nan saobh bharailen ud. Buidheachas do'n Fhreasdal, gum bheil Soisgeul na Sìthe a' dealradh le a sholus àigh air feadh ghlinn 'us shrathaibh nan garbh chrìoch 'us gum bheil eòlas is fèarr air sgaoleadh am measg an t-sluaigh. Oir ged theagamh gum tachair an so agus an sud oirbh cor aon a chreideas na sean nith-ean faoine ud, do'n mhòr roinn de na Gàidheil, tha iad cho suarach is a tha iad do'n teallsanach as fòghluimichte 's an tìr. Is ma tha cuid ann a tha 'toirt aithre dhoibh, cha'n 'eil iad ach a' deanamh so a chionn is gum bheil na seann nithe sin mar "sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh," is gur toigh leo a bhi 'cumail cuimhne air cleachdainean nan "seann daoine" a tha nis 'an cadal gu tosd, ach samhach an Clachan 'san Cill. Ach na di-chuimhnicheamaid ma tha sòlus is àirde againne na bha acasan, gu'm bheil e air a radh leis a bheil nach breugnachear, "Dhoibhsan do'n toirear mòran iarar mòran uatha." Ma tha air an aobhar sin solus is àirde againne bithidh sùil gun d' thoir sinn a mach toradh is fèarr. Ach is eagal leam nach 'eil a' chùis mar sin. Cha'n 'eil mi cinnteach gum bheil tuillidh seirce a's caoimhneis ri'm faotuinn a nis, na bha 'nam measg-san. Ma tha tuillidh soluis againn cha'n 'eil am barrachd blàis againn.

'Si sin mo bharailsa, theagamh gum bheil mi ceàrr.

Is mi le gach deadh dhùrachd, 'ur caraid,
Glaschu, air Ghaidh, Mios } RUNASDACH.
meadhoin an Fhoghair, 1872 }

SGEULACHDAN O'N "SGIATHAN-ACH."

AN GOBHAINN AGUS AM MINISTEAR.

Is minic a bha guaillean teine ann an sgornan gobhainn, agus bu ro thaitneach leis a smàladh as le uisge ni 's treasa na uisge fionnair an tobar. Air là àraidh chòmhlaich gobhainn na sgìreachd am ministear, agus thachair gu'n robh an rathad-mòr rud beag cumhann dha; gidh-eadh, chuir e failte air a'mhinistear, a thubh-airt ris, "O Sheumais, Sheumais, tha mi ro bhrònach 'fhaicinn gu'm bheil thu air tòiseachadh air do sheann cleachdadh a ris, dh'aindeoin nam bòid a thug thu gu minic seachad. Ciod a dh'èireas duit, a dhuine thruaigh, agus ciod a tha thu 'cur romhad a dheanamh de'n bhallachan gille so agad, — brogach glan, tapaidh, gleusda gu'n teagamh?" "Ma ta, a mhinistear fheòir, tha mi 'cur romham a dheanamh dheth ni nach urrainn; thusa, ged is duine-usal, fìosrach, fòghluimte thu, a dheanamh, dhe d' mhac féin." "Ciod sin, a Sheumais, innis domh, innis domh air ball, ciod sin?" "Ma ta, le'r cead, a mhinistear," ars' an gobhainn le fiamh-ghaire, "tha mi 'cur romham duine a dheanamh dheth mòran ni's fearr n'a athair!"

THIG BEO GU SUBHAILCEACH.

Bi-sa bochd, agus buanaich ann, Ogan-ach, an uair a ta muinntir eile mu'n cuairt duit a' fàs saibhir trid foirneirt agus fòill.— Bi-sa gu'n innb, gu'n chumhachd, am feadh 'sa ta sluagh eile ag éiridh suas air slighibh sleamhuinn na h-eucorach. Fuiling gach àmhghar a dh'èireas o mhealladh-dòchais, agus gnàthaich foighdinn, an uair a ta cuid eile a' dol air an aghaidh gu goileamach, miodalach, seòlta! Paisg thu féin suas 'n ad' shubhaile féin agus na cum comunn ach ri fìor charaid, "oir sgrìodas companach nan amadan." Iarr t-aran laitheil, agus air a shuarrachd, bi tàingeil, toilichte leis. Ma dh'fhasas tu aosmhor, liath, air an t-slighe urramaich so, dean gairdeachas, agus do'n Ard-Rìgh thoir fìor thàingeilcachd do chridhe!

DONNCHADH DUBH.

Bha Donnchadh Dubh ro chomharraichte air son gach inneleachd a ghnàthaicheadh leis chum e féin a chuideachadh ann an còir no 'n eucor. Cha bhiodh ni sam bith a dhìth air Donnchadh, 'nam biodh e idir far an ruigeadh a làmhnan air. Là de na laith-

i bh bha muc mhòr, reamhar aig Cailean Bàn, duine bochd aig an robh bothan-tighe goirid o thigh Dhunnchaidh Dhuibh. Smuainich Cailean gu'n robh an t-àm aige a' mhuc a mharbhadh agus a shailleadh. Ach cò a thàinig an rathad ach Donnchadh Dubh, a bha deas gu deagh chomhairle a thoirt do Chailean mu'n t-seòl air an ullaicheadh e gach ni mu'n mhuc. "A nis, a Chailein," deir Donnchadh, "cha 'n 'eil aon mu'n cuairt duit am fad's am fagus, aig nach 'eil deagh-fhios gu'n do mharbh thu a' mhuc mhòr andiugh, agus thig iad as gach 'cearn agus cùil a dh' iarraidh chrìomana a dh' fhaicinn am bheil an fheoil maith reamhar; ach 's e so a ni thusa, Chailein, gabh a' mhuc agus tilg 's an allt i rè na h-oidhche. Cruaidhichidh an t-uisge fuar an fheòil, agus ni e glan i, agus freagarrach air son an t-salainn. Ma thig neach sam bith chum do thighe 'sa 'maduinn a dh' fhoiglaneachd mu 'timchioll, thoir do mhionnan gu'n do ghoideadh i, agus an sin cha bhi dùil aca ri m'ir d' fhaotuinn." Rinn an duine bochd, amaideach, mar a dh' iarradh air, agus thilg e closach na muice 's an linne goirid o'n tigh. Thàinig Donnchadh Dubh anns an oidhche, an uair a bha Cailean bochd 'n a chodai, agus ghoid e a' mhuc air falbh as an allt. Air an ath mhaduinn, air do Chailean 'fhaicinn mar a thachair, thug e gu grad tigh Dhonnchaidh air, agus dh' innis e dha gu'n do ghoideadh a mhuc gu'n teagamh sam bith. "Ro-cheart, ro cheart, a Chailein, abair thusa sin, agus mo làmhsa nach eagal duit." "Ach, tha mi da-rìreadh, a Dhonnchaidh, gu deimhin agus gun teagamh dh' fhalbh a mhuc." "Dh' fhalbh, dh' fhalbh, ro cheart, ro cheart, dìreach abair thusa sin, a Chailein, agus cha'n eagal duit." "Eisd rium, a Dhonnchaidh," agus e a' lassadh suas le gnè chorruih, "eisd rium an uair a tha mi, air m'òair, a' cur an cèill duit gu'n do ghoideadh a' mhuc co cinnteach ris a' bhàs." "Sin e dìreach, a Chailein; 's e sin a' cheart ni a dh' iarr mi ort; thoir thusa an còmh-nuidh t'fheòil gu'n do ghoideadh a' mhuc, agus cha chuir na coimhearsnaich dragh sam bith ort; cuimhnich sin a Chailein, agus dean do ghnothuch gu ro mhaith." Cha deanadh e feum 's am bith do 'n duine bhochd smid tuilleadh a labhairt; dh' fhalbh e gu brònach dhachaidh, agus ghlèidh 'us dh' ith Donnchadh Dubh a' cheachail.

SGIATHANACH.

GUTH O CHANADA.

A GHÀIDHEIL RUNAICH,

Am feadh a tha mòran dhaoine caoimhneil agus suairce ann an tìr nam beann a' cur fàilte, 'us furan oirbh, agus a' guidhe làithean fada fabharach duibh, tha iarrtus làidir agam innseadh duibh gu'm bheil bhuir càirdean lionmhor ann an Canada ro thoilichte gun d'fhuair sibh aoidheachd co taitneach agus co faoilidh air taobh thall a' chuain. Cha dean sinn idir di-chuimhne gur anns an dùthaich big fharsuing aghartaich so a sgooil sibh 'ur bréidean geala ris an t-soirbheas air tús. Cha'n eil sprochd no mi-thlachd oirnn ged a thréig sibh sinn, agus a phlanntaich sibh 'ur m' àite-tuinidh ann an dùthaich ar n-athraichean. Dileas do àbhaistean laghach mhalda nan Gàidheal, nochdaidh sinn gun amharus nach 'eil ach smuaintean caoimhneil a' lionadh ar cridheachan an tràth a tha sinn a' faicinn turas co réidh, ciùin romhaibh, agus snuadh co dreachmhor g'ur còmh-dachadh. Cha bhi sibh feargach mu dh'inneas mi duibh gum bheil dòchas làidir aig Gàidheil Chanada nach dean sibh dearmad air iomradh a dheanamh air ar dùthaich agus air na guiomharan mòra 'tha sinn a' gabhail anns. Ged is gearr an ùine o'n a rinn sibh imrich, thachair iomadh nì 'n ar measg a tha ar aon airidh air cliù agus làn de dhòchas làidir. Tha fios cinnteach pongail agaibh féin gum bheil Canada 'g éiridh gu luath ann an ionmhas, ann an còmhfhurtachd, agus ann an cumhachd. O'n a chaidh roinnean Chanada 'aonadh agus a fhuair sinn Parlamaid anns am bheil daoine tapaidh seòlta bho gach cearna 's an tìr a' suidhe le chéile, tha e furasda 'fhaicinn gun d' imich sinn cheana astar mòr ann an sealbha ghabhail anns an dùthaich fharsuing fhoghaintich a bhuineas duinn. Tha gach cearna 'nis le dùlan 'us dealas gaisgeil a' saothreachadh a chum gach riaghailt a chur air chois agus gach oidhirp ghasda 'dheanamh trid an d' thig oirnn pailteas a's modha agus sonas nì 's àirde na mheal sinn fhathast. Aig an àm so féin tha upraid mhòr air feadh na dùthcha do bhrìgh gun d' thàinig àm taghaidh na Parlamaid ùire. Mar tha fios agaibh féin, is e an Ridir Iain Mac-Dhòmhnuill a tha an dràsda 'stiùireadh long na dùthcha. Tha mòran dhaoine g'a chàineadh agus g'a smàdadh, a' cumail a mach nach 'eil e idir airidh air meas 'us ughdarras. Tha e da rìreadh furasda coire fhaotainn. Is e duine seòlta, tapaidh, geur-intinneach a tha anns

an Ridire. Bha dragh 'us àmhghar mòr aige mu'n do chiùinich e iomadh duine fiar crosda aig nach robh iarrtus air bith gun toiseachamaid le chéile air farsuingeachd uamhasach na mòr-roinn so àiteachadh agus fhosgladh suas. Anns na còig bliadhanchan a tha 'nis seachad, shoirbhich le Mac-Dhòmhnuill agus a chàirdean. Tha Canada cheana dìogmholta agus samhach; tha oibrean mòra 'dol air an aghaidh; tha cabhlach lurach a' lionadh nan abhnaichean; tha rathaidean iarunn g'an deanamh; agus, an creid sibh so? bithidh, ann an ùine ghearr, an t-each iarunn a' srànnail gus a' chuan mhòr a tha air cùl America. Inn-sibh do na h-Albannaich uile gum bheil iomadh mìle acair-fhearainn ann am *Manitoba*, far nach do chinn arbhar riamh, agus far am bheil talamh trom brìghmhor. Tha tuarasdail mòr air a thairgseachd do gach seirbhiseach a tha toileach saothair dhligheach a dheanamh. Tha fosgladh gasda gealltanach air gach taobh do luchd-imrich dhìchiollach dheanachad. Is maith a thig e dhuibhse impidh a chur air gach Albannach nach 'eil toilichte le 'charamh ann an dùthaich athraichean, aghaidh a thionndadh a dh'ionnsuidh Chanada. Bithidh e duilich geur-bharail a thabhairt seachad mu dheidhinn na còmhstri a tha aig an àm so a' luasgadh na dùthcha. Cha bhi e idir iongantach mu gheibh an Ridir Mac-Dhòmhnuill greim air an àrd-inbhe 'tha e 'nis a' sealbhachadh ré còig bliadhnan eile. Ma dh' fhaoidte gun cuala sibh gu'n d' thàinig a' chrìoch air Iain Sandfield Mac-Dhòmhnuill. Cha robh ann ach balach bochd Gàidhealach gun mhaoin, gun charaid cumhachdach, ann an toiseach a làithean. Gidheadh le dèchioll 's le tapachd a bha còmharruichte, choisinn e maoin 'us ainm 'us seasamh àrd ann an gnòthaichean na dùthcha. Gu latha bhàis, bha e measail air a' Ghàilig, agus bu mhaith, bu sgiobalta, 's bu phongail a labhradh e. Agus chrìochnuich an t-Ollamh Urramach, blàth-chridheach, deas-chainnteach Mac Leòid a chuart thalmhaidh! An duine laghach, bàigheil, deas-fhoclach, dh' eug e. An Gàidheal grinn stuama, bha sinn uile pròiseil gum buineadh e dhuinn. Dhàisg teachdaireachd bàis an duine mhòir so mulad mòr ann an iomadh cridhe 's an dùthaich so. Bha sinn uile min-eòlach air treubhantas 'us eud 'us dìchioll Thormoid; agus air an aobhar so bha sinn tiormhaidh smalanach an uair a ràinig an naidheachd bhrònach sinn. 'N uair a tha 'Bhan-rìgh

bheusach ghaolach, prionnsachan agus tigh-earnan, sgoileirean mòra agus daoine diadhuidh a' deanamh luaidh air ailleachd 'us gaisge 'us foghainteachd Thormoid, cead-aichibh dhuinne ann an Canada 'n ni so aithris: gum bheil doilgheas mòr oirnn gun do thuit an laoch mòrail, meannach, oir bha gràdh ar cridhe againn air, agus bha sinn làn aoibhneis, 'us aighearrach, an tràth a chuala sinn gun robh Tormoid Mac Lebid a teachd a nall thar a' chuain ann an ùine ghearr.

"Cha'n fhàilnich a chumhachd no a chliù, 'Scha ghearrar a chuimhne o mheas an t-slàigh."

Mu bhitheas sibh iarrtuiseach air fiosrachadh 'fhaotainn bho àm gu àm, ciamar tha cuisean a' soirbheachadh ann an Canada, cuiridh mi le toileachadh mòr iomadh litir d'ur n-ionnsuidh,

Is mise,

Le mòr urram agus deadh rùn,
Bhur caraid dileas,
ONTARIO.

Trèas mìos an t-Samhraidh, 1872.

ALTACHADH-BEATHA

DO SHIR COINNEACH MAC-CHOINNICH,
TRIATH GHEARR-LOCH

Air dha seilbh a ghabhail ann am Fearann 'Aithrichean. O'n ghiùlan ghealltanach a bh' aige 'n a mhion-aois bha gach bochd 'us beartach dheth 'chuid iochdarain 'am beò-dhòchas gum biodh e cosmhail ri 'aithrichean, 'n a uachdaran fìughantach, foghainteach, iriosal, agus bàigheil.

M'aoibhneas éibhinn, inntinneach,
An sgeul an dràs' chaidh innseadh dhomh,
'S e ghlèus mo chàil cho innsgineach
Gu seinn mo thoil do 'n òig-fhear.
'S e ghlèus mo chàil, &c.

'S e 'n t-òig-fhearr meadrach mathasach,
Tha fìughail, fialaidh, flatasach,
A dh-fhàs a stoc neo-ghaiseadach,
Taigh Eachunnach nan ròiseal.
A dh-fhàs a stoc, &c.

'Bhi gabhail seilbh le barantas,
'An àros àdhmhor aithrichean,
'S a' chòir, 's an staidhle bh' aca sud,
Le macantas gun mhòr-chuis.
'S a' chòir, 's an staidhle, &c.

B'e suaicheantas na h-aitim ud,
Mar chlàr 'n sròl am brataichean,

Ceann ciar-dhearg, cràcach, cabarach,
Damh aigeannach nam mòr-bheann.
Ceann ciar-dhearg, &c.

Bu Ìonmhor cliù ri 'fhaotuinn orr',
Iad caoimhneil, càirdeil, daonnachdach,
Iad mùirneach, mèineach, faoilteachail,
Gu gaolach, glie, làn eòlais.
Iad mùirneach, &c.

Mar charraig chruaidh nach caraicheadh,
Ged reubadh stoirm an talamh dhith,
Gu seasadh iad le 'n glas-lanna,
A' casgair luchd an còmh-stri.
Gu seasadh iad, &c.

B'iad sud na leòghainn bhuadharra,
Bha colgail, ainmeil, cruadalach,
Bhiodh armach, meanmnach, luath-ghaireach
'N uair ghluaiseadh iad 'san tòrachd.
Bhiodh armach, &c.

Bu chleachdach agns a' mhaduinn leo
Bhi dìreadh mach ri bealaichean,
Gu gunnach, cuimseach, grad-lamhach,
Chum tachairt ri fear cròice.
Gu gunnach, &c.

Be sud an còmhlan àbhachdach,
Le 'm miol-choin ghlas, 's le 'n spàintichean,
Bhiodh fuilteach, calgach, làn-shacach,
'N àm tearnaidh dhoibh le sòlas.
Bhiodh fuilteach, &c.

'S iar ruigheachd Teach na rioghalachd,
Bhiodh tional fhear 'us nìonag ann,
'S bhiodh deoch 'g a h-òl a' pìosan ac;—
Deagh fhìdhleireachd 'us òrain,
'S bhiodh deoch, &c.

Bhiodh Mac-nan-creag gu spreigeanta
Ag aithris ceòl nam feadanach,
'S an talla ghreadhnach sheasgaireach,
'M biodh fleasgaichean 'an òrdugh.
'S an talla ghreadhnach, &c.

Bu dìonach bhlàth an fhasdail ac,
Do bhàird, do chliair, 's do cheatharnaich,
'Bhiodh duanach, fuaimneach, caithreamach,
Le carthannas nan seòd ud.
Bhiodh duanach, &c.

'S a' Choinnich òig b' i m' iarratas,
O'n 's geug o shùgh nam friamh ud thu,
Gu meas thu 'n ainm 's an riaghailtean,
Ni 's fiachaile na 'n stòras.
Gu meas thu 'n ainm, &c.

Na lean 'an ceum nan uachdaran,
A tha 'cur fàs nan tuath-bhailean,
Le'n docha féidh m' an cuairt orra,
'S a sluagh a chur air fògar.
Le'n docha féidh, &c.

Ach ùraich 's an Aois Iaruinn so
'Am measg na tuath' a riaghlas tu,
Gach cleachdadh bh' aig an tighearnan,
'S cha bhriag ged 'theirt' Aois Oir rith'.
Gach cleachdadh, &c.

Bi beachdail, smachdail, reusanta,
Gu ùineil, seasmhach, treubhanta,
Na faic a' chòir gu h-èigneachadh,
'S na h-éisd ri guth luchd fòirneirt.
Na faic a' chòir, &c.

Bi aoigheil, bàigheil, sìobhalta,
'N uair thachras ort an dìobarach;
Biodh bantraichean 'us dilleachdain,
Ro chinnteach as do chòmhnadh.
Biodh bantraichean, &c.

*S bi 'dh rath, 'us miadh, 'us urram dhuit,
Gu fialaidh, pailt, 's gu bunaiteach,
'S ni sìth, 'us sàimh, 'us subhachas,
A'd' thuineachas an còmhnuidh.
'S ni sìth, &c.

'Us thig gach ni gu 'n gnàthsalachd,
Mar chleachd na suinn o'n tàinig tu,
'S bi 'dh fonn, 'us ceòl, 'us àbhachdas,
'An Gearr-loch mar bu nòs dhoibh.
'S bi 'dh fonn, &c.

Deagh shaoghal fada, fallain dut,
'An cliù, am mhùirn, 's an tapantachd,
Biodh beannachd thuath' 'us cheathairn' dut
'S mo bheannachd féin an tòs dut.
Biodh beannachd, &c.
LOCH-AILLSE.

DO NEOINEAN

A BHA A' CINNTINN GU DOSRACH URAR FO
BHLATH AIR AN RATHAD MHOR AIR MAD-
UINN NA BLADHNA UIRE, 1868.

B'ann air maduinn na bliadh' ùire,
'Ann an dùldachd 'geamhradh,
A chunnaic mise neòinean àillidh.
'S e mar bhlàth an t-samhradh.

Cha b'ann fo chùram gàradair,
No'ma bruachan blà an alltain,
Ach air rathad mòr an rìgh,
'Gun sìon do fhagadh ann da.

Bha crodh is caoirich air gach taobh,
'S gach bileag fhaoin gu chreim ac',
Ach saltairt air na beantainn ris,
Cha robh ann aon a rinn e.

Bha ghucag geal le bile dearg,
Bu mhais do ghruaidh bean bainne,
'S gach duilleag uain mar roth mu'n cuairt
'Ga dhìon o fhuachd 's o chrainnteachd.

O 's ann mar sud 'tha iomadh neach,
'S iad ruisgte ris an t-saoghal,
Tha deuchainn plàigh is buairidhean,
A' cuairteachadh gach taobh dhiubh.

Ach ged a dh'fheud gach cruaidh chàs ud
An cuir gu bruach na h-éiginn,
Gidheadh gu bràth cha tuit iad sìos
Is làmh 'g an dìon nach léir doibh.

An Ti a ghléidh an neòinean faoin
Tre mheadhon geamhradh gailbheich
Gu'n gléidh tre gheamhradh 'n t-saoghail so
Gach neach a làimh a dhearbhas.

I. C.

Leadaig.

BAS SHENACHERIB.

Mar mhadadh a chromas gu moch air a' chrò,
Craos-fhosgailteach, fad-fhiacnach, geur-
ineach, beò;

Mar sid rinn àrd-cheannard *Assyria* 'teachd,
Ann am purpur 's an òr uile-còmhdachd'
bha 'fheachd.

Mar bhoillsge reult oidheche air muir Ghalill
Bha dealan an lannan a lean e mar Rìgh.
Mar dhuilleach na coille 'san samhradh 'n a
àird,

'S an fheasgar cho lionmhor bha armailt
nan sàr;

Mar dhuilleach na coille 'sam foghar air triall,
Bha armailt nan treun 'n uair a dh-éirich a'
ghrian!

Oir dh'imich am Bàs ann an càrbad na gaoith'
'S dol seachad thug 'anail dhoibh galar 'us
gaoid,

Iad uile 'n an sìneadh 'an suan-chadal trom,
Bhuin an t-aog do na seòid, 's cha robh deò
ann an com;

Gun ghluasad 'n a shìneadh 'an sid air an
fheur

Bha 'n steud-each a b'uallaiche gluasad an
dé,

Bha 'chuinean cruin, fosgailte, dearg, ach
ma bha,

Dh'fhalbh anail na misnich 's na sìtrich gu
bràth,

'S bha còbhar a' chruaidh-ghleachd mu 'n
cuairt air gach taobh,

Mar chop-geal nan stuadh air an sguaba' le
gaoith.

Bha 'marcach 'n a shìneadh 'an sìor-chadal
fuar,

'Armachd air meirgeadh 's an dealt air a
ghruaidh.

Na pàilleanan sàmhach, gun ghàire, gun cheòl,
 'S na brataichean uile gun duine 'n an còir,
 Na lannan caol, dìreach 'n an sineadh 's an fheur,
 'S na trompaidean àrd-ghu'ach sàmhach, gun gheum;
 Tha bantraichean Asuir ri coranaich àrd,
 'S gu slorruidh fo mhi-chliù tha Iodhalan Bhàil;
 Gun chòmhrag 's gun iomairt tha 'n Cinn-each 'us 'Fheachd
 Ann am fianuis 'ur Dia-ne air leaghadh mar shneachd!
 "BUN-LOCHABAR."

NAIDHEACHDAN.

Mu dheidhinn na ceisde cudthromaich a bha eadar sinn féin agus America, tha sinn toilichte 'innseadh, gu'm bheil i gu bhì air a cur gu taobh gun dàil ann an dòigh shìochail. Bho cheann ùine bha co-chruinneachadh ann an *Geneva*, a' rannsachadh na cùise, agus a' deanamh deas air son breath a thoirt. Bha na h-Americanaich ag iarraidh gu'm pàidheadh Breatuinn £9,479,166. 13s. 4d. air son a' chall a rinn an *Alabama* (agus na soithichean eile bha maille rithe) orra. Cha phàidheadh Breatuinn an t-suim so, oir bha i air a saòlann ro mhòr, agus air a h-iarraidh gu mearachdach; ach air a' chùis thug a' bhuidheann a dh-ainmich sinn breth, agus si sin gum pàidhear do na h-Americanaich £3,229,166. 13s. 4d. Air do uile chùisibh na rioghachd bhì air an tional, bithidh pailteas airgid aig àrd ionmh-asair a' chrùn 'n a mhàileid gus na fiachan leibeideach so a phàidheadh.

Bha an t-àrm Breatuinneach cruinn air a' mhìos a chaidh seachd ann an ceann deas Shasuinn, ri iomairt a's cleas, mar gu'm b' ann ri cogadh a bhitheadh iad. Bha iad air an roinn 'n am buidheannaibh; ceannard air gach buidheann, agus iad a' strì co bu deise 'sa b'ealanta an am a' chruadail. Ged a thug feadhainn de na ceannardaibh iomadh òrdugh tuaisreapach, gidheadh bha a' chuid mhòr de 'n obair gu math 's gu sgiobail air a deanamh.

Dh'ainmich sinn anns an t-seachdamh àireamh de 'N GHÀIDHEAL gun robh a' bhan-rìgh gu cuairt a thoirt do 'n taobh tuath; agus rinn i sin. Air an t-sèathamh latha de dhara mìos an Fhoghair chaidh i tuath gu ruig Dun-Roibin. Mar a bha i 'dol air a h-aghaidh bha còmhlanan 'ga coinneachadh anns gach àite 's an robh an

carbad iaruin a' stad. Bha Prothaiste gach baile a' toirt sgriobhadh di, a' cur an cèill tingealachd an t-sluaigh agus an toilleachais air son i a thighinn 'n am measg. Bha mòran greadhnachais mu na h-àitean 's an robh i 'stad; ach os cionn gach àite tha sinn a' cluinntinn gu'n choisinn Eilgin an t-urram. Ann an Goillspidh bha na briathraibh so anns a' Ghàilig air an sgrìobhadh feadh a' bhaile, "Ar Buidheachas do'n Bhudhaich;" "Na h-uile latha 'chi 's nach fhaic;" "àlainte dhuibh a's sòlas," "Ceud mìle fàilte do Chataobh." &c. Cha robh 'leithid a dh-fhusam 's a thartair rìoghail 's an taobh tuath, theagamh, o linn rìgh Fhionnghail 's na Féinne. Tha iomradh am measg nam paipèaran naidheachd gu'm bheil mac an Diùc Chataich a' dol a phòsadh Beitiris, an aon nighean a tha gun phòsadh de'n teaghlach rìoghail. Tha am Marcus òg bliadhna-thar-fhichead, agus a' bhan-phrionnsa sibhliadhna-diag a dh-aois.

Tha diù gach galair, an *Rinderpest*, an déigh bristeadh a mach a measg a' chruidh ann an Sìorramachd *York*. Chaidh gach ni a chleachdadh air son a chumail gun sgaoileadh,—ach gun fheum sam bith. Tha e 'sgaoileadh 's an t-siorramachd sin, agus, mar a till e gu h-aithghearr, cha b' iongantas leinn ged a bhiodh iomradh air e 'bhi 'an Albainn ann an ùine ghearr.

Tha 'n t-iasgach 's an àirde an Ear a nise crìochnaichte air son bliadhna. 'An Inbhir-ùig, 's anns na h-àitibh iasgach eile 'an Cataobh 's an Gall-thaobh, cha do ghlacadh idir uiread 's a ghlacadh an uiridh. Ach 'an Ceann-a'-Phàdruig, as puirt eile 's chearnaidh sin, ghlacadh mòran eisg. Bha mu'n cuairt do mhìle bàta a mach a Ceann-a'-Phàdruig as Àbar-eadhain, agus ghlaic iad dlù air ciad gu leth mìle crann: no ciad gu leth crann air a chéile. Tha deagh phris air an sgadan 's na puirt thall, agus a bhos mar an ceudna. Cha-n-eil iasgach trom sam bith fhathas anns an àirde an Iar, ach bi 'dh dùil nach d' theid an Geamhradh seachd gun e gluasad 'an àiteigin.

Tha 'n gaiseadh anns a bhuntàta ann an cuid de chearnaidhean (mar a dh-ainmich sinn roimhe) ach tha siun a' cluinntinn nach 'eil a' choltas air gu'n tèid e na's fhaide air aghaidh.

Tha 'n ainmear anabarrach fiuch anns gach cearna. Tha na tuathanaich a muigh-eadh gur h-èiginn deibh na prìsean a thogail na's àirde na 'tha iad—ged a bha mainntrig a' gearan air an àirdid o chionn fhada.

NITHE NUADH' AGUS SEAN.

Tha sinn a' foghlum nì-eigin eadhon o chialldachd.

Feumaidh iadsan nach cuir 's an Earrach a bhi 'g iarraidh na deirce 's an Fhoghair.

'S fearr dol timchioll na tuiteam 's an dige. Cuidichidh biorana beaga nis fearr na feadhann mhòra chum an teine 'bhèothachadh.

AIRGÌOD AGUS UINE.—Aig airgìod agus ùine tha mòran an luach féin. Cha-n urrainn an tì a chuireas an t-aon gu droch bhuil, an t-aon eile 'chur gu deagh bhuil.

Cha-n eil duine ann cho suarach 'na chaith-beatha 's nach feud a ghìulan a bhi chum lochd d'a choimhearsnach.

Na fag ni sam bith gun dheanamh a ta freagarrach ann an cùis n'an obair a ta dlìgheach a bhi deunta. Measar cumhachd an duine leis an nì air an cuir e cìoch, agus nì h-ann leis an nì air am feud e ionnsuidh a thabhairt.

Feudar FIRINN, SUBHAILC agus SONAS a bhi air am faineachadh o chéile, ach cha 'n urrainn iad a bhi air an eadar-dhealachadh. Theid iad mar pheathraiche gràdhach, dlùth-dhaingnichte r'a chéile, agus a' boillsgeadh soluis na diadhachd ann an cridhe an duine.

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Ma 's dubh 'ma 's odhar no ma 's donn, 'S toigh leis a' ghabhar a meann.

Mìonach a' bheathaich is maoile, Air adhaircean a' bheathaich is bioraiche.

Am fear is treise an uachdar, 'S am fear is luaithe air an toiseach.

Seachd bliadhna, saoghal a' chait,

Sin gu h-éibhinn agus ait,

Seach sin codal agus turehardaich.

Bha dithis mhac aig duine àraidh; agus b'abhaist do 'n dara fear a bhi 'g éiridh gu moch 'n uair a bha an fear eile na chodal. Air am éigin fhuair fear na moch-éiridh sporan airgid air an rathad. Ars' athair agus e dol leis an sporan thun an fhir a bha 's an leabaidh "na'm bitheadh thusa air éiridh cho moch ri do bhràthair dh-fhaodadh thu fhéin an sporan fhaighinn." "Smath dh-fhaoidhte gum faodadh," ars' esan "ach na'm bitheadh chd a chail e na chadal cho msa, cha chailleadh e 'sporan."

Thuir leanabh àraidh ri bràthair athair gu 'm bu chòir dha a bhi faiciollach gun dad ach airgid cruaidh a bhi aige 'n uair a bhàsaicheadh e, air eagal 's gun loisgeadh na notaichean an uair a ruigeadh e thall.

TOIMHSEACHAIN.

1. Is buig e na brochan,
Is cruaidhe e na aran;
A's bi 'd h e 'n cuideachd an rìgh;

Cha 'n eil neach air thalamh
Nach fheum 'bhi ga ghabhail,
'S cha tig iad ro mhàth às a dhith.

2. 'S e 'm fìdh an iuchair,
'S e 'n t-uigse 'ghlas;
Chailleadh na sealgairean,
'S fhuair an t-sealg às.
3. Chi mi thall air fanas,
'S air bàrr na roite ruaidhe
A mac a' tighinn bho 'n mhàthair,
'S a mhàthair ag imeachd uaithe.
4. Dà fhitheach air a' chreig,
Dà fhitheach gob ri gob,
Fitheach a feitheamh an fhithich,
'S co meud fitheach a tha sin?

FREAGAIRTEEN do 'na Toimhseachain anns an t-seachdamh aireamh de 'N GHÀIDHEAL.

1. An àile.
2. An gaol.
3. Cliathan na h-uinneige.
4. Tri nathraichean.
5. Spàinn no gloinne.
6. An rathad mòr.

FREAGAIRTEAN.

NIALL CRUBACH A RIS.—Nach e Niall Crùbach a tha bagarrach? Am bheil e 'smaoin-eachadh nach 'eil a' ainne ri dheanamh ach a bhi 'frithealadh air sa. Chaidh a' bhàrdachd agus na coin ma's e Niall am bàrd a's fearr a tha ri fhaighinn. Ach si ar beachd-ne gum bheil innntinn Nèill mar 'bha léine Dhòmhnuill Cheaird, an deigh 'dhol deth a seòl. Am bheil e 'smuaineachadh gur lighichean sinne gu cungaidhean a dheanamh suasa a bheir air an fheòsaig aige-sa fas? Ma tha, cha toir sinn de chomhairle air ach ola chas easgann, bainne cìch cìrce, 's geir mheanbh-chuileag, air am measgadh ann an adharc muice, a shuathadh ri smig le ite cait.

Fhuair sinn "Leomag, agus chì ar caraid ann an ùine ghearr, nach ann do phoca na gaineamhaiche 'chuireas sinn i.

Tha Gilleasbuig Aotrom an dùil gum bheil AN GAIDHEAL gle ainealach. Am bheil e 'smuaineachadh gun toir e a chreidsinn oirne gur h-esan a rian "Marbh-rann, Iain Ghre?" Tha 'N GAIDHEAL ro fhada 's an adharc air son a leithid sin. Chuir Gilleasbuig thu gainn òran uair-eigin, agus gheall sinn feum a dheanamh dheth; ach tha iongantais air nach 'eil e 'ga fhaicinn a nise, 's A' GHÀIDHEAL. Faodaidh sinn innseadh do Ghilleasbuig gun d' rinn sinn ar feum deth—eadhon an aon feum a dheanadh e—a chur 's an teine!

Tha sinn fad an comain an "Sgiathanaich" air son cho cuimhneach 's a tha e oirnn. Slàn iomradh air. Gu'm bu fad esan an comas a b luaidh air Eilean maiseach a' Cheò!

THE G A E L I C,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

OCTOBER, 1872.

Gaelic Philology.

The following interesting remarks on the philology of the Gaelic language, are from a lecture delivered by the Rev. Mr. Cameron, of Renton, in this city:—Mr. Cameron, after referring to the method pursued in the study of philology, and to the principle according to which languages are divided into families, went on to say that the Celtic belongs to the family which is now called the Indo-European or Aryan, and which embraces Sanskrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, Celtic, and the Teutonic and Slavonic languages. Philologists differ in opinion in regard to the position of the Celtic in this family, but it seems to stand in the nearest relationship to the classical languages, especially to the Latin, although its marks of affinity to the other branches of the family are both numerous and striking. The affinity of Latin to the Celtic is proved by the numerous cognate words which are found in these languages, and by the fact that many of the laws of their letter-changes have been ascertained. In regard to cognate words, it deserves to be noticed that very many of the words which are marked in the Latin Lexicons as derived from unknown or doubtful roots, show a close affinity to words found in one or more of the dialects of the Celtic. After giving numerous examples of Gaelic and Latin cognates—as *capio* and *gabh*; *celo* and *ceil*; *timeo* and *tioma*; *tenuis* and *tana*; *carus* and *càr*, *càra*, *caraid*; *senex* (gen. *senis*) and *sean*; *siccus* and *seac*—he proceeded to notice some of

the letter-changes between these languages:—

1. Consonants, which in the middle and end of words are aspirated in Gaelic, are plain in Latin. Examples:—*comis* and *caomh*; *sat* and *sàth*; *tego* and *tigh*, *tighearn*; *remus* and *rùmh*; *ratis* and *ràth*; *equus* and *each*; *secus* and *seach*; *mater* and *màthair*.

2. *P* in Latin frequently corresponds to *c* in Gaelic. Examples:—*Pluma* and *clùmh* (down); *plecto* and *cleachd* (plait); *lapis* and *leac*; *purpura* and *corcor*; *vesper* and *fescor* (now *feasgar*). The same letter-change occurs between Welsh and Gaelic, between Welsh and Latin, and between Greek and Latin. Examples; Welsh and Gaelic:—*Pen* and *ceann*; *plant* and *cland* (now *clann*); *pediculus* and *ceithir*; *pimp* and *cùig*; *map* and *mac*; *pren* and *crann*; Welsh and Latin:—*Pediculus* and *quatuor*; *pimp* and *quinque*; Greek and Latin:—*Pente* and *quinque*; *hippos* and *equus*; *hepomai* and *sequor*. In Gaelic itself *plod* and *clod* signify the same thing.

3. From many Gaelic words initial *p* has wholly disappeared. Examples:—*Pater* and *athair*; *piscis* and *iasg*; *plerus* and *léir*; *plenus* and *lan*; *pratium* and *ràth* (plain); *pectus* and *uchd*. So also Gr. *platus* and L. *latus* (Gaelic *leathan*). It may be noticed in connection with this letter-change that, while aspirated *p* becomes *f*, aspirated *f* becomes quiescent in Gaelic. From this it arises that several Gaelic words begin sometimes with, and some-

times without initial *f*, as *foir* and *oir*; *fàrlus* and *àrlus*; *fàradh* and *àradh*.

4. Many words beginning in Latin with *v* begin in Gaelic with *f*. Examples:—*Verus* and *fior*; *vir*, *viri* and *fear*, *fir*; *virtus* and *feart*; *vanus* and *faon* (*faoin*); *vagor* and *fògair*; *vesper* and *fescor* (*feasgar*); *viginti* and *fichead*; *varus* and *fiar*; *vox*, *vocalis* and *focal*. Instead of *v* in Latin, and *f* in Gaelic, the Welsh has frequently *gw*. Examples:—*Verus* and *gwir*; *vir*, *viri* and *gwr*, *guyr*; *vinum* and *gwin*; *ventus* and *gwynt*.

5. Several words beginning in Latin with *v* begin in Gaelic with *b*. Examples:—*Vallum* and *balla*; *vitium* and *baoth*; *veru* and *bior*; *vita* and *beatha*; *vivo*, (Gr. *bioō*) and *bèo*; *villa* and *baile*. It may be noticed, as showing that these letter-changes are not arbitrary, that where *v* in Latin represents the aspirate, or the digamma, in Greek, the Gaelic has *f*; but where *v* in Latin represents *b* in Greek, the Gaelic also has *b*.

6. Some words beginning in Latin with *f*, begin in Gaelic with *b*. Examples:—*Fero* and *beir*; *frango*, from *fr̥essō*, and *bris*; *frendo* and *bruan*; *fraus*, *fraudis* and *braid*; *frater* and *bràthair*; *fremo*, from *bremō* and *bramaire*; *fervio* and *beirm*.

7. Some words beginning with *f* in Latin begin with *s* in Gaelic. Examples:—*Frenum* and *srian* (Welsh, *ffrcyn*); *fustis* and *siust* (Welsh, *ffust*); *flecto* and *sleuchd*. *Ff* (which corresponds to *f* in Gaelic) and *s* frequently interchange in Welsh and Gaelic. Examples:—*Ffroen* and *sroin*; *ffirn* and *sorn*; *ffreu* and *sruth*; *ffynu* and *sèan* or *seun*. The Greek aspirate is frequently represented by *f* in Latin and by *s* in Gaelic, which accounts for the interchange of these letters in Latin and Gaelic.

8. *S* precedes several words in Gaelic when it does not precede the corresponding words in Latin. Examples:

—*No*, *nati*, and *snàmh*; *neo*, *nevi*, and *snòmh*, *ruo* and *sruth*; *nix* and *sneachd*. It may be noticed here that the Latin *fallo* corresponds to the Greek *sphalō*, and *tego* to *stegō*; that *terphos* = *sterphos*; and that, in Gaelic, *leamhan* = *sleamhan* and *leac* = *sleac*. The Latin *strenuus* also may be compared with the Gaelic *treun*.

9. *N* disappears in Gaelic in the middle of a word before *s*, *f*, or the *tenues p, t, c* (Ebel's Zeuss p. 42). Examples:—*Mensis* and *mios*; *census* and *cis*; *infernum* and *ifrinn*; *dens*, *dentis*, and *deud*; *centum* and *ceud*; *viginti* and *fichead*; *tendo* and *teud*; *inter* and *eadar*; *quinque* and *cùig*; *rumpo* and *reub*; *mensus* and *meas*.

10. The *mediae b, d, g*, correspond in Gaelic, especially in modern Gaelic, to the *tenues p, t, c* in Latin. Examples:—*Capio* and *gabh* (*gab*); *caper* and *gabhar* (*gabar*); *carpentum* and *carbad*; *liquo* and *leagh*; *linguo* and *leig*; *squama* and *sgamhal*; *queror*, *querimonia* and *gearan*; *vix* and *beag, big*; *scateo* and *sgaoth*. In ancient Gaelic the *tenues* are frequently preserved, as in *acus* (*agus*), *cēt*, (*ceud*), *etar*, (*eadar*); *carpat* (*carbad*).

Other letter-changes, including those which affect the vowels, might be noticed—but the above, together with the large number of cognate words found in Latin and Gaelic, are sufficient to prove the close affinity of these languages. It is necessary, however, to guard against inferring affinity from mere resemblance in the forms of words, for words derived from different roots often closely resemble one another, while words that have little or no resemblance to one another in form may be proved, from the ascertained rules of letter-changes, to be cognates. *Ventus* and *gaoth* (Welsh *gwynt*) furnish an example. (See letter-changes 4 and 9 above.) So also the words *eun*, *ite*, *edn* (Welsh), *pen*, *feather*, which, although dissimilar in form, are all derived from the same

root *pet*, which appears in the Greek word *petomai*. (See the old Latin form *petna*, for *penna*, and letter-change 3 above.)

He then referred to the loan-words, such as *sagart*, *eaglais*, *peac-adh*, *aoradh* (anciently *adrad*, from *adoratio*), *leabhar*, *leugh*, *sgriobh*, *seirbhis*, which have been borrowed from Greek and Latin, and which, although they have been incorporated into Gaelic, cannot be taken into account in judging of its affinity to the languages from which these words have been derived. In very many instances it is difficult to distinguish between loan words and words that are purely Celtic.

The affinity of Gaelic to Greek is shown by the large number of cognate words which are found in these languages. The following are examples:—*Tis*, *ti*, and *th*; *pelomai* and *beil*; *orgē* and *fearg*; *meros* and *m̃r*; *keiro* and *geurr*; *derkomai* and *dearc*; *lambanō* and *lámh*; *deinos* and *dian*; *kairos* and *còir*; *nephos* and *nèamh*; *ballō* and *buail*; *gunē* (Bœot. *bana*) and *bean*. The words that are common to Greek, Latin, and Gaelic are very numerous. The following are examples:—*Chortos*, *hortus*, *gort* or *gart* (*Gort* or *gart* frequently appears in Gaelic topography, as *Gartmore* *Gartsherrie*. The diminutive *gortan* is still common in the spoken language); *cheimōn*, *cheima*, *hiems*, *geamh* (*Geamh-radh* is from the old word *geamh*, as *sāmhradh* is from *sāmh*); *chamos*, *hamus*, *cam* and *camán*; *tauros*, *taurus*, *tarbh*; *misgō*, *misceo*, *measg*; *kerdō*, *cerdo*, *ceard*; *hupnos*, *somnus*, *suain*; *kaballēs*, *caballus*, *capull*; *klinō*, *clino*, *claon*; *gignomai* (aor. *egenomēn*), *gigno* (perf. *genui*), *gin* (the root is *gen*, from which comes also *gnlómh*); *kluō*, *clueo*, *cluinn* and *cuala*; *hezomai* (fut. *hedoumai*), *sedeo*, *suidh*; *bioō*, *vivo*, *beò*; *platus*, *latus*, *leathan*; *ōlena*, *ulna*, *uileann*.

A comparison of the numerals and

also of the pronouns in Greek, Latin, and Gaelic, would lead to the same conclusion in regard to the close affinity of these languages. He did not maintain that Latin and Greek have been derived from Gaelic. All that he maintained was that these languages are closely allied—that they have a common parentage, which parentage could be discovered only by a comparison of the roots of the several branches which have sprung from it. In estimating, however, the comparative ages of these languages, the fact must not be overlooked that there are many words in Gaelic which resemble more closely than do their Greek and Latin cognates, the corresponding words in Sanskrit.

After referring to the two families into which the Celtic dialects are divided—the British, including the Welsh, Cornish, and Armoric; and the Gaelic, including Scottish Gaelic, Irish, and Manx—he proceeded to give an account of the early printed works in Gaelic, some of which he exhibited, and concluded by referring to what has been done within the last few years by Continental and Irish scholars such as Zeuss, Ebel, and Stokes, to promote the scientific study of Gaelic, and to what still remains to be done in the same field. He said it was curious to find some of the most learned works on Celtic philology coming to us from India, where, far distant from the Celtic MSS., Dr. Whitley Stokes, who is connected with this city, finds means for prosecuting the study of a science to which he has made contributions, second in importance only to the great work of Zeuss, which, as now revised—it might be said rewritten—by Ebel, must form the foundation of the scientific study of Celtic. The "Turin Glosses," printed by Stokes in his "Goidilica," have since been published, carefully edited by the Chev. Di Nigra, and an edition of the "Milan Glosses"

is now in preparation for publication. The theologian Ebrard published, last year, a work on the Ossianic Gaelic, which is curious and interesting, although it contains many errors, which, however, are to be accounted for, partly by the incorrectness of the materials with which he dealt, and partly by his want of acquaintance with our vernacular Gaelic. In regard to modern Gaelic, he believed that as much has been done for the Gaelic of Scotland by the Stewarts, Dr. J. Smith, Armstrong, Ewen M'Lachlan (of Aberdeen), and Dr. M'Intosh M'Kay, as has been done for any of the other dialects of the Celtic, but much still remains to be done. The Gaelic Scriptures must be purged of the errors and anomalies which escaped the notice of the translators and also of the revisers of the quarto edition of 1826, so that they may become what they were intended to be—the standard of Gaelic Grammar and Orthography; the work of which Dr. Alexander Stewart laid the foundation, in his “Grammar of the Gaelic Language,” must be completed; a standard edition of the Gaelic poets must be prepared; the Bardic and other traditional literature which still exists in the Highlands, but which has not been committed to writing, must be collected and preserved, before the present generation shall have passed away; much must yet be done, in addition to what has already been done, to read and interpret the old Gaelic which has come down to us, often much obscured, in the Gaelic names of places; and, especially, a Gaelic Comparative Lexicon must be prepared, which will exhibit the words of which the language is composed, not only in the different forms in which they appear in the different dialects of the Celtic, but also in relation to their cognate words in the other branches of the Aryan family. This last work would cer-

tainly be a heavy undertaking, and one which could not have been accomplished when, more than forty years ago, the dictionaries of Armstrong and of the Highland Society were prepared—but the progress which has been made in the study of Celtic philology within the last few years has prepared the way for beginning, and for carrying on to a successful issue, a work of this kind—and if the Highlanders of Scotland should resolve, “shoulder to shoulder,” to help it forward, he promised that it would be undertaken.

A REVIEW OF THE HIGHLAND REGIMENTS.

In the muster-roll of the British army, at the present time, there are nine regiments, denominated “Highlanders,” five of which—*Gilleann an Fhéilidh*—in harmonious accordance with their designation, are appropriately equipped in the Highland garb; whilst the other four—*Bodaich nam Brigisean*—in evident incongruity with their distinguishing appellation, march at ease attired in trews. Whether the bands of these four regiments attempt the “Garb of Old Gaul,” or their pipers “*Gilleann an Fhéilidh*,” is a question which should be decided negatively, inasmuch as neither of these martial, marching tunes concerns them, unless as a reminiscence of “*Auld Lang Syne*,” by recalling to recollection the bright days when they also were clad in the picturesque panoply of mountaineers. Although now we can only boast of nine Highland regiments, the late gallant and patriotic General David Stewart of Garth, in his interesting history, enumerates no fewer than 25 battalions,* named and

* LIST OF HIGHLAND REGIMENTS,

As detailed by General DAVID STEWART.

- 42nd Royal Highlanders.
- 71st Fraser's do.
- 72nd Seaforth's do.
- 73rd Lord Macleod's do.
- 74th Argyle do.
- 75th Abercromby's do.
- 76th Lord Macdonald's do.
- 77th Athol do.
- 78th Ross-shire do.
- 79th Cameron do.
- 81st Aberdeen shire do.

numbered, in addition to 18 Fencible regiments, which were raised and embodied in the Highlands during the latter half of last and commencement of present century, exemplifying the prolific nursery of warriors then possessed by North Britain. Need I dilate or enter into detail upon the martial achievements of our Highland regiments? From Fontenoy until the suppression of the Indian mutiny—

"The foe weel ken'd the tartan front,
Which never shun'd the battle's brunt,"

and on every field most memorable in the annals of British history, the tartan'd legions have worthily upheld the military renown of our redoubtable little kingdom and irresistibly demonstrated to adversaries in every clime that—

"Still against a foeman's steel,
No Highland brogue shall turn the heel,"
verifying the eulogistic lines of an English poet who wrote of the Highland regiments as being—

"In Egypt, India, Belgium, Gaul and Spain,
Walls in the trenches, whirlwinds on the plain."

In taking a rapid review of our present Highland regiments, I shall firstly name the 42nd, formerly the 43rd, but ever since its embodiment known as the "Black Watch," or *Freiceadan Dubh*, which dates its origin from the year 1725, and in 1758 was made "Royal" as "a testimony of His Majesty's satisfaction and approbation of their extraordinary courage, loyalty, and exemplary conduct." That distinguishing badge, the Red Feather, worn by the 42nd in their plumed bonnets, was acquired from the 11th Light Dragoons, in 1795, consequently on a dereliction of duty perpetrated by the troopers named, in the winter cam-

paign of 1794-5, in Flanders; and which dereliction was promptly and effectively rectified by the 42nd. The 11th Cavaliers had made an inconsistent "rear-turn" on the occasion of an attack by the French, leaving two field-pieces, or cannons, of which they had charge to be possessed by the enemy, but which were speedily retaken when the Highland laddies' services were brought into requisition. When the 42nd disembarked in Egypt in 1801, and under fire from the French enemy on the heights above the landing place, the regiment, after being formed in line on the beach, got the word of command to "fix bayonets," which order was immediately executed. The commanding officer next followed with "prime and load," but no sooner was this order given, than an individual in the ranks vociferated—"No *prime and load, but charge baignets, and shist immediately,*" when the entire regiment, as one man, instantly obeying the energetic summons, ascended the heights at the charge and carried the French position, with cold steel, in the most gallant style. On subsequent inquiry as to who had ordered the charge, it was found to be Donald Black, a private soldier and an old smuggler from the Isle of Skye.

The next Highland corps is the present 71st Highland Light Infantry, who got the graphic order from their gallant Colonel, Cadogan, at the battle of Vittoria, to "chase the enemy down the Gallowgate," and which they did. Previously this regiment was known as the 72nd, or Lord Macleod's Highlanders.

Next in order is the 72nd, or Seaforth's Highlanders, but now designated the "Duke of Albany's Own;" and inasmuch as they do not now display the kilt, although adhering to the plumed bonnet as worn by the kilted regiments, this corps is facetiously dubbed "the half-dress'd Highlandmen," an imputation, I understand they are loath to admit—nay prone to resent—as if they verily possessed the "Garb of Old Gaul."

The 74th follows, which took the place of another corps, bearing the same number, and termed the "Argyle Highlanders." The present 74th, unlike the other Highland corps, bears no name, although I have heard whispered concerning them, "Belfast Highlanders," which must be a misnomer, inasmuch as there is no concentration of

- 84th Royal Highland Emigrants.
- 87th Keith's Highlanders.
- 88th Campbell's do.
- 89th Gordon's do.
- 91st Argyle-shire do.
- 92nd Gordon do.
- 93rd Sutherland do.
- 97th Strathspey do.
- 100th Campbell of Kilberrie's do.
- 105th Queen Charlotte's do.
- 113th Royal Highland Volunteers.
- 116th Perth-shire Highlanders.
- 132nd Cameron of Callart's do.
- 133rd Colonel Fraser's do.

Highland nationality in the flourishing town named.

We have next the 78th or "Ross-shire Buffs," whose vengeful bravery, during the Indian mutiny of 1857-8 is still in lively remembrance. This gallant regiment on landing in Persia, in 1856 to take part in a short scrimmage there, astonished the natives so much with their Highland garb, that it was anxiously inquired to which sex they belonged. The 78th has the exclusive Celtic distinction of being the only Highland regiment bearing a Gaelic motto on the colours and appointments, that of the Mackenzie's, among which clan the 78th was raised, as implied in its Gaelic designation, "Réisimeid Chloinn Choinnich." The motto is "Cuidich an Rìgh"—help the king—and refers to the exploit of an ancient chief of the clan, who opportunely rescued the Scottish monarch of the time from the attack of a stag, while on a hunting expedition.

Now we have

"The 79th, whose valiant name,

Is wreathed with many a field of fame," and who derive their title, the "Cameron Highlanders," from a patriotic Lochaber gentleman, "Ailean an Earachd," who raised the corps in the year 1793. Colonel Cameron, who, latterly, in addition to being knighted, attained the military rank of Lieutenant General, was so thoroughly imbued with Celtic fire and enthusiasm, that in order to preserve the nationality of his regiment intact, and have it virtually as well as nominally Highland, he enlisted none but Gaelic speakers, so that the 79th was long familiarly known as the "Cia mar thà-s;" whilst on another occasion, in the year 1804 on a threatened governmental abrogation of the kilt in the regiment, Colonel Cameron addressed an energetic remonstrative letter to the Horse Guards, which secured retention of the martial garment he so well loved. When entering a garrison town in Ireland, some years ago, as I have been told by a veteran of the regiment, the 79th were amused by the natives shouting to each other—"Holy Father, come and see the petticoats!"

Next in order is the 91st, Argyshire Regiment, which saw much hard service in the Peninsular campaigns; and which, within the last few years, after long abandonment, has resumed the tartan, but only in the shape of trews.

The 92nd Gordon Highlanders follow, whose military history is somewhat like the motto of their "big brithers" the Scots Greys—"second to none." This famed corps when landing on a West Indian island, some 30 years ago, was whimsically set down (by an aboriginal negro) as being composed of "very poor men, when they had not money, to buy trousers." Said nigger might rank in with the Spanish priest, who, having seen in Gibraltar, a regiment of Highlanders attired in the "Garb of Old Gaul," volunteered the information that the regiment in petticoats had been invested with this "feminine" attire for having misbehaved on the field of battle! Verily, this verdant ecclesiastic must have been an ignoramus of the first magnitude, and much in need of being posted up in the history of his own country, where so many of the Highland regiments brilliantly served under Moore and Wellington.

Lastly, I notice the 93rd, the now renowned Sutherland Highlanders,—"the thin, red line of Balaclava"—and who, although the youngest of the Highland regiments, have won imperishable renown on the battle-fields of the Crimea and India, as well as at a more distant date, at the Cape of Good Hope.

Without further comment on the interesting subject which has suggested these observations, I shall conclude by quoting the expressive stanza of one of our national bards, while making a poetical review of the soldiers of the United Kingdom:—

"And oh, loved warriors of the minstrel's land,
Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave;
The rugged form may mark the mountain band,
And features harsh, and a mien more grave.
But, ne'er in battle-field throbs heart more
brave,
Than that which beats beneath the Scottish
plaid;
And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,
And level for the charge your arms are laid,
Where lives the desperate foe that for such
onset staid?"

"MAC A' GHÀIDHREIL."

Gaelic Homer.

(To the Editor of THE GAEL.)

SIR,

From letters which appeared in the "Scotsman" some time ago, it seems that the late Ewen MacLachlan's

Gaelic translation of Homer is still extant; the accompanying fragment* is therefore sent for publication in "The Gael," in the hope that it may attract the attention of the possessor of the MS., and perhaps induce him to publish the whole.

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

ABRACH.

A LETTER FROM "NETHER-LOCHABER."

Mr. Editor,

DEAR SIR,

I send you a translation† of a well-known poem of Byron's. It is but a trifle, but a straw shows, as the proverb has it, how the winds blows, and small and insignificant as is this contribution, it is at least a proof that I read "THE GAEL" and wish it all success. A pinch from a snuff-box has often made men known to each other (and even friends) who might otherwise have been strangers—enemies perhaps—all their life long. I hope to send you something of more substance and "body," as the wine merchants have it, before the winter is past.

I am, with all good wishes,

Yours very faithfully,

The "Nether-Lochaber" Correspondent
of the "Inverness Courier."

PROFESSOR BLACKIE ON THE GAELIC "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

The following interesting letter which appeared in the *Scotsman*, we copy for the benefit of as many of our readers as are of a philological turn of mind:—

"Sir,—I send you the Gaelic version of "God Save the Queen," sung * * * * at the first meeting of the Inverness Gaelic Society, and composed by Angus McDonald, the bard of the Society. In order to give the uninitiated some idea of the materials of which this venerable language is made up, it occurred to

me to etymologise the verses to the best of my ability; and the result is appended. You will see that about one-third of the whole words in the three stanzas is pretty distinctly recognisable as old friends with new faces—familiar to philologists either in the Teutonic or in the classical languages. The two columns will sufficiently explain themselves to all who care for such matters,—I am, &c.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

DHIA GLEIDH BHANRIGH.

Dhia (1) gléidh ar (2) Banrigh (3) mhòr (4).
Beatha (5) bhuan (6) da' r (7) Banrigh choir.

Dhia gléidh Bhanrigh.

Thoir buaidh dhi, 'us sòlas (8),
Son agus (9) ro ghloirmhor (10),
Fad' chum riaghladh (11) oirne;

Dhia gléidh Bhanrigh.

A Thighearn (12) ar Dia éirich (13),
Sgap a nàimhdean (14) éitich.

'Us leig (15) iad (16) sìos (17),

Cuir (18) cll (19) an (20) droch riaghladh;
Tlig sìos an luit dhiabhlaidh (21);

Ar dòchas oirre leag:—

Dhia gléidh Bhanrigh.

Do (22) thiodhlaig mhaith thoir dhi,
Doirt oirre pailt gun dith (23)

Fad' riaghladh i (24);

Ar reachdan (25) dìonadh (26) i,
Thoir dhuinn sobhar (27), gun sgios,
Bhi (29) seinn (30) le' r guth 's ar cridh' (31),

Dhia gléidh Bhanrigh.

GAELIC. LATIN, GREEK, ENGLISH, OR GERMAN.

1. Dhia Deus, Theos.
2. ar our.
3. Banrigh Ban Aeoile for gundè, reg, rex.
4. mhòr major, more.
5. Beatha vita.
6. bhuan menò.
7. da to, ad.
8. sòlas solatium.
9. agus ac, atque, eke.
10. ghloirmhor gloria.
11. riaghladh rego, regula.
12. Thighearn The first syllable of this compound I consider identical with tignum (Lat.) from tego—a shelter, a house.
13. éirich orior, erigo.
14. nàimhdean inimicos (?)
15. leig lay, legen.
16. iad that, id (t is the sign of the third person in all the Aryan languages)
17. sìos subtus.
18. cuir sero.
19. cll laevus (?)—the omission of the first of two initial consonants is common, as kilnò, lean.
20. an yon, jen, keinos.
21. dhiabhlaidh diabolus.
22. de thy, tuus.
23. dith deò.
24. i she, hè.
25. reachdan rectus.
26. dìonadh den, dean, i.e., a sheltered place, a den.
27. sobhar opera (?)
28. gun un, in compounds, ohne.
29. Bhi be, phud, fui.
30. seinn cano.
31. cridh' cor, kardia.

P.S.—I see I have omitted luit, which is just our English loop. J.S.B."

* The fragment referred to is inserted in our Gaelic department, page 205.

† See our Gaelic Department, page 212.

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

EWEN MACLACHLAN'S GRAVE.—The following extract we take from the "Nether Lochaber" column of the *Inverness Courier*, the sentiment of which we endorse, and hope that our friend's suggestion will meet with the sympathy and support it deserves:

"Ewen MacIachlan, commonly styled "of Aberdeen," because he taught the Grammar School there, and there died, but who was, in truth, a Lochaber man—nay, a Nether-Lochaber man born and bred, and whose ashes rest in Killevaodain of Arduour, without, we are ashamed to confess it, "One gray stone to mark his grave" * * * * *

"There is a monument in the shape of a small obelisk, with a well written suitable inscription to the memory of Mr MacIachlan, so distinguished as a Gaelic scholar, on the "Craigs" at Fort-William. Why should not a plain stone, if no more, simply inscribed with his name, be placed over his remains in the old Kiel of Ardour, one of the quietest and sweetest spots in all the West Highlands? The Lochaber Highlanders of Glasgow, who have a large and influential annual "gathering," might surely do something in the direction indicated. Few true Highlanders would refuse, if solicited, to add their "stone" to the "cairn" of such a man. Aided by local subscriptions, the expense would be but a trifle. It is sad to see the grave at present, overgrown with nettles and other noxious weeds, uncared for and untended, without a stone to mark the spot, or a line to tell the "meditator among the tombs," that beneath sleeps the best Gaelic scholar, as he was in all respects one of the truest Highlanders of his day, and a thoroughly good man withal, simple and guileless as a child. The writer of these lines will be glad, as minister of the parish, to take charge of all that may be necessary to be done upon the spot, should the suggestion be received with favour."

MONUMENT TO A GAELIC BARD—Professor Blackie twits the Highlanders for having no Gaelic inscriptions on the grave stones in any of their church-yards. The practice of having such is not so general as might be wished and expected, but one instance at least can be quoted in which Gaelic is the language used. In the Janefield Cemetry, Parkhead, Glasgow, a very elegant monument has been raised over the grave of William Livingston, the Gaelic Bard, by a number of friends, and admirers of his genius, on which there is both a Gaelic and an English inscription. The monument is a hard freestone obelisk, having on one side the words "Carragh cuimhneachan Uilleam Mhic Dhunleibhe, am Bard Ileach, a rugadh an Gartmeadhoin an Ile, 1808, a

chaachail an Glaschu, 1870." On another side it has the words "In memory of William Livingston, the Islay Gaelic Bard, Born at Gartmain, Islay, 1808, died at Glasgow, 1870." In our next number we propose giving a short notice of Livingston and from time to time some of his poetry, as there are some pieces of his which were never published, and which, by the kindness of those in whose possession they are, we can lay before our readers.

We understand that the Italian Artist A. Signor P. Priolo, residing at 64 Stockwell Park Road, S. W., London, has prepared engravings of drawings which he has made from OSSIAN. They are to be published with a page of letter press to each, and we hope that the undertaking will be crowned with success.

OBAN—GAELIC CLASS—A meeting was held here on Thursday, the 26th September, for the purpose of starting a Gaelic class. Addresses were delivered by Professor Blackie; Rev. Archd. Farquharson; Councillor Clerk; and Mr. Macdougall. After these addresses a committee was formed to carry the suggestions &c. into effect, and 16 persons engaged to enroll themselves as members of the Association, Mr. Macdougall kindly volunteered to teach the class.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO G. MAC K.—The origin of the clan Mackay seems to be wrapped in much obscurity; but the general belief is that they are descended from the ancient Gaelic inhabitants of Caithness. Colonel Robertson says "They are no doubt the descendants of the pure Gaelic race, who had retired to the interior of the country from the Norwegian invaders." Their seat was Strathnaver, but there was also a branch of the clan in Kintyre, and another in Islay—to the latter, MacDonald of the Isles (who fought at the battle of Harlaw) granted, in 1408, the only Gaelic Charter known to be in existence. The antiquity of the clan is evident from the fact that as early as 1427, they could muster 4000. Their Arms are "Azure, on a Chevron, or, between three bears' heads couped, argent, and muzzled, gules. A roebuck's head erased, of the last, between two hands holding daggers, all proper." Badge, "Bulrush." Motto, "Manu forti." Chief "Erick Mackay, Lord Reay." We have not heard the name pronounced Mackae or Mackee except where ignorance, or affectation, was the predominating passion. The name in Gaelic is Mac-Aoidh (son of Hugh) and in English it is pronounced almost similar, and that it was pronounced in that manner from the earliest times is manifest from the fact that Fordun writes it "Macqye."

AN GAIDHEAL.

I LEABH.]

CEUD MIOS A' GHEAMHRAIDH, 1872.

[9 AIB.

MU NA SEANN GHÀIDHEIL.

VII.

Dhearbhadh sinn a nis gu soilleir gu'm b'e an t-aon sluagh ceudna a bha 'chòmhnuidh an ceann tuath na h-Alba fad mìle bliadhna—olàithibh Agricola gu linn Chaluim a' Chinn Mhoir. Ré thrì cheud bliadhna theireadh na Ròmanaich *Caledonaich* rintha; agus ré sheachd ceud bliadhna theirtiadh *Pictich* riu leis na Ròmanaich agus leis na Seanachaidhibh; an déigh sin fhuair iad an t-ainm *Scutich*: ach 'n am measg féin b'e an t-ainm a bha orra daonnan, na Gàidheil, agus b'i a' Ghàilig a' chainnt a bha iad a' labhairt riabh.

Tha cuid ag ràdh gun do chailleadh an t-seann chànan an uair a fhuair Coinneach Mac Ailpein an rìoghachd, agus gur ann o na *Scutich* a sgaoil a' Ghàilig air feadh na h-Alba: ach cha ghabh so creidsinn, oir tha e soilleir gun robh Gàidheil a chòmhnuidh 'an ceann deas na h-Alba agus 'an Eilean Mhanainn, agus mar an ceudna an Eirinn fada mu'n d'thàinig Agricola, no Iulius Caesar, no neach sam bith dhe na Ròmanaich thar a' Chaoil Bhreatunnaich. Tha Gàilig Mhanainn na's cosmhuile ri Gàilig Albainn na tha i ri Gàilig Eirinn; agus tha so a' dearbhadh gum b'e an t-aon sluagh a ghabh còmhnuidh air tùs ann am Manainn agus ann an Albainn. Anns a' Ghàilig Mhanainnich gheibhear an lide diultannach, no am focal àicheidh Albannach *cha*, an àite an fhocal àicheidh *Ni*, no *Nior*, mar so, "*cha vel feeyn aca*," cosmhuil ris a' Ghàilig Albannaich, "*cha'n eil fion aca*" an àite na dòigh Eireannaich "*ni bhuil fion aca*." Their na Manainnich a rithist

"*va mi*," agus na h-Eireannaich "*do bhi mi*." Mar an ceudna their na Manainnich, "*cha vel, cha rou, cha bi*," agus na h-Eirionnaich "*ni bhuil, ni rabh, ni bitheann*." Tha Gàilig Mhanainn mar so nì's faisge air Gàilig Albainn agus tha sin a' feuchainn gun robh na h-aon Ghàidheil ann am Manainn agus an Albainn o shean. Tha e soilleir mar an ceudna gu'n robh na Gàidheil an ceann deas na h-Alba anns na lìonibh o chian, oir gheibhear mòran de ainmibh nan àitean air an toirt o'n Ghàilig. Tha cùntas againn gu'n robh seilbh aig na *Caledonaich* agus aig na *Pictich* air an tìr sin gu deas air caolas na Friù gu ruig a' chrìoch Shasunnach, agus cha robh na *Scutich* riabh a chòmhnuidh an sin. Gidheadh cha robh sluagh Gàidheallach sam bith a' fuireach, no Gàilig 'ga labhairt anns an dùthaich sin, o'n a thàinig *Ida* rìgh nan *Gall Sasunnach*, a ghabhail seilbh air an tìr 'sa' bhliadhna A.D. 547, còrr us trì cheud deng bliadhna roimhe so. Cò, uime sin, a thug na h-ainmean Gàidhealach air na h-àitean ud mur robh Gàilig aig na *Pictich*? Tha na h-ainmean Gàilig so cosmhuil ri ainmibh àitean eile far an robh na *Pictich* 'n an aonar a chòmhnuidh agus far am bheil na Gàidheil, an sliochd-san, a chòmhnuidh gus an là an diugh. Ann an Siorramachd *Haddington* tha sgrìeachd ris an abrar "*an Garbh-allt*," air a h-ainmeachadh o'n t-sruth, no an t-allt a tha 'ruith troimpe, ris an abrar an *t-Allt-Garbh*. Cìod an dealachadh ann an seadh eadar an t-ainm an *Garbh-Allt* ann a' *Haddington*, agus an *t-Allt-Garbh* ann am Bràighe Lochabar? Nach Gàilgiad le chèile? Nach tuigear cìod a's ciall doibh leis na h-uile

mac Gàidheil a chluinneas an t-ainm? Ann am Bràighe Mhàr, am fagus do Bhaile-chaisteil, tha allt ris an abrar an *Garbh-allt* mar an ceudna. Tha so a' dearbhadh gu'm b'e an sluagh ceudna a bha a chòmhnuidh ann a' *Haddington* agus am Bràighe Mhàr, gu'n do labhair iad an aon chànan, agus gu'm b'i sin a' Ghàilig.

Tha baile ann a' *Haddington* ris an abrar *Dunbar*; tha so a' ciallachadh Dùn, no daingneach, a tha suidhichte air bàrr, no air rugha; agus tha e freagarrach do'n àite sin—a tha suidhichte mar sin. Tha àite eile'm fagus do Dhùn-eidin, mar leth-mhìle bhuaith, ris an abrar Dail-Rìgh: 's tha mòran àitean 's a' Ghàidhealtachd air am bheil an t-ainm so, agus tha e soilleir do neach air bith aig am bheil Gàilig. Tha ainm a' bhaile Dun-Eidin, a' nochdadh mar an ceudna gun robh Gàilig air a labhairt 's an taobh deas aig an àm sin. Thugadh an tìr so bho na *Pictich* le *Ida* agus na *Gaill* 's a bhliadhna 547. B'e *Edwin* no *Eidin* an ath rìgh a bha air na Gaill an déigh *Ida*. Thòisich e san air rioghachadh 'sa' bhliadhna A.D. 617. agus mharbhadh e 's a' bhliadhna 633 le *Caldwalla* rìgh nan Breatainn-each, agus *Penda* rìgh *Mhercia*. Uime sin b'ann eadar an dà àmso a thog *Edwin* suas as ùr agus a chàirich e an seann Dùn a bha aig na Pictich, agus air an robh *Dun-Monaidh* mar ainm an toiseach, mar a chithear ann an roimh-ràdh Leabhar-Urnuigh Easbuig *Charswell* (a cheud leabhar a chlà-bhualadh an Gàilig.) O cheann còrr us trì cheud bliadhna chlà-bhualadh e "ann an Dun-Eidin, d'am bu chomh-ainm Dun-Monaidh, an 24mh la de'n mhìos *April* 'sa' bhliadhna 1567." B' éigin gu'n tugadh Dun-Eidin mar ainm air a' bhaile cho fad 's a bha rìgh *Edwin* beò, 'se sin roimh'n bhliadhna 633, oir an déigh a bhàis cha bhiodh e dualach an t-ainm a thoirt air, do bhrìgh nach biodh e cho soilleir co a rinn an daingneach mu'n do ghlac na Gaill an t-àite, agus b' éigin

gu'n d' fhuair e an t-ainm so fada mu'n d' thàinig *Agricola* agus na Ròmanaich do'n tìr, oir bha an earrann sin de Albainn cho làn sluagh le'm bailtibh daingnichte agus gu'n do ghabh an Ceannard Romanach so dà bhliadhna a' ceannsachadh nan Gàidheal a bha gu deas air caolas na Friù agus air Clnaidh. Tha mòran eileanan ann an caolas na Friù ris an abrar Innis, mar tha Innis-cheith, Innis-Challuim, an Innis-Gharbh. Is ainmean Gàilig iad so uile agus tuigear iad leis gach Gàidheal. Agus tha mòran àitean eile air feadh nan trì *Lothianan* ris an abrar *Inbhear*, far am bheil dà abhainn, no dà allt, a' coinn-eachadh a' chéile agus a' dol cuideachd, mar tha Inbhear-bhuic, Inbhear-Lite, Inbhear-uisge, Inbhear-abhainn, agus mar sin sìos. Ann an siorramachd Linn-Lìobhann gheibhear na h-ainmean soilleir Gàilig so: Acha-nam-bàrd, Baile-Bhàird, an Abhoinn, Baile-na-Craoibhe, Creag-nan-Gall, Dail-nam-meann, Druim-beag, Druim-buidhe, Druim-dubh, Druim-loisgte, Druim-millidh, Dun-tairbh, Tòrr-fhithichean, agus mar sin sìos. Agus an siorramachdaibh *Dhunfris*, *Roxburgh*, *Galloway*, agus *Shelkirk* tha an tìrlàn ainmean Gàidhealach, mar tha Sean-chathair, an Càrn-seilich, Dail-Rìgh, Dun-scòrr, agus na ceudan de'n t-seòrsa sin. Tha so uile dearbhadh gu'n robh an tìr aon uair làn Ghàidheal, agus ged a dh' fhalbh an sluagh agus a theirig a' Ghàilig anns na ceàrnaibh sin, gidheadh dh' fhuirich na h-ainmean a thug iad air na h-àitibh gnn atharrachadh gus an là an diugh. Thugadh na h-ainmean so air na h-àitibh ud ceudan bliadhna mu'n d' thàinig na Ròmanaich do dh' Albainn, o cheann còrr agus dà mhìle bliadhna roimhe so, agus tuigear iad leis gach Gàidheal a' cheart cho math agus ged a b' ann an dé a dh' ainmicheadh iad. Mur bu Ghàidheil na *Caledonaich* agus na *Pictich* cia mar a b' urrainn so a bhith. Tha ni eile a dhearbhas gur h-i a' Ghàilig a labhair na Pictich; se sin

Dàin Oisein. Rinneadh na Dàin so eadar A.D. 207, linn an *Impire Severus*, agus A.D. 276, a' bhliadhna 's an do mharbhadh Oscar mac Oisein le Cairbre Ruadh. Bha so mu thuairim sea ceud bliadhna roimh linn Choinnich Mhic Ailpein, agus na'm biodh a' Ghàilig air a h-atharrachadh an sin rachadh na Dàin air chall, no bhiodh iad air am measgadh le facail Eireannach. Ach cha'n eil measgadh sam bith ann. A nise mur biodh an sluagh ceudna air fannuinn anns an tìr, 's a' labhairt na cànan chudna a bha aig an sinnsearibh, cha tigeadh na Dàin so nuas air chuimhne bho linn gu linn. Dh'fheumadh iad a bhi air an aithris o bheil gu beul le daoineibh a bha làn-thuigsinn na cànan anns an do chuireadh ri chèile iad air tùs mu'm b' urrainn so tachairt. Uime sin tha na Gàidheil a chòmhnuidh anns an tìr o linn Oisein,—no ann am briathraibh eile 'si a' Ghàilig a labhair na seann *Chaledonaich* agus na *Pictich*.

D. B. B.

AIR CRUINN-CHORPAIBH SOILLSEACH NAN SPEUR.

Tha e 'na nì araon taitneach agus feumail do'n duine eòlas fhaotuinn a thaobh gach nì air am bheil e'n comas da a shùilean a thilgeadh. Tha oibre a' Chrùitheir, gideadh, anns an t-saogh-al nàdurra, cho fionmhor 'n an gné, cho miorbhuileach air an dealbhadh, agus cho òirdhearc air an suidheachadh, 's nach urrainn an duine a tha gearr-sheallach, agus air bheag-eòlais, ach fir-neoni dhiubh a rannasachadh a mach. Tha feartan na h-inntinn aige cho mòr air an truailleadh, 's nach ruig iad, ach ann an tomhas ro bheag, air maise agus mòrachd nan nithe sin a ta mu'n cuairt da air an talamh. Ach an uair a dh'amhairceas e air na speuraibh os a cheann, agus a chith e a' ghrian, a' ghealach, agus na reultan, a' gluasad gu tosdach, ciùin,

'n an cuairtibh fursuing féin, tha aobhar aig an sin a thuigsinn cia co dìblidh, fann, lag-chuiseach 's a tha e ann féin! Tha oibre sin a' chruthachaidh a' foillseachadh, cha'n e mhàin cumhachd neo-chrìochnach an Tighearna Dé, ach mar an ceudna, a ghliocais agus a mhaithéis! Gu'n teagamh, "Cuiridh na nèamhan an céill glòir Dhé, agus nochdaidh na speuran gnìomh a làmh,"—agus am feadh 's a ta iad mar so a' toirt fianuis air buaidhibh do-labhairt an Tì bheannuichte sin a dhealbh iad; tha iad, mar an ceudna 'toirt rabhadh do'n duine chum e féin irioslachadh 'na làthair, mar chreutair nach 'eil airidh air an tròcair a's lugha o làmh-san. Is ceart a thubhairt rìgh Israeil r'a Chrùithear bheannuichte féin; "An uair a dh'amhairceas mi air do nèamhaibh, obair do mheur: air a' ghealaich, agus na reult-aibh, a shuidhich thu; co e an duine gu'm biodh tusa cuimhneachail air, agus mac an duine gu'm fiosraicheadh tu e?" Ach neo-iomlan mar a tha an duine 'na reusan agus 'na thuigse féin, 'se a dhleas'nas na feartan agus na cumhachd-an a thugadh dha a ghnàthachadh ann a bhi faicinn agus a' fiosrachadh Dhé anns na h-oibribh eugsamhla sin a rinneadh le Focal a chumhachd. Rinn na h-ab-stoil so, an uair a thubhairt iad, "Tre chreidimh tha sinn a' tuigsinn gu'n do chruthaichheadh na saoghail tre fhocal Dé, air chor as nach d'rinneadh na nithe a chithear de nithibh a bha ri'm faicinn."

Chum cuideachadh a dheanamh le do luchd-leughaidh, a Ghàidheil ionmhuinn, gu beagan nithe a thoirt fa'near mu astar, meud, agus siubhal nan reult, tha mi 'cur romham mìneachadh beag a thoirt seachad "air cruinn-chorpaibh soillseach nan speur," ann an deich earrannaibh fa leth. Chuireadh a mach a' cheud ceithir de na h-earrannaibh sin ann an "Cuairtear nan Gleann," o cheann deich bliadhna fichead air ais; ach chum am mìneachadh a dheanamh cho iomlan 's a dh'fheudas mi, cuiridh

mi 'n ad ionnsuidh iad anns an òrdugh a leanas:—

- Earrann I. Air Reultaireachd gu coit-chionn.
- “ II. Air a' Ghréin agus air Mercuri.
- “ III. Air co-shuidheachadh Bhénuis agus na Talmhainn.
- “ IV. Air caochlaidhibh na Gealaich.
- “ V. Air na reultaibh Mars, Bhesta, Iuno, Ceres, Pallas, agus Iupiter.
- “ VI. Air na reultaibh Saturn agus Uránuis.
- “ VII. Air na rionnagaibh ear-bullach,
- “ VIII. Air na rionnagaibh suidhichte.
- “ IX. Air gluasad agus dlùth-tharruing nan corp-néamhaidh, agus air na seòlaibh-mara.
- “ X. Air dùbhradh na Gréine agus na Gealaich.—

EARRANN I.
AIR REULTAIREACHD GU COIT-CHIONN.

AN uair a bheachdaicheas sinn gu cùramach air cruinn-chorpaibh soillseach nan speur, a' siubhal gu ciùin, agus gu riaghailteach os ar ceann, cha chomas duinn gun a bhi air ar lionadh le iongantais, agus gun eigheach a mach maille ri Dabhaidh, “O Iehobhaibh ar Tighearna cia dìrdhearc t-ainm air feadh na talmhainn uile! a shocraich do ghloir os ceann nan néamh! 'Nuair a dh'amhairceas mi air do néamhaibh, obair do mheur: air a' ghealaich, agus na reultaibh, a shuidhich thu, co è an duine gu'm fiosraicheadh tu e?” (Salm viii. 1—4.) An uair a dh'fhosglaas sinn ar sùilean air na neamhaibh, chi sinn gu cinnteach sealladh leis am bu chòir duinn a bhi umhal agus iriosal,—chì sinn nì's ledir chum gliocas, cumhachd, agus maitheas Iehobhaibh fhòill-seachadh d'ar tuigse;—agus chum firinn

bhriathar an t-salmadair aideachadh, a deir, “Cuiridh na néamhan an céill glòir Dhe, agus nochdaidh na spéuran gnìomh a lamh.” (Salm xix. 4.)

Tha réultaireachd 'na h-èdhas a ta air gach seòl dìrdhearc agus iomchuidh. Is iongantach a' chinnteachd, agus an eagnuidheachd leis am bheil reulta nèimh a' gluasad ann an gorm-astar nan speur! Trid innleachd agus foghlum, innsidh na teallsanaich, roimh làimh, gach caochladh a thig air solusaibh nèimh! Innsidh iad gu pongail mu dhùbhradh na gréine agus na gealaich, innsidh iad c'uin a thig gach dùbhradh dhiubh so—cia cho mòr 'sa bhios iad—agus cia fada 's a mhaireas iad!—Ach ged tha'm fiosrachadh so mòr, agus luachmhor, “An urrainn an duine le rannsachadh Dia fhaigheil a mach?” “Is esan a ta 'na shuidhe air cuairt na talmhainn, agus tha a luchd àiteachaidh mar fhionnain-fèid, a ta 'sineadh a mach na néamha mar sgàil thana, agus 'gan sgaoileadh mar bhùth anns an gabhar còmhnuidh.” (Is. xl. 22.)

Cha'n e mhàin gu'm bheil reul-èdhas feumail chum an intinn a lionadh le smuaintibh iomchuidh mu ghloir, agus mu mhòrachd an Tighearna Dé:—ach tha e feumail do'n chinne-daoine air son nithe eug-samhla eile. Air an aobhar sin gheibhear an t-èdais so, ann an tomhas mòr no beag am measg nan uile chinneach! Trid an èdais so, tha daoine fòghluimte a' faotuin a mach caochlaidh soluis na gealaich,—riaghailtean nan seòl-mara,—cumadh agus meud na talmhainn,—agussuidheachadh agus farsuingeachd dhùchanna agus rioghachdan an domhain! Trid an èdais so, mar an cendna, tha bliadhnachan air an tomhas, agus teachd gach tràth' agus aimsir air a chomharrachadh a mach? Trid an èdais so, tha seòl-adairean a' faotuin a mach nan àitean anns am bheil iad air na cuntaibh mòra agus farsuing, agus a' stiùradh an slighean gu tèaruainte do dhùchannaibh an cén!

Mu dh' amhairceas neach, air oidhche chlàin, rèda, gheamhraidh, chì e mu mhìle rionnag an crochadh mar dòchran-aibh drilinnach os a cheann—chì e iad do ga' h' m'end, agus soilleireachd—cuid diubh beag agus fann, agus cuid eile dhiubh mòr, agus a' deàrachadh le solus soilleir agus seasmhach! Ach ged nach fhaicear ach mu mhìle dhiubh so leis an t-sùil luim, chithear le gloineach-aibh innleachdach a fhuaradh a mach, mu'n cuairt de cheud mìle, uile còmlath! Agus cha'n 'eil an àireamh mhòr so an coimeas ris an àireamh a ta air an sgoileadh air feadh farsuingeachd na cruitheachd, ach mar eitean gaineimh air tràigh na fàirge! Tha cuid diubh anabarrach mòr—fichead, lethcheud, mìle uair m'is mò na'n talamh air am bheil sinn' a' glasad, agus is gann a gheibhear aon 'nam measg cho beag ris! Goirear le teallsanaich rionnagan suidhichte dheth gach solus a chithear anns na nèamhaibh, ach cha'n abrar so ris a' ghréin, agus a' ghealaich againne, no ri àireamh bheag de reultaibh agus de ghealachaidh eile, agus de rionngaibh-carbullach, a ta cuairteachadh na gréine, air an toir sinn cùntas andéigh so. Tha na rionnagan suidhichte aig astar uamhasadh, agus do-thuigsinn air falbh uainne;—agus an uair a smuainicheas sinn air am meud, an àireamh, an nàdur, agus an astar—cha chomas dhuinn, an sin, gun smuaineachadh air cumhachd an Tì uile-ghlòrmhoir sin “a sgeadaich na nèamha le a Spiorad.” (Iob xxv. 13.) Chum beachd a thoirt air astar nan rionnag so air falbh, ghabhadh am peileir a's luath' a chaidh riamh a mach a' bheul gunna, ged a dh' fhanadh e 'na dheann-aibh, còrr agus muillean bliadhna, mu'n ruigeadh e cuid dhiubh! Nach ceart a dh' fheadas daoine a' cheist a chur, Co a rinn na nithe mora, maiseach, agus miòrbhuileach so? Co, ach an Dia sin, “a rinn an talamh le 'chumhachd,—a shocruidh an saoghal le 'ghliocas,—agus le 'thuisge a sgaoil a mach na nèamha.” (Ier. x. 12.)

Tha na reulta so uile air an suidheach-adh, mar gu'm b'ann, 'nan teaghlach air leth, air feadh farsuingeachd na cruith-eachd! Tha àireamhshònruichte dhiubh, aig am bheil grian dolbh féin, m'a timchioll am bheil iad a' siubhal, ann an cuairtibh eug-samhla; agus o'm bheil iad a' faotainn soluis agus teas! Tha àireamh nan grian, 's nan reull, a ta 'gan cuairteachadh air an dòigh so, cho mòr, a's nach urrainn teallsanaich le'n uil' innleachdaibh, a bheag sam bith a dheanamh a mach gu cinnteach mu'n timchioll! Cosmhuil ris gach grian eile, tha a' ghrian againne 'ga nochdadh fein anns na speuraibh, air a cuairteachadh le a reultaibh fein, ris am bheil i a' comh-pairteachadh araon soluis agus teas!

Air di a bhi fagus do làimh, an coimeas ri grianaidh eile na cruitheachd; tha sinn 'ga faicinn mòr, cruinn, agus deal-rach; am feadh 'sa chì sinn na grianan eile, mar rionnagaibh beaga, drilinnach, a thaobh am mòr-astar air falbh! Ged nach d' fhuair daoine foghlumte a bheag a mach mu thimchioll nan rionnag suidhichte, agus nan grian do-àireamh, a ta air an suidheachadh mar sheudaibh boillsgeach, auns na speuraibh os ar ceann; gidheadh, fhuair iad a mach mòran de nithibh air mhodh cinnteach, mu thimchioll na gréin' againn fein, agus an teaghlach bhig de na reultaibh, a ta 'g iadhadh gu siùbhlach, tosdach, mu'n cuairt di! Orra so, uime sin, bheirear a nis cunntas goirid agus cinnteach, chum 's gu'm faicear mòrachd agus cumhachd Rìgh sìorruidh na cruitheachd a dhealbh iad uile an toiseach.

Fhuaradh a mach gu'm bheil seachd mhòr agus ceithir bheaga de reultaibh seacharanach, a' siubhal timchioll na gréine, ann an cuairtibh air leth, agus gu'm bheil gealaichean aig còig de na reultaibh so, a ta 'gan cuairteachadh, ceart mar a tha iad fein a' cuairteachadh na gréine! Tha gach aon de na cearcallaibh mora so, anns am bheil na reultan a' siubhal, aig caochladh astair air falbh o'n ghréin; uime sin, tha a'

ghrian air a suidheachadh ann am meadhon a teaghlach,

Cruinn mar lan sgiath chruaidh nan triath, far am bheil i a' tilgeadh a mach a gathanna-soluis, air gach aon fa leth d'a reultaibh, agus 'gan ath-nuadhadh gach là le maise, agus soilleireachd! Tha na reultan air an ainmeachadh mar a leanas, agus anns an òrdugh anns am bheil iad aig astar o'n ghréin: MERCURI, BHENUS, AN TALAMH, MARS, BHESTA, IUNO, CERES, PALLAS, IUPITER, SATURN, agus URANUS.

Bheirear cunntas orra so fa leth, ann an earrannaibh eile an déigh so.

SGIATHANACH.

SEACHDUINN AN CINN-A'-GHIUTHSAICH.

FHIR MO CHRIDHE,

'Si mo bheachd gu'n robh 'ur luchd-leughaidh a' sìneadh air smaoineachadh nach cuirinn-se 'n còrr trioblaid orra, le mo chuid feala-dhà, air duilleagaibh A' GHÀIDHEIL. Ma bha, 'chi iad a nise nach robh an cuid faidh-idearachd cho firinneach 's a bha iad an duil. 'N uair a sgrìobh mi "CEUM NO DHA O'N CHAGAILT" 's an t-seath-amh àircamh de 'N GHÀIDHEAL, gheall mi gun innsinn aig àm eile cho math 's a thaitinn Cinn-a'-ghiùthsach rium, 's air an aobhar sin ni mi dìchioll air focal no dhà 'chur ri chèile, agus mar a thuirt an ceard "mar a dian mi spain, millidh mi adharc."

Ma's math mo chuimhne, dh-innis mi ann an "Ceum no dha o'n Chagailt" gur h-ann 'g am chluith féin a bha mi 'n Cinn-a'-ghiùthsach, oir cha d' rinn mi ni ach falbh á Inbhir-nis mar rinn an "Rùnasdach" á Glaschu. Tha mi 'faicinn gu'n do dh-ionnsaich esan a' bhuidseachd air a chuairt, ach mise, cha chuala mi guth mu bhuidisichean no mu shithichean (an Nì math gu'n robh 'g ar gleidheadh) am fad 's a bha mi 'm Baideanach. 'Si cailleach an Lagain, a' bhan-bhuidseach mu dheireadh

air and'fhuaire miomradh 's an dùthaich; agus air son sithichean, cha'n eil duine am Baideanach a chunnaic a h-aon diubh riamh: ma tha, cha chuala mise mu dhéighinn. Theagamh gu'm bheil feadhainn de'r luchd-leughaidh-se nach cuala an sgeula mu bhean an Lagain, agus air an aobhar sin, their mi focal no dhà mu'n uilebiast. Ma tha gach sgiala fìor 's i' chuir as an rathad Iain Garbh Mac-'Ille-Challuim Ràrsaidh; ach air an latha 'rinn i sin fhuaire ise acaid a's galair a bàis. Air d'i pilleadh an deigh "Iain Garbh" a bhàthadh, thug i am monadh oirre agus a steach gu'n deach i do bhòthan anns an robh fear deth 'cuid nàbuidhean a' gabhail tàmh. Bhiodh an duine seo gu math tric a' sealg agus na'm biodh stoirm ann (mar a thachair gun robh air an là ud) bu chleachdach leis 'anail a leigil; agus ma-dh-fhaoitde, an oidhche 'chuir seachad anns a' bhòthan a dh-ainmich mi. Air an là seo bha e staigh 's an deagh ghealbhan air a bhial-thaobh, a's e 'g a thìormachadh 's 'ga ghairleadh féin. Stùil 'gan d' thug e air an doras cìod e chunnaic e ach cat peallach, odhar, agus gur gann a bha e 'lean-tuinn a chèile leis a' bhochduinn. Bha dà chù aig an t-sealgair, a's leum iad air a' bhéisd cho luath 's a thàinig e gus an doras. Cha bu luaithe 'leum na coin air na thug e ràn as agus aig an àm cheudna dh-iarr e air an t-sealg-air tròcair a dheanamh air. Ghabh an sealgair mòr ioghnadh air do'n chat labhairt ris; agus a chum 's gu'm faic-eadh e cìod 'n seòrsa beathaich a bh' aige chaisg e na coin; 'san uair a chaisg cha 'n fhac e ach an cat mar a bha e 'n toiseach. "Thig gus an teine 's dean do ghairleadh" deir an sealgair. "Cha d' thig" ars' an cat, "oir tha eagal orm gu'n gearr do chuid chon mi." Thug an cat an seo ròineag fhada do'n t-sealg-air, ag iarraidh air aig an àm cheudna na coin a cheangal leatha ris a mhaide-cheangail. Chuir an sealgair an ròineag mu'n mhaide-cheangail, agus leag e air

ris a' chat gu'n do chuir e air na coin i mar an ceudna. An seo thàinig an cat thun an teine; agus cha bu luaithe 'thàinig na shìn e air fàs mòr. Thug an sealgair an aire do seo, agus ars' esan, "droch shiubhal ort a bhiast leib-eideach, 's tu tha' fàs mòr;" a's ann am prìoba na sùla bha 'n cat cho mòr ri mialchu; agus an ath shealladh chruth-atharraich a' bhiast e-féin 's co bh' aige ach té deth 'bhan-nàbuidhean ris an cana gu coitichionn "Bean an Lagain," agus air an robh e cho eòlach 's a bha 'n liagh air a' phoit. "A shealgair nam beann" deir ise, "thàinig crìoch do làithean-sa. 'S fhada le b' fhuathach leat mi-féin 's mo sheòrs', ach a nise gheibh sinn buaidh." Leum i air, 's rinn i greim air a sgornan; ach cha bu luaithe 'leum na 'leum na coin oirre-se; "teannaich a's tachd a roineag" ars' ise—'s i 'n dùil gu'n robh an roineag mu abhaichean nan con—'s cha bu luaithe 'thuirte, na 'ghearr an roineag am maide-ceangail. Bha na coin an sàs innte, 'g a caobadh 's ga reubadh, ach mu dheireadh fhuair i uapa, 's am prìoba na sùla dh-fhalbh i air iteig 'an cruth fithich. Gu sgeula goirid a dheanamh dhuibh, fhuair i bàs an oidhche sin. Thachair do dhithis choisichean a bhi, aig a' cheart àm, a tighinn seach a' Monadh-liath eadar Srath-eire 's Bàideanach; 's ciod a chunnaic iad ach boireannach 'n a ruith 's 'n a teann ruith, a' tighinn 'n an coinneamh, agus chaidh i seachad orra gun aon fhocal a ràdh. Cha deach iad fad air an aghaidh an uair a choinnich dà chù dhubh iad 'n an teann ruith air lorg a' bhoireannaich. Goirid an dèigh seo, choinnich duine dubh iad, a' marcachd air each dubh. Stad am marcaiche dubh a's dh-fheòraich e am faca iad am boireannach 's na coin 'n a dèigh. Thuirte gu'm fac'. "Saoil sibh am beir iad oirre mu'n ruig i 'n cladh?" Thuirte na fir nach biodh iad fada 'n a dèigh co-dhiù; 's an sin dh-fhalbh am marcaiche. Cha b' fhada gus gu'n

d' rug e orra tighinn air ais agus am boireannach seachad air a bhial-thaobh air an diallaid—an dara cù an slaoda ri 'sliasaid air taobh clìth an eich, agus an cù eile an slaoda ri 'cìoch air a thaobh deas. 'S an dol seachad thuirte fear de na coisichean "Rug thu oirre." "Rug" ars' am marcaiche "direach aig dorus a' Chlaidh."—Thàinig na fir do Bhàideanach a's dh-innis iad mar thachair doibh air an t-slighe; is bn mhuladach e, oir cha 'n eil teagamh nach e spiorad cailleach an Lagain a chunnaic iad a' ruith thun a' chlaidh (oir b' àite seunta e) agus am Fear-millidh air a tòir.

Latha de na làithibh, 's mi air mo chuairt, co 'choinnich mi ach Dòmhnall-Phàil, am bàrd, duine cho aoigheil 's cho toilichte 's a chur cas am bròg. Labhair bathais-gun-nàire ris a cheart co tapaidh agus ged a b' eòl domh e o ghluin mo mhàthar; 's mo labhair, cha b'e freagairt gruamach a fhuair mi. Shìn sinn air bruithinn mu 'n GHÀIDHEAL agus faodaidh sibh a bhi cinnteach nach ann 'g a chàineadh. "An cuala tu riamh an rann seo?" ars' esan:—

"Tha Ghàilig air a sgiathaibh
'S tha 'srian aice 'n a beul;
'S sean i, 's cha do liath i
'S i riamh ann o linn Eubh—
'S mar fhir-eun anns na nialaibh,
Os cionn gach ian 's na speir!"

Cha 'n eil fada le chunnaic mi litir 's A' GHÀIDHEAL mu dheighinn òran a rinn Dòmhnall-còir. Cha 'n urrainn mise 'thuigsinn co e 'n "Callum" a sgrìobh an litir ud; ach gun teagamh sam bith, tha fios agaibh-se. Cha 'n fhaca mise duine an Cinn-a'-ghìuthsaich de 'n ainm ach aon ionragan a bha gu math tric air an t-sràid, agus ma's math mo chuimhne 's e "Callum Post" a chuala mi iad ag ràdh ris; a's mheall mo bhàrail mi, ma 's e esan a sgrìobh do 'r n-ionnsuidh.

Air cuairt eile air an robh mi fhuair mi iomradh air bàrd eile an Cinn-

'a-ghiùthsaidh. Ged bha mi eòlach air bàrdachd Dhòmhnuill Phàil o' m' òige, cha chuala mi guth riabh mu Dhòmhnull a' Chnuic (oir 's e sin ainm coitcheonn an fhir eile). Gu'n fhios nach 'eil luchd-leughaidh A' GHÀIDHEIL cho aineolach air subhailcean an duine seo 's a bha mi-féin mu'n deach mi do dh-àrd bhaile Bhàideanach, bheir mi dhuibh na rainn a leanas. Bha iad air an labhairt leis féin, air dha éiridh a dh-òl deoch-slàinte nighinn Thighearna Chluainidh, air dhi *Caiptean Fitzroy* a phòsadh,

“Si seo deoch-slàinte 'chupull òig
A phòs 'an Caisteil Chluainidh;
'S a dh-fhalbh Diar-daoin le aoibhneas as,
'S an *staoidhle* mar bu dual doibh.—
Bi'dh sinne 'guidhe sòlais dhoibh
'S a 'g dè le làn na cuaiche—
'Saogh'l buan as mòr thoil-inntinn dhoibh
'Siad cinntinn mar an luachair.

'N uair 'thàinig beul na h-oidhche
Bha aoibhneas a' measg naislean,
Bha aoibhneas ann am Bàideanach,
'S gach àite 'n cualas luaidh air.
Bha 'n tìr gu lèir a' soillseachadh
Mar dhaoimeanan mu'n cuairt duinn,
'S mar mheadhon là bha 'n oidhche
Le tein'-aoibhnis air gach guallainn.

Bha Còirneal Bhailebhillleadh ann
Nach tilleadh le 'chuid armachd—
Bha còrr a's coig eich fhichead aige
'Tarruing giuthas sgealbta—
Sid 's cliù air fear Pairc an t-Cheipeil
'S gun cheist cha 'n fhacas cearb air:
'S gur mòr an cliù tha 'm Bàideanach,
'S gach àit an cualas ainm air.

Ach 's i ar guidhe 'n trà seo,
'S gu bràth do'n chàraid uasail,
An t-àrd Rìgh 'bhi 'n a *gheard* orra
'S gach àit an dian iad gluasad,
'S iad leantuinn lorg an sinnsearachd,
'S gu cinnteach bi'dh iad buadhach,
'S ar duil gu'n till iad sàbhailte
'Char fàilt' air Tighearna Chluainidh.

Air dhomh pilltinn do'n taigh 's an robh mi 'tamb, shin mi air bruithiun ri mo charaid (fear-an-taighe) mu gach nì a bha mi 'faicinn 'sa' cluinntinn gus mu dheireadh a thionndain ar conal-

tradh mu na bàird. “Sin am pac,” ars' esan, “a tha fàs lionmhor, na bàird, no gu h-àraid luchd-millidh nan dàn. Cha 'n 'eil duine, ma gheobh e bliadhna no dha 's a' sgoil nach sin air toirt a chreidsinn air féin 's air càch, gur bàrd e. Chuala mi iomradh air piobaire leis am bu chleachdach a bhi aig gach pòsadh a's banais 's an dùthaich an làithibh 'òige; agus mar sin a' tional mòran airgeid. Ach air dha 'bhi tighinn gu aois shìn feadhainn eile air a' cheard, agus cha robh an sean phiobaire 'faighinn cuireadh gu aon bhanais anns an fhichead a bha e cleachdadh 's na 'làithibh a dh-aom'. Latha de na làithibh choinnich duine eil ris, a shin air bruithinn mu na piobairean òga mu'n cuairt: ‘O droch shiubhal orra’ ars' an sean fhear, ‘Cha'n fhaigh thu clach a thilgeas tu air cù ach piobaire;’ ach a nise na bàird; cha'n fhaigh thu clach a thilgeas tu air cù ach bàrd.” “S am bheil sibh a' smuaineachadh” deir mise, “nach 'eil bàrd idir ri fhaighinn an diugh?” “Cha'n 'eil” ars' esan “S mi nach 'eil; ach ged a gheobhar beagan cruinneachd a' measg ar luchd eallaidh tha 'm moll ro phailt. Na smuainich idir gur bàrdachd rann no dhà a chur an altaibh a cheile (gu tric gle chearb-ach) gun aon smuaintean 'n am measg nach cuala sinn o làithibh ar n-òige. Tha'n fheadhainn a tha 'ceangal an cuid rann gun bhrìgh ri seann fhuinn bhlasd-mhòr Ghaidhealach an dùil gu'n cùm iad an cuid féin spleadhachais an cuimhne air a' mhodh sin; ach tha iad gu tric a' call an cùrsa, agus an cuid ranntachd a dol air an t-slighe air an robh i cho toiltinneach—eadhon *slighe na di-chuimhne*. Agus thoir a' chluas de mo chlaigionn-sa ma bhios iomradh aig an àl a tha 'g eiridh suas air aon anns an fhichead de na sgaom-airean a tha nise 'gabhail orra' bhi 'nam bàird. Ach togamaid diubh. Ciod i do bheachd de Bhàid-anach?”

Dh-innis mi dha mo bheachd de Bhàideanach; agus A GHÀIDHEIL,

chomhairlichinn duibh-se cuairt a thoirt troimhe; oir 'se fìor àite Gàidhealach a th'ann. Ann an cuid de dh-àitibh de'n Ghàidhealtachd innsidh iad dhuibh le spalpadh pròise nach leugh iad a' Ghàilig (ge nàir e ri 'chluinntinn) ach am Bàideanach ma tha neach idir ann nach leugh cànan bhlasmhor Fhinn a's Oisein 's ann le athadh, a's ruthadh nàire 'na aghaidh a dh-aidich-eas se e. Dh'aindeoin gach àite 's an robh mi cha do thachair mi ri boireannaich a bha cho ealanta air leughadh na Gàilig ris na Ban-Bhàideanaich. Tha iad cho eòlach air A' CHUAIRTEAR 's a tha iad air abhainn Spé; agus 's i mo bheachd gu'm faigh AN GAIDHEAL deadh aoigheachd 'na measg. Ach tha mi 'n déigh cus a sgrìobhadh mar tha, agus ged bu mhiannach leam mòran a chantuinn fathast, 's éigin domh sgur; agus tha mi 'n dòchas gun cur sibh seo 's a' chiad GHÀIDHEAL, oir

“Cha-n-eil mise 'g innseadh bhreug;
Tha mi fìor 's n a h uile car;
Cha-n-eil mearachd 'na mo sgiala;
Tha gach smiach a thuir mi ceart,
'S i 'n fhìrinn i, hò ill ù o,
'G a h-innseadh dhuibh hù ill ù;
'S co-dhùnaidh mi hò ill ù o,
Le dùrachd dhuibh hù ill ù.”

CUAIRTEAR.

CALLUM A' GHLINNE.

EARRAN III.

Air do Challum an sgoil fhàgail, chaidh 'fhasdadh ri 'shean'air car leth-bhliadhna gu bhi 'buachailleachd spréidhe ann am braighe a' ghlinne. Bha a shean'air 'n a dhuine comharraichte 'na latha agus 'na iubhe féin. Cha b' àithne dha riamh leughadh no sgrìobhadh ach bha e anabarrach geur, soilleir 'n a thuigse agus 'n a bhreithneachadh. Bha e 'n a fhear-gnothuich tapuidh, sgilear, curamach, onorach. Ann an reic agus ceannach theirte gun robh e daonnan fortanach; ach cha robh ni air bith de dhiomhaireachd no de thuiteamas 'n a

fhortan, ach a thàlant an nàdurra fhein a bhi gu bunailteach air an cleachdadh agus air an riaghladh le onoir, le càram, agus le adhartachd. Tha e duilich a ràdh, cia mar a ràinig e air na bh' aige de “sneur-eolas”—ciamar a b' àithne dha tràithean na gealaiche o mhìos gu mìos, agus a bhuaidh a bha aig àm tighinn a staigh agus aig dol a mach nan ceithreamhan air an t-side agus air na siontan. B' iad cùrsa na gréine 's an latha, agus nan rionnag 'san oidhche, a b' uaireadair dha. Chomharraicheadh e mach àireamh nach bu bheag de na rionnagaibh suidhichte agus de na rionnagaibh gluasadach, agus an cuairt-shiubhal fa leth troimh chopan na h-iarmaid. Rha barrachd creideis aig a luchd-eòlais 'na fhaisneachd-side na 'bh' aca ann am “Miosachan Bhailie cliath.” Le bhi 'toirt geur aire do an t-side ré dà là dheug na Nollaige—'se sin dusan latha roimh latha Nollaig—dh'innseadh e ciod an gne side a bhiodh a buadhachadh ré gach mìos de'n ath bhliadhna—oir na 'm biodh a cheud latha de'n dà-là-dheug stoirmheil no air chaochladh, bhiodh a cheud mhìos de'n bhliadhna mar sin mar an ceudna; agus mar sin air adhart o mhìos gu mìos. Air an oidhche mu dheireadh de'n bhliadhna, le bhi toirt faineair an airde o 'm biodh a' ghaoth a' seideadh, dh'innseadh e ciod an gne toraidh no tacar airson am biodh an ath bhliadhna comharraichte, agus ciod a bu bhiuthas do 'n bhliadhna anns a' choitichionn, agus, sin a reir na seann riaghailt a leanas:—

Gaoth o'n deas, teas a's toradh;
Gaoth o'n iar, iasg a's bainne;
Gaoth o'n ear, meas air chraonaibh;
Gaoth o'n tuath, fuachd a's feannadh.

Bha aige mar an ceudna, air a mheogh-air, aireamh do-chreidsinn de shean-fhocail thaghta anns an robh moran de ghliocas agus de fheallsanachd ro fhallain air am filleadh a staigh. Bhiodh e gu tric 'gan aithris do Challum, mar chaitheamh aimsir ann 's na feasgair—

agus a' cur deuchainn air a thuigse agus air a bhreithneachadh le bhi a cur cheisdean ris, a thaobh nam firinnean air an robh iad a' cursoluis. Faodaidh ar luchd leughaidh a thuigsinn o'u eiseimpleir a leanas, an deagh oileineachadh a bha Callum a' faotainn o' shean'air aig an àm ud. "A laochain, ciod a shaoileas tu a bha an duine glic o shean a' ciallachadh leis a' chomhairle a thug e d'a mhac air dha 'bhi togail air a dh' iarruidh ceile—"A mhic mo chuim! ciod air bith a dh'eireas dhuit, feuch gum faigh thu d'eun, á neid ghlain; seachainn Ceolag 'us Cinneadag agus Iolach-an-coill". An àite 'bhi freagairt nan ceisdean, 'se bu roghnaiche le Callum a bhi 'na thosd, gu bhi toirt cothrom do 'n cheisdear e-féin a bhi 'ga mineachadh, ni a dheanadh e air an doigh so—"Eun á neid ghlain"—faodaidh an t-eun a bhi glan, ged robh an nead salach,—faodaidh nighean mhaith tighinn o dhroch mhathair, agus mac onorach deagh-bheusach o athair bradach, breugach; ach ged a dh' fhaodas, leanaidh mìchliù nam parantan air a' chloinn cho math ri an aingidheachd. Seachainn "Ceolag." Ma chi thusa te a bhios a sior-sheinn o mhoch gu anmoch, ach 'fhad 'sa bhios i 'na cadal, gabh sin mar chomharradh air eanchain fhalamh—air intinn eu-domhain,—agus air lamhan neo-adhartach. "Cinneadag"—sin agad te a bhios an c)mhnuidh a' deanamh uail as a dàimh ri uaislean ard-inbheach na tìre—ma-dh' fhaodte ris an "uaisle bhochd gun chas gun lamh" nach cuir salann air a' chaldhì fhein no do mhuinntir eile. "Iolach-an-coill"—sin agad te a chluinnear far nach faicear i, agus do nach comas a lochdan fein no faillinean muinntir eile a chleth, ciod air bith a thig 'na lorg—te aig am bi a chend fhacail 'sam facal mu dheireadh de 'n chonaltradh anns gach aite an suidh no 'n seas i.—Mar so bha Callum air dheagh oileineachadh gach feasgar ann an gliocas agus ann an feallsanachd nan seanachaidhean; oir cha'n eil teagamh nach ann a nuas uathasan troi bheul-

aithris nan ginealach a thainig a chuid 'bu mhò agus a b' fhearr de na sean-fhocailgheur, shoilleir, bhrìghmhor, abha cho pailt 'am measg nan seann Ghaidheal; agus cha'n eil e idir coltach, gum be daoine aineolach neo-fhogluimte a b' ughdairean dhoibh. Ni mo am bheil e coltach, gu'm faigheadh daoine aineolach aithne air a' bhuaidh a tha aig fàs agus earradhubh na gealaich air fiodh, air luighibh agus air ainmhidhibh ann an amaibh araid de 'n bliadhna—gu'm bheil am fiodh a chinneas air an duathair ni's cruaidhe agus ni's fallaine na 'm fiodh de n t-seòrsa cheudna a chinneas air an deisear, agus mar an ceudna gu'm mair agus gu'n seas am fiodh a ghearrar bharr a bhuinn 's an earradhubh ni's fearr na 'm fiodh a ghearrar 's an fhàs—agus ioma ni eile a tha ach beag a' dearbhadh gu'n robh uair eigin 'am measg nan seann Ghaidheal, daoine araid aig an robh ard-eolas air diomhaireachd laghanna Naduir. Eadar teagasg agus conaltradh a shean'air agus tosdachd chianail nan raon air an robh Callum a' cur seachad nan laithean fada grianach 'na aonar, far an robh cothrom aig 'inntin rannsachail a bhi 'breithneachadh air oirdhearcas iongantach ioma-ghneitheach obair Naduir, thill e dhachaidh aig ceann na leth-bhliadhna a' saoilinn gu'n robh barrachd de fhior foghlum air a chosnadh leis rè na h-nine ud, na 'choisinn e rè an iomlan de 'n uine a bha e fo oidheachas Eachainn sgoileir ann an sgoil na sgìreachd, agus le dian iartas dealasach an deigh air foghlum nach d' fhairich e riamh roimhe. Thuit e 'nis ann an gaol air foghlum agus air fiosrachadh a bha gu mor ni bu teotha agus a bu mhaireannaiche na 'n gaol a thug e do 'n bhan-cheaird; ach b'i a cheisd cia mar a gheibheadh e ruigheachd air, oir fhuair e cheana na b' urrainn Eachan sgoileir a theagasg dha. Rùnaich 'athair a chur do ard-sgoil ann 'sa' bhaile-mhargaidh a b' fhaistge; ach cha robh e 'san dàn gun tachradh e. 'Nuair a bha Callum mu

cheithir bliadhna deng a dh' aois, leagadh sìos athair le tinneas o nach d' eirich e, agus cha b' fhada gus an robh a mhathair 'n a bantraich—nì a thug caochladh aìrsuidheachad agus aìrcrann-chur an teaghlach. Smuainich Callum na'm biodh e 'n a fhear ceairde, gu'm faodadh e ri h-uine, le dichìoll, le cùram agus le adhartachd ruigheachd aig a chuid 'bu lugha, air tomhas de'n ard-fhoghlum air an robh e an geall cho mor. Bu tric a chuala e iomradh air òganaich ghleusda, dheanadach, de a luchd duthcha a dh' oileinich iad fein le toradh an cosnaidh anns a' Ghalldachd, gu bhi 'n am ministirean agus na 'n lighichean; cha robh mòr thlachd aige 'san àm ud de aon seach aon de na gairmibh ud; cha tugadh e moran air na dreuchdan ud fa leth, na 'n coisneadh e an t-ard-fhoghlum a bha feumail gu bhi 'ga uidheamachadh air an son; bha barrachd deigh aig aìr fòghlum air a sgàth fhein na air a bhuanachd a dh' fhaodadh tighinn 'n a lorg. Mar mheadhoin fa chomhair na criche a chuir e ri a shuil, cheangail se e-fein mar fhoghlumach ri fear ceairde ann an clachan na sgìreachd. Leag e inntinn gu dùrachdach air a cheard, re na h-uine 'bha aige ri sheirbhisachadh; aig an àm cheudna, bha e 'togail foghlum litreachail mar a b' fhearr a dh' fhaodadh e le leughadh agus le meorachadh. 'Nuair a thainig a mhuinntireas gu crìch, ged 'bu chruaidh leis a mhathair agus a dhuthaich fhagail, bha e gu mòr air a thaladh ris a' Ghalldachd. Mu'n àm ud, bha i 'n a barail chumanta anns an sgìreachd nach robh fear no te a rachadh do Ghlaschu airson cosnaidh, nach faodadh, na'm biodh iad cùramach, fortan a dheanamh ann am beagan bhliadhnachan. Dh' fhag Mairi Alasdair an duthaich 'n a cailleig luideich, shladaich, neosgiobalta le brogan èille 's le gùn drògaid agus a falt mu 'cluasan, 'us gun smid 'bheurla 'n a ceann; cha robh i ach mu leth dusan bliadhna anns a' Ghalldachd 'n uair a thill i dhachaidh

cho riomhach loinneil ri ban-tighearna, le a boineidean iteach ribineach, le 'dèiseachan sìoda, le a botainnean tana bioroch lannireach ard-shaileach, agus, na'm faodte a mathair a chreidsinn, le d'orlach de 'n òr 'na sporan a bharr' air na bha mu' muineal agus 'na cluasibh dheth. An deigh do Ruairidh Eoghain an tàilleireachd ionnsachadh o 'athair, thug e Glaschu air; aig ceann bliadhna no dha, thug e cuairt air ais a dh' fhaicinn a chairdean, le a dheiseachan briagha dethaghadh nan clò Sasunnach, le 'bhata cuile agus ceann airgid air 'n a laimh, agus sgailean sìoda fo 'achlais, le uaireadair airgid air slabhruidh òir, le 'fhaineachaibh agus le 'sheudaibh cosdail—co a theireadh nach be latha an àigh dhasan, an latha a dh' fhag e a dhuthaich. Rinn cuairt Ruairidh a leithid de fharum 'san sgìreachd 's gun robh Donncha nan oran air a ghluasad gu bhi luaidh a chliu ann an ranntachd dheth nach eil air air cuimhne aig an àm ach an rann a leanas—

“Ged a chaidh do phàrantan,
Arach air an Leth'r Mhuileach,
Cha 'n ith thu buntàta,
Cha 'n aill leat ach aran cruinneachd.”

Cho luath 's a dh' fhag Domhnall, mac Lachainn an Tuim, an sgoil, chaidh e do Ghlaschu. Bha e 'na dheagh sgoileir, a's fhuair e a bhi 'n a ghille-bùthainn, agus o cheum gu ceum chuir e suas buth mhor eireachdail air a laimh fhéin. Ri h-uine, chaidh a mhathair g'a fhaicinn. An deigh dhi tilleadh dhachaidh, co a thainig 'san rathad ach “Cailleadh nan uibhean,” gu bhi 'faotainn naigheachdan Ghlaschu. Aig deireadh a chonaltraidh, dh' fheadraich i cia mar a bha Domhnall—“Is cinnteach” ars' ise, “gum bheil e 'nis 'na dhuine mor, beartach.” “Tha gun teagamh,” arsa 'mhathair,—“tha pailteas agus urram aige—chan eil fios agam an creid thu mi, ach tha Domhnall 'n a *Sheanaileir*!” “A Sheonaid! a Sheonaid! tog dheth do bhòilich, co a chreideadh e?” —“Mata,

mur creid thu mise; an ath uair a theid thu fein do Ghlaschu, rach a sìos Margadh an t-sallain agus chi thu 'ainm agus a shloinneadh ann an litricibh òir os ceann ard-dhorus a bhùth—*"Donald MacKinnon General Grocer"*—Tha Domhnall na *Sheanaileir* air na *Grocairean* cho cinnteach 'sa tha mise 'ga innseadh dhuit,"

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

MUILLEACH.

NA SITHICHEAN.

Re mòran ùine, bha'n amaideachd a b' fhaoine air a creidsinn, feadh Gall-dachd agus Gaidhealtachd, mu thimchioll nan daoine Sìthe. Do réir na h-eachdraidh thàinig a nuas d'ar n-ionnsuidh, anns na sgeulachdaibh spleadhach a bha air an aithris umpa air feadh na dùthcha, bha iad nan creutairibh neo-shaoghalta, guanach, eutrom, doléirsinn do shùilbha dhaoine, ach 'n uair bu toil leo féin e, a' sìor ghluasad air an ais agus air an aghaidh, a làthair anns gach cuideachd, agus a mach air gach cò-dhail. Bha aca so, ma b'fhior, an còmhnuidh ann an uamhaibh fada fo thalamh, ann an uaigneas ghleann, agus fo gach tolmán uaine. Chuireadh as an leith, gu'n robh iad a' sealbhachadh àrd-shubhachas 'nan tallachaibh riombach fo thalamh; gu'n robh aca cuirm shuillbhearra air àmaibh àraidh, le ceòl bu bhinne na aon ni chualas air thalamh; agus gun robh am maighdeanan ni b'aillidh' na uile òighean an t-saoghail so, iad do ghnàth ri aighear agus ri dannsa, gun sgios gun airsneul; ach 'na dhéigh so gu léir, gu'n robh sìor-fharmad aca ri muinntir an t-saoghail so: a h-uile togradh aca gu brìgh gach solais a dheothal uatha, agus domblas a thilgeadh anns gach deòch a bu mhìlse. Anns na linnibh dorcha chaidh seachad, bha gach bàs obann, gach sgiorrachd, agus dosguinn, air a chur as an leith; goid naoidheana, agus gnàthachadh ioma druidheachd, nach

fiach aithris. Mar bha anns gach dùthaich san àm sin daoine cuilbheartach seòlta, a bha mealladh na muinntir shocharach le'n gisreagaibh faoine, 'sann, ma b' fhior, o'n leannanaibh sìth a thàrmaich iad an t-eòlas a bha iad a' gabhail os làimh a bhi aca.

Ged a chaidh an saobh-chràbhachd so, agus iomadh amaideachd eile de'n t-seòrsa so air chùl, ann an tommas mòr feadh na Gaidhealtachd, agus ged a tha 'n t-iarmad dena thalàthair a' teicheadh roimh ghathan dealrach an t-Soisgeil, mar a sgaoileas ceò na h-oidhe roimh éirigh na gréine, is iomchuidh an ni, gu'm biodh fios aig daoineibh cionnus a thòisich an fhaoineachd amaideach sin. Chithear so ann an eachdraidh na dùthcha.

O chionn da-cheud-deug bliadhna agus còrr, chaidh creidimh nan Druidh a thilgeadh gu tur bun os ceann. Bha geur-leanmhuinn ghuineachair a dheanamh orrasan a ghnàthaich e. Bha iad air am fògradh o ionadaibh còmhnuidh dhaoine; agus air an co-éigneachadh gu tèaruinteachd iarraidh ann an glinn uaigneach, agus ann an uamhaibh ùdluidh nan creag, far am faigheadh iad an creidimh a ghnàthachadh, gu foighidneach ann an dòchas gu'm faigheadh iad saorsa uair no uair-eigin o'n chruaidh-chàs o'n robh iad a' fulang. Bha na Lochlannaich 'san àm sin, ag aideachadh creidimh nan Druidh, agus fhuair mòran de na chaidh fhògradh as an dùthaich so dìon agus fàsghadh uatha. Bhrosnuich iad so na Lochlannaich gu éiridh as an leith; agus tha eachdraidh na dùthcha 'g innseadh dhuinn, gur iomad oidheirp a thug iad, linn an déigh linn, aicheamhail a thoirt a mach as an leith. 'S ann 'n an aobhar-san a thàinig iad 'n an cabhluichibh a thoirt sgrios le teine agus claidheamh air gach àite 'san robh eaglaisean an t-Soisgeil no tighean Mhanach air an suidheachadh. Fad na linn sin, bha mòran de na sagartaibh Druidheachd san tìr so, aig an robh còmhnuidh, mar chaidh a

ràdh, anns gach doire, agus anns gach fasach uaigneach. Chum an àireamh a chumail suas bu ghnàth leò mnathau agus clann a ghoid air falbh, agus gach cothrom a bha 'n an comas a ghabhail, chum an uireasbhuidh a dheanamh suas mar a b' fhéarr a dh'fheudadh iad. Bha iad innleachdach, seòlta, am feadh 'sa bha muinntir na dùthcha aineolach, dall; thug iad, mar so, air an t-sluagh achreidsinn gu'n robh aca fiosrachadh os ceann nàduir, agus o'n àm sin, thòisich eachdraidh nan daoine sith. So ainm a bhuineadh gu h-àraidh do shagartaibh nan Druidh. B'é ngnothuch-san reachd-an a shocrachadh, agus sith na dùthcha a chumail suas. Chùm iad am mòid air tulachaibh uaine, air cuirn liatha, agus air beanntaibh àrda; agus, an lorg so, tha mòran de na h-àitibh air an ainmeachadh gus an là 'n diugh, Dùn-sith, Carn-sith, Sith-bhruth, agus iomad ainm eile de'n t-seòrsa sin.

An déigh do na Druidhibh so bhi air an cur fodha, smuainich daoin' aineolach, o'n eagal a bh' aca rompa, gu'n robh iad fathast air mhodh neo-shaogh-alta a chòmhnuidh's na h-ionadaibh sin. A thaobh na cumbachd a bh' air a chur as leth nan daoine sith, bha e air 'ainmeachadh, druidheachd a' dearbhadh dhuinn gur ann mar chaidh a ràdh a thòisich an eachdraidh amaideach sin. Tha e gu h-àraid air innseadh mu'n timchioll, gu'n robh àmanna sònruichte ann, anns nach robh e sona teachd an gar d'an sith-bhruth, gu h-àraid air oidhche Shamhnadh agus Bhealltuinn. 'S ann gun teagamh o chleachdadh nan Druidh a thàinig so a nuas; oir b' iad so an dà chuirn mhòr aca-san: agus is dùgh dhuinn a smuaineachadh, gun oidheirpicheadh iad daoin' a chumail air falbh an àm nan cò-dhailean sin, fhad 'sa bha iad féin a' cleachdadh nan deas-ghnath sin. Agus o nach b' urrainn doibh sin a dheanamh as eugmhais teine's e so a thug a nuas a' bharrail gu bheil teiner' a' fhaicinn air nasith-bhruthaibh sin, air co-ainm nan àm sin. Mar so

chithear cionus a thòisich eachdraidh nan daoine sith, d'an robh cho liuthad aon a' toirt creideas, gus o chionn ghoirid, ann an iomad cearna de'n rioghachd.—*Leabhar nan Cnoc.*

—o—

TALADH NA BEAN SHITH.

Tha e air aithris o cheann iomadh linn air ais gun d'thàinig a' bhean shith am beul an annoich gu Lùchairt Mhic Leòid Dhunbheag-in, 's an Eilein Sgiathanach, agus gu'n ghabh i staigh troimh gach doras agus seòmar gus an d'ràinig i an t-ionad 's an robh an t-oighe 'n a chadal, 's e 'n a naoidhean òg. Thog i air a glùn e's sheinn i le guth binn leadarra an tàladh neo-chum; anta 'leanas; an sin chàraich i an leanabh anns a' chreathail far an d'fhuair i e, agus le 'h-earradh fada uaine 's le 'h-aogas neo-shaoghailta, gun fhocal á 'beul, no sealladh o' sùil, thog i mach ris an aonach a ghabhail a h-àite 'an talla a' chiùil agus nam feadh am measg luchd àiteachaidh nan cnoc.

'S e mo leanabh mingileiseach, maingileis-each,

Bualadh nan each, glac nan lùireach,
Nan each crùidheach 's nan each spagach,
Mo leanabh beag.

'S truagh nach faicinn féin do bhuaille
Gu h-àrd ard air uachdar sléibhe,
Còta caol caiteanach uaine,
Mu d' dhà ghuallainn ghil a's leine,
Mo leanabh beag.

'S truagh nach faicinn féin do sheisreach,
Fir na deidh mna-caoimheil a' tighinn
dachaidh,

'S na catanaich a' cur sil.

O mhile bhog, o mhile bhog;
Mo bhrù a rug, mo chloch a shluig,
Mo ghluin a thog.

M' ultach iudhair, sultmhor, reamhar,
Mo luachair bhog,
M' fheòil a's m' uidhean, a ni bruidhinn,
Bha thu fo mo chrìos an uiridh, lus an toraidh,

Bidh tu 'm bliadhna gu geal guanach
Air mo ghuallainn feadh a' bhaile,
Mo leanabh beag.

O bhireinn o bhò, na cluinneam do leòn,
O bhireinn o bhò, gu'm bioraich do shron,
O bhireinn o bhò, gu'n liath thu air chòir.

O bhireinn o bhinn thu, cha 'n ann a
 Chlann Choinnich thu,
 O bhireinn o bhinn thu, cha 'n ann a
 Chlann Chuinn thu,
 O bhireinn o bhinn thu, slol a's dòch' linn
 thu,—
 Slol nan Leòdach nan lann 's nan luireach,—
 B'e Lochlainn dùthchas do shinnsir.

N. M'L.

Dun-eidin, }
 Deireadh an Fhoghair, 1872 }

DOCTUIR CEITIN

CECENT AG CUR SLAN CHUM NA H-EIREANN,
 AGUS E SA MBREATAINN.

Beannachd leat a sgrìbhinn
 Gu Innis aoibhinn Ealga.
 Truagh nach leir dhomh a beanna,
 Le gnàth a teanga dearga.
 Slàn da h-uaislean is da h-oireachd,
 Slàn go roibheachd da cléarcuibh;
 Slàn da bannrachduibh caoine,
 Slàn da saoitibh le h-eigse.
 Slàn da maghaibh mine,
 Slàn fa mhile da cnocaibh;
 Mo chean do 'n te ata innte.
 Slàn da linnitibh 's da lochaibh.
 Slàn da coilltibh fa thorthuibh,
 Slàn da corthuibh iasgaidh;
 Slàn da mòintibh 's da banntaibh,
 Slàn da rathuibh 's da riasgaidh.
 Slàn om' chroidhe da cranntaibh,
 Slàn fòs da tuarthaibh troma.
 Soruidh da tulchuibh aonaiche;
 Slàn uaim da craobhaibh croma.
 Ge gnàth a fòirne fraochda,
 An Innis naomha neamhbhochd,
 'S iar tair trom (?) chladh na dìlìonn,
 Beir a sgrìbhinn mo bheannachd.

ABRACH.

COMUNN GAIDHEALACH LUNNAIN.

1784.

USAIL CHEANALTA,

Ma shaoileas tu gu 'm freagair seo, 's a'
 mhàileid, 's e do làn di-beatha dha. Cha 'n
 'eil ann ach sgeòd a thug mi, a chion ath-
 arrachaidh, a m' "Bhalg-Tionail." Na 'm
 biodh annas agam gheobhadh tu e; ach co-
 dhù, "Is naidheachd ùr do 'n fhear nach
 cual e."—Lean do bhuille—is math do
 thriall.

Air an ochdamh latha diag de Dheireadh
 an Fhoghair, 1784, choinnich an comunn seo
 ann an Dun-eidin, an làthair mòran bhain-

tighearnan agus dhaoine-uaisle, a chur
 diachainn air bàird 's air plobairean; agus a
 thoirt dhuaisean dhoibhsan a b' fhearr a
 thoilleadh iad.

Chaidh sia diag de rogha nam plobairean
 a dh' fhiachainn a chèile, agus cead aig
 gach fear dhiubh a rogha puirt a chluith.
 An dèigh do gach fear a chuairt fhéin a
 chluith, thugadh air fear an dèigh fir dhiubh
 "A' Ghlas-Mhiar" a chluith. Is e seo ceòll
 mòr cho briagha 's a th' ann, thathas an
 beachd. Chuireadh mu choinneamh nam
 bàrd òran-molaidh a dheanamh do 'n Ghàil-
 ig, do 'n Phlob, agus do 'n Deise-Ghàidh-
 ealaich. Chluith na plobairean 's an rian a
 leanas:

Na Puirt.

Na Plobairean.

1. Moladh-Màiri—Dòmhnall Iasgair á Braid-Albainn.
2. Cumhachd an aon Mhic—Gilleasbuig Mac Griogair á Feartaighill.
3. Plobaireachd Dhòmhnauill Duibh—Iain Mac Griogair á Gleann Lìobhunn.
4. A' Ghlas-Mhiar—Iain Cuimeineach, plobaire Thighearna Ghrannnda.
5. Sliabh an t-Siorra—Rob Mac Aoidh á Dùthaich Mhic Aoidh.
6. Ceann na Drochaide mòire—Iain Mac Griogair á Feartaighill.
7. Spaidsearachd Mhic Mhic Ailein—Iain (og) Mac Griogair á Feartaighill—aon bhliadhna diag a dh-aois!
8. —Dòmhnall Guimhneach, plobaire Shir Iain, am Peighinn-na-cubhaig.
9. Fàilt' a' Phrionnsa—Aonghus Ros, fear de thuathanaich Mhic an Tòisich.
10. Cumhachd an aon Mhic—Seumas Munro, plobaire 'Chanongate.
11. Fàilt' a' Mharcuis—Dòmhnall Mac a' Chanonaich, á Paisley.
12. Ceann na Drochaide Bige—Dòmhnall Ros, plobaire Dhiuc Atholl.
13. A Cholla mo rùin—Dùghall Dùghallach á Latharna.
14. Sùghan agus Lagan—Alastair Mac Laomainn, plobaire Mhic Laomainn.
15. Fàilte Shir Seumas—Cailean Mac-an-Aba, plobaire Mhic-an-Aba.
16. Spaidsearachd Mhic Mhic Ailein—Donnachadh Mac na Ceàirde á Monteath.

An uair a sguir na plobairean thòisich na bàird—Donnachadh Bàn agus an Caimbeulach. Seo mar a thuir Donnachadh Bàn 'se 'tòiseachadh:

Innsidh mi sgeul àraid duibh,
 Air Cànan 'us air Ceòl.

Rogha na deas Ghàidhlig,
'S i 's fearr a dh' innse sgeòil;
A' chainnt a's lionmhor pàirtean,
'S a's mìlse mànan beòil;
Gu freagrach deas labhrach,
'S i àrd chuisseach gu leòir, &c.

An sin thug na plobairean an t-ùrlar orra.
Thaitinn iad cho math ris na h-uaislean
's gun do chuir iad romhpa duaiscean-dannsa
'thoirt seachad aig an ath choinnimh.

An àm tòiseachaidh, chluith Iain Mac
Artair cuairt air a' phìob, agus cuairt eile
an àm sgar. B' esan plobaire Comunn
Gàidhealach Dhùn-eidin, agus an t-aon mu
dheireadh de dh' fhoghlumaich Mhic-
Chrùimein! B' ann an earbsa ris-san, agus
ri uasal eile de'n chomunn chiadna—Dòmhn-
ull Dòmhnallach—a bha riaghladh na
Coinnimh.

B' i' chiad dhuais ПЛОВ-МЁР bhannach,
airgeadach, ùr, a rinneadh le fear de Chlann-
Donnachaidh, agus dà fhichead marg.
Thugadh an duais so, 's bu gheal an airidh
oirre e, do dh' Iain Mac Griogair a' Feart-
aighill. Dh' ionnsaich e 'phlobaireachd do
dhà-fhichead Gàidheal; bha a' cheathrar
bhràithrean 'n am plobairean; a's b'e an athair
fhéin a b' oid'-ionnsachaidh dhaibh agus do
cheithir fichead plobaire 'us deich a bharr-
achd!

B'e Dòmhnall Iasgair a choisinn an dara
duais—duais-chùinnidh; agus thugadh an
treas duais do Dhùghall Dùghallach a
Latharna.

Chruinnicheadh mòran airgid aig an dorus,
agus riarachadh e air na plobairean eile a
phaidheadh an costuis bho'n taigh 'us
dhachaidh.

ABRACH.

BEANNACHADH LEANNAIN, Leis an Urramach A. STIUBHAIRT, 'AM BUN-LOCHBAR.

Beannaich a Dhia mo leannan gaoil,
Is àille dreach 's as eutrom ceum,
Beannaich i an tùs a h-òige,
A's dion an òigh d'an tug mi spéis!
Beannaich a dà shuil dhonn bhoidheach
'Rinn mo chridhe 'leòn air tùs,
A cùl dubh, bachallach, cuachach,
Dà chaol mhala 's gruaidh mo ruin:
Beannaich a h-uchd 'sa broilleach fìor-gheal,
Air an àille sìoda 's sròl,
A gairdean réidh 'sa caol-mheòir ealamh
Air gach inneal 's am bi ceòl,
Beannaich a calpa cruinn 's a caol,

'Siubhal eutrom gun bhi fann,
Ceum nach froiseadh dealt 'arr feoirnein,
Finnealt' seolt' air urlar danns';
'Athair, 'Mhic, 'sa Spioraid Naoimh!
An Co-Dhia 'an Aon is àirde glòir,
Beannaich an rìbhinn òg 'na còm
O mhullach 'cinn gu bonn a bròig!
Beannaich gach deadh bheus a's buaidh
Anns an d' fhuair i urram mòr,
Bàigheil, banail, bandaidh, ciallach,
Chridhe farsuinn, fialaidh còir:
Ann an neochiontachd a h-òige,
Ann am bòicheadas a gnùis,
'Na maighdinn, 'na mnaoi-phosd 's na
màthair,
Beannaich gu bràth i 'Rìgh nan Dùl!
Beannaich ar mòr ghaol d'a chéile,
Dean e seasmhach, stéidhte, buan,
Greas an t-àm 's an toir i làmh dhomh,
'San goir mi bean mo ghràidh ri m' luaidh.

ABHUINN DU'LAIS.

AIR FOMN:—"Coirecheathaich."

Abhainn Du'lais a' ruith gu sìubhlach,
'S a' cur na smàid d'i le bùireadh garg'
Lochain dhù-ghorm 'cur neart as ùr innt',
Is sruthain ùiseil 'ga dùsg' am fearg.
Le torman tìrsach feadh ghilac a's lùban,
I 'toirt dùlan do dh'uille garbh,
Feadh chlach a's chùiltean a's chreag gu
sùrdail,
Gun bhoinne cùraim, 'sa sùil ri fairg'.
Tha 'm barrach dù-ghorm a' cinntinn dlù
dhuith
'Sa bharr air lùbadh guciùn mu d'bhruaich,
A' toirt dhuith ùmhlaich is thu mar dhrùchd
dha,
Gach la 'ga ùrach' 's ga chumail suas,
Sruth a' dùrdail a staigh troimh' 'n uire,
Gu bun nam fùran 'g an dùsg o'n suain,
Toirt culaidh ùr dhoibh rinn geamhradh
thòirt dhiubh,
A's fàile cubhraidh 'cur fàilt air 'snuadh.
Se 'n sealladh éibhinn ri latha gréine,
Faileas chraobhan an grunn do linn,
'Toirt fàilte spèiseil le gràdh d'a chéile
An sgàil 's na geugan le caidreamh grunn,
'S gu'n saoleadh ceudan gun tùigs' gun
reusan,
Gur anns na speuraibh bha stéidh am buinn;
Bric a' leum riu le briogadh eutrom,
'San itinn geura a' reubadh tuinn.
'S lionmhor seòrsa le mian bhi pòsd' riut,
Luibh a's sòbhrach gad chòir 's gach tom;

Doire neòinean mu d' bhruaich 'ga còmh-
dach,
Is cuairteag òir mar ghòir 'na com.
Rosg dhùbhailt gu da'ngan dlù orra,
Breac-gheal ùrar 'stu fìur gach fonn;
'S gach maduinn chiuighil bi brat de 'n
druchd orra,
Ia sruthain chùbhraidh a' sùth' fo bonn.

Bi eòin an t' sléibhe air maduinn cheitein
'Nan sreath air gheugaibh a' gleusadh teann;
An òigridh g' eisdeachd ri ceòl an teudan,
An cridh a' leum annta an déigh gach rann,
Gu fourmeil speiseil le colg ag eiridh,
'S am borbhan féin ac' le 'n rè ghuth fann;
Claisdeachd gheur ac' 's an astar 's leir
dhaibh,
Gun airc gun éigin na 'n éid air chrann.

Ni 'n smeòrach eiridh gu barr 'na gèige,
'S an uiseag tearnaidh o'n speur 'n a deann,
Le 'n caismeachd cheutach o ghrunnd an
cléibhe,

Is athrach agent aca 'bhos a's thall;
Mactalla shléibhteann 'toirt freagrach geur
dhoibh,
A' ruith 'sa' leumnaich o ghleann gu gleann
Be an t' aighear éibhnis a bhí 'g an éisd-
eachd

Co-sheirm le chéile 's gun deud na'n ceann.
Bi choill air ghluasad le ceòl neo-thruaillidh,
Fuaim a' chanail bu luaineach ceann,
Tighinn deas a's tuath oirn feadh eas a's
bhruachan,

Feadh phreas a's uain-chrainn gun ghruaim
gun ghreann,
Gun smal gun smuaisean a' gearradh
dhuanaig,

'S car mu'n cuairt ac' gun duais gun gheall,
Cha treabh 's cha rùmhr' iad, cha chuir
's cha bhuain iad,

'S iad soitheamh suaire na'n uaisle ghrinn.
PADRUG MAC-AN-ROTHAICH.

ORAN.

Comhairle 'bheirinn fhìn
Air gach *buitchealair* 's an tìr
Gun iad bhí 'tarruing mòran tìr,
Mu'n dean iad dimeas air a' phòig.

Gaol an ainneir a dh' fhàs ciùin,
Ribhinn ghasda nan ceum dlùth,
Geug nam meangan nach gabh lùb,
'S i mo rùnsa mhaighdeanu òg.

Thug mi greis 'am barail fhaoim,
'An dùil nach laidheadh ormsa 'n aois;

Smaoinich mi gu 'n deanainn saoir,
'S shaoileadh iad gu 'm bithinn òg.
Gaol an ainneir, &c.

Ged bhiodh agam cupal chiad,
Crodh a's caoirich air an t-sliabh,
'N uair 'dh' fhàsas an fhiasag liath,
Cha d' thoir na h-ionagan domh pòg.
Gaol an ainneir, &c.

Smaoinich mi gu 'n robh an t-àm
Dol do 'n choill, 's cha b' aithreach leam,
Spion mi meangan as a bonn,
Bha fiamh nan crann air bàrr gach m eòir
Gaol an ainneir, &c.

Fhuair mi thu le toil na cléir,
Toil do chàirdean 's do thoil fhéin;
Is thug mi gealladh dhuit da rèir,
Nach deanainn eucòir ort le m' dhèoin.
Gaol an ainneir, &c.
D. C.

OIDHCHE AIR CHEILIDH.

A Ghàidheil Rùnaich,

Is taitneach leam fhaicinn o àm gu àm,
an oidheip dhiongholta tha thu a' toirt
air nithibh Gàidhealach a chumail suas mar
bu chòir dhoibh a bhí; agus si m' ùrnuigh
gu'm bidh "AN GAIDHEAL" fada beò. Tha
dh'chas agam gu'm bidh àireamh dheth,
gach mìos, air a liubhairt leis a' phost anns
gach ceann de 'n dùthaich 's am bheil
Gàidheal a' chòmhnuidh. Gun teagamh,
cha bhí mòran dhiubh anns na bailtibh
mòra, nach ceannaich e cho luath is a thig
e mach. Tha mi 'cluinninn mòran 'g a
mholadh 'sa' bhaile seo féin, agus is cinnteach
mi, ri beagan ùine, nach bi mòran Ghàidh-
eal idir ann as eug'ais. Gu fìor, tha feum
air a leithid air son na Gàidheil a bhros-
nachadh gu tlachd a ghabhail air a' Ghàilig
ionnsachadh; gnothuch leis an do leag iad
cadal o cheann iomadh bliadhna. Is éigin
dhomh féin aideachadh nach l'urraim
dhomh idir a' Ghàilig a leughadh ro mhath-
an uair a thòisich "AN GAIDHEAL" air tigh-
inn a mach; ach thòisich mi air a rannsach-
adh gach mìos, agus theid agam a nis air a
leughadh gu tlachdmhor.

Is taitneach leam a nis innseadh dhuit
cuid de chracaireachd a thachair mu gnoth-
aichibh mar seo, aon oidhche a thuit dhomh
a bhí air chéilidh 'an taigh Gàidheal cho
fìor 's a tha 'sa' bhaile mhòr seo air fad. Ged
tha 'n duine eòir gu math os ceann leth-
cheud bliadhna 'dh-aois, is tric le gilleann òga

bhi taghal 'na thaigh. Bha e féin a's mise, air an oidhe seo, 'n ar suidhe aig an uinneig ag amharc a mach air an t-slough a' bha 'dol a's a' tighinn air an t-sràid. Bha sinn a' bruidhinn air "A' GAIDHEAL," 'nuair a thàinig a steach do'n t-seòmar, trìuir ghillean Gàidhealach, air an robh sinn le chèile gle eòlach.

"Deanaibh suidhe," arsa fear-an-taighe. "Gun teagamh," ar's esan, (a leantainn air a sheanachas air dhoibh suidhe) "cuiridh 'AN GAIDHEAL' gu gluasad sinn air fad a chum tlachd a ghabhail de 'n Ghàilig, nach robh againn oirre le chaochail esan aig an robh gràdh cho mòr dhi." "Co esan a tha thu a' ciallachadh?" thuirt mi féin. "Co ach 'Caraid nan Gàidheal,' ar's esan. "Cha 'n eagal nach cuir," arsa Somhairle Sgiathanach, "is tha feum air. Cha robh a' Ghàilig riagh cho mòr air di-chuimhne 's a tha i aig an àin seo." "Is mòr mo bheachd sa," thuirt Eòghan Mòr, "gu'm faic sinn gu'm bi i fathast air a labhairt, 's air a teagasg, anns gach àit. Tha na daoine is luachmhoire 's an rìoghachd a nis ag éiridh suas air a taobh, a chum 's gu'm bi i air a teagasg 'an oilleamhaid Dhun-éidin, 'an taighean-sgoile na Gàidhealtachd, 's anns na bailtean-mòra." "Cha d' thig an là sin am fead," thuirt Seumas Bàn, "ged nach biodh 'ga dìbeart ach na Gàidheil féin, le 'n spòrsalachd. Na dearg amadain! 's iadsan na mortairean is miosa ta aice. Cha leag an stràic leò aideachadh gu'n urrainn dhoibh a bruidhinn, is cinnteach mi nach 'eil a' bheurla aca-ach glè shuarach 'an éisdeachd nan Gall. Bu chòir teann-ghreim a dheanamh air sgòrnan gach aon de 'n t-seòrsa seo, a's e thoirt orra mar thug an t-Arranach air a' bhalach bheag a shluig an t-sè-sgillinn." "Tha thu geur a nochd, a Sheumais," arsa Somhairle. "Chi mi gu'm bheil an deise-ghoirid féin a nis co bitheanta ri fhaicinn air pearsa nan Gall, is a tha i air druim a' Ghàidheil a bu chòir a caitheamh," "Tha na Gaoill, da rìreadh, air ioma dòigh, a' toirt leasan dhuinn 'bu chòir nàire mhòr a chur oirnn." "Ciod is ciall do ghnòthaichean a bhì mar sin?" thuirt mi féin. "'S e is ciall dhoibh," arsa fear-an-taighe, "di-chuimhne a thàinig air na maighistirean-sgoile Gàidhealach, a' Ghàilig ionnsachadh do chlàna na dùthcha, ri a sgrìobhadh a's a leughadh cho math ri Beurla—di-chuimhne a thàinig air a' chloinn sin a ris, 's a' bhaile mhòr, an gnothach a chàradh, le iad féin ionnsachadh innte mar bu chòir

dhoibh.—di-chuimhne air an t-sean-fhocal, 'clanna nan Gàidheal ri guailibh a' chéile.' 'C'arson' (lean an duine eòir, le 'nodann a' lasadh a suas) 'c'arson nach 'eil iad a' cruinneachodh gach geamhradh, aon oidhe 's an t-seachdainn, agus iad féin a theag-asg 's a' Ghàilig gu ceart. Is iomadh oidhe chridheil, shunndach, a dh-fhoadadh iad a chur seachad mar seo. Tha iad lionmhor gu leòir, is cha bhì an costas mòr 'n am measg." "Air m'onair," arsa Eòghan Mòr, "'s tu féin a tha 'tuigsinn a' ghnòthuch gu ceart. Is tric a smaointich mi air a leithid. Ma sheasas sinne gu dileas r'a chéile, faodaidh sinn fathasd coinneachadh mar bhràithrean." "Tha thu ceart, Eòghainn, ach chuala mi seanachas mar seo tuilleadh a's aon uair a nis; ach co againn a chuireas a' ni seo air aghart?" arsa Seumas Bàn. "Cha 'n 'eil e cho duilich r'a dheanadh a's a tha thu smuaineachadh, a Sheumais," arsa fear-an-taighe. "Tha e soilleir gu'm bheil a dhi oirnn tuilleadh na bhì a' coinneachadh aon uair 's a' bhliadhna. Is éigin dhuinn gluasad chum na Gàilig ionnsachadh 'd'a chéile anns a' cheud àit. Sibhse tha luath, làidir, òg, bithibh an greim gun dàil; cuiribh am traoch r'a theine a' meas ar luchd-dùthcha, a's chl sibh, an ùine ghoirid, gu'm bi aig na Gàidheil anns gach baile mòr Taigh-Coinnimh dhoibh féin, le leabhar-lann Gàidhealach a's gnothaichean mar sin." "Air mo shon féin," arsa Eòghan Mòr, "tha mi deas air son a leithid a chuideachadh air aghart, uair air bith, ach tha eagal orm nach gabh ar luchd dùthcha ris mar bu mhiann leam. Ciod e tha thu ag ràdh, a Shomhairle?" "Tha mise ag ràdh" arsa Somhairle, "ma tha sinn air fad 's an aon bheachd mu'n chùis, gar còir dhuinn dol ris gu grad, a's a chuir air aghart air dòigh a bheir air gach gille Gàidhealach toil-inntinn a ghabhail aon. 'N d' theid thu staigh le sin, a Sheumais Bhain?" "Theid mise staigh le ni air bith de a leithid; a's tha mi cinnteach gu'm bheil sinn air fad 's an aon bheachd." "Tha," arsa Fear-an-taighe; "agus a ris, their mise, bithibh an greim gu tapaich, na bitheadh eagal oirbh nach tionadaidh gach ni a mach gu réidh fadheòidh."

Ach gu earbull mo sgeòil. Mu'n do dheallaich sinn, chuir gach aon roimhe buille a bhuail aig son cànan air dùthcha mu'n rachadh mòran ùine seachad.

GILLE DUBH.

Griana'g, 9mh Mios, 1872.

LITIR A ONTARIO.

FHIR MO CHRIDHE,

Tha 'N GAIDHEAL a' tighin d'am ionnsaidh aon uair 'sa' mhios, gun dàil, tarsuing air a' chuan mhòr. Fhuair mi an seachdamh aireamh, agus tha mi 'am beachd gur h-e is taitniche dhe na chaidh a chlo-bhualadh, ged bha iad uile sàr-mhath.

Ma tha ar luchd-dùthcha dìleas, theid AN GAIDHEAL air aghart o mhios gu mìos gus am faighear e aig a h-uile cagailt Ghàidhealach ann an Canada lochdrach a's nachdrach, 's anns na h-eileanaibh cèin deas a's tuath, 'n iar, 'san ear, a' tabhairt sòlais a's toilinntinn do'r luchd-dùthcha ann an cul-chaoilltibh Chanada, a's anns gach cearnaidh eile dhe 'n t-saoghal.

Tha 'N GAIDHEAL a nis air a shuidheachadh ann am baile Ghlaschu, far am bheil mìltean dheth ar luchd-dùthcha. mòran diubh urramach na'n staid, beartach 'n am pòca, agus fòghluimichte anns na h-uile gliocas a's innleachd a tha ri'm faotainn anns na làithibh seo. An do chaill iad an dùthchas, no an do leag iad air dì-chuimhne cainnt am màthraichean no gnìomharaibh an sinnsirean? Tha fios math againn nach 'eil a' chùis mar sin. Tha fios againn gu'm bheil iomadh Comunn Gàidhealach air a stéidheadh anns a' bhaile, air son cainnt, eachdraidh, a's bàrdachd an sinnsirean a chumail air chuimhne. Nach faod sinn a réisid 'bhi cinnteach gu'n cuir iad fàilt air A' GHÀIDHEAL.

Ma tha fear-dùthcha an Glaschu a tha air a thachdadh le cainnt an t-Sasunnaich a's aig nach 'eil spéis do'n chànan a dh-ionnsaich e o' mhàthair, crochamaid e aig crois a' bhaile, mar eiseimplear do na h-uile balach eile, eadar Maol Chinntire agus taigh Iain Ghròt.

'Se mo rùn, anns an litir ghearr seo, cuir-eadh a thabhairt do mo luchd-dùthcha aig an taigh a thighinn gun dàil do Chanada, far am bheil pailteas de dh-fhearann, cosnadh aig na h-uile h-àm, a's tuarasdail sàr-mhath, ri'm faighinn. Na'm biodh fios aig ar luchd-dùthcha aig an taigh an deifir a tha eadar tuathanaich ann an siorramachdan Inbhirnis, Rois, a's Earra-Ghàidheil agus an càirdean ann an Canada, cha bhitheadh gille òg, no nighean òg, no teaghlach òg, nach imrichesdh air ball do'n dùthaich seo. Tha h-uile tuathanach ann an seo 'n a fhear-baile. Cha'n 'eil mál ri phàigheadh, oir a's leis féin am fearann a tha e ag àiteachadh. Tha aige pailteas de chrodh, de chaoraich,

de dh-eich, 's na h-uile nì eile a tha feumail dha. 'N uair a tha e 'dol bho 'n taigh cha choisich e; ach sann a tha e 'dol air muinn eich, no ann an carbad le dà each. Tha 'bhean cho rionnach ris a' Bhan-rìgh le sioda's sròl bho 'bonn gu 'ceann. Tha 'n teaghlach òg a' faotainn fòghlum ro mhath 's na sgoilean. B'fhearr leam a bhi 'n am uachdaran air leth cheud acair fhearainn 's an dùthaich seo, na 'bhi 'pàigheadh trì cheud punnd de mhàl aig an taigh. Mar eil creideas aig an tuathanach anns an Taigh-Mhalairt, aig an taigh, 'an ceann na bliadhna "theid an ceòl feadh na fìdhle"—no ann an cainnt eile, cha 'n urrainn e am mál a phàigheadh, 's feumaidh e falbh nì's bochda na thàinig e.

Ann an dòchas gu'n soirbhich "AN GAIDHEAL," a réir do thoilltineis, is mi, le mòr urram; do charaid,

IAIN MAC FHIONNLAIDH.

Elora, Ontario,
Dara Mìos an Fhogharailh, 1872. }

COSAMHLACHDAN.

I.

AM MADADH-ALLAIDH AGUS AN T-UAN.

Air latha bruthainneach, teth, thuit do mhadadh-allaidh agus do uan tighinn aig an aon àm a chasgadh am pathaidh a sruthan soilleir, glan a bha a' ruith gu bràs a nuas aodann beinne. Sheas am madadh-allaidh air àite ard, agus an t-uian astar math uaith, shios an sruth. Ach air do'n mhadadh-allaidh toil a bhi aige cur a mach air an uan, dh' fheoraich e dheth, dé bu chiall da 'bhi 'cur an uisge troimh-cheile agus 'ga fhagail cho salach nach b' urrainn dasan 'ol; agus aig a' cheart am a' tagradh diolaidh. Bha an t-uian bochd air chrith le eagal 'n uair a chual e bagraidhean a' mhadaidh-allaidh agus thubhairt e ris, am briathraibh cho ciuin 's a b' urrainn da, nach robh e comasach dhàsan a bhreathnachadh ciamar a ghabhadh sin a bhith; a chionn, an t-uisge a dh'ol e gur ann a ruith e nuas g'a ionnsuidh o'n mhadadh-allaidh, agus uime sin nach b' urrainn gun robh e air a chur troimh-cheile cho fada suas an sruth. "Bitheadh sin mar a thoillicheas e" arsa m' madadh-allaidh, "cha 'n 'eil annad ach an sloightire, agus chaidh innseadh dhomh gun robh thu 'g am chul-chaineadh o cheann mu thuairam leth-bhliadhna." "Air m' fhocal," arsa an t-uian, "bha an t-àm a dh' ainmich thu m'an do rugadh mise." An

uair a chunnaig am madadh-allaidh nach robh feum dha cathachadh n' a b' fhaide an aghaidh na firinn, chaidh e ann an corruich fhualthasach a' donnalaich agus cobhar m' a bheul mar gu 'm bitheadh e air a' chuthach, "A gharraich," ars' esan, agus e 'tighinn n' a bu dluithe air an uan, "mar tu féin 's e t-athair a bh' ann, agus is e an son chuid e." Le sin rug e air a' chreutair lag, neo-chiontach, bhochd agus shlaod e as a cheile na leopan e.

An Comhchur.

Tha an nì a tha air a chomharrachadh a mach anns a' chosamlachd so cho soilleir 's nach ruigte leas a bhi meudachadh fhocal uime. An uair a tha duine droch-nadurach, an-ìochdmhor, toileach aon a's isle na e féin, aon chuid ann an cumhachd no ann an cruadal, a mhi-bhuileachadh gar an d' thug e dha an t-aobhar a bu lugha air a shon, nach math a dh-fhaodar a choimeas ris a' mhadadh-allaidh aig an robh a nadur cho gionach, shanntach 's nach b' urrainn e cur suas le bhi 'faicinn neo-chiont a' tighinn beò ann am fois 'na choimhearsnachd. A dh-aon fhocal c'ait air bith am bheil droch dhaoine ann an cumhachd tha neo-chiont agus treibhdhreas cinnteach a bhi air an geur-leanmhuinn. Mar is miosa 'n sluagh 's ann is mo a tha aca de ghnùis air son an reachdan aingidh. Tha e ealadh gu leoir amharas a thoirt air duine e 'bhi a' gnathachadh onarachd ann an droch thimean; ach na 'm bitheadh de dhanadas aig neach air bith onarachd a mholadh 's dòcha gur ann a rachadh gach cionta agus droch-bheairt a chur as a leth; oir, seasamh a suas airson ceartais ann an riochachd a tha air clonadh uaipe is ionann e agus a bhi a' tabhairt achamsain do 'n luchd riaghlaidh, agus is bitheanta leis gur ann a bheir e 'nuas dioghaltas air ceann an fhir a dh' fheuchas ris. Far am bheil an-ìochd, gamh-las agus cumhachd laimh an laimh cha 'n 'eil nì is usadh dhoibh no leth-sgeul fhaotainn air son ain-tighearnas a dheanamh os ceann neo-chiontachd, agus gach uile ghne eucoir a chur an gnìomh.

"Theid neart thar ceart."

II.

NA LOSGANNAN AG IARRAIDH RIGH.

Ghairm na losgannan—agus iad a' caith-eadh am beatha ann an sìth agus saorsa air feadh nam boglach 's nan lochan—coinn-eamh chabhagach, aimhreiteach aon latha,

agus chuir iad a suas ath-chuinge a dh'ionnsaidh *Iupiter* air son gu'n d' thugadh e dhoibh rìgh a dh'ambairceadh as dèigh am beusan agus a bheireadh orra a bhi beagan n'a b'onaraiche 'nan cleachdainnibh. Thuit do *Iupiter* gu'n robh saod meadhonach math air 's an àm; ghàir e gu cridheil air iartus cho neònach agus thuir e, 's e tilgeil cabar fiodha anns an uisge, "So dhuibh, sin agaibh Rìgh!" Chuir an cabar a leithid de luasgan 's an uisge 's gu'n do ghabh na losgannan eagal cho mòr gu'n robh geilt orra tighinn g'a chòir. Ach an ceann beagan ùine, an uair a chunnaig iad e 'na laidhe gun char, ghabh iad de mhiseach dlùthachadh air a lion beag as beag gus m' a dheireadh an do leum iad a suas air, agus a' faicinn nach robh cùram doibh, ghnathaich iad an cabar le dh-meas mar a thogair iad. Cha robh iad idir toilichte le rìgh cho marbh-anta, agus chuir iad air falbh an teachdaircean a rithisd a dh' iarraidh air *Iupiter* fear air chor eigin eile 'thoirt doibh; oir am fear so 'cha d' thug iad urram dà 's cha mho 'b' urrainn doibh meas a chur air. An uair a chuala *Iupiter* so, chuir e corra-ghriodhach g' an ionnsaidh, a thòisich gu neo-ìochdmhor air am marbhadh 's air an itheadh aon an dèigh aon cho bras 's a b' urrainn di. Chuir iad an sin an guidhe-gu h-uigheach gu *Mercurius* a's fhuir iad gu'n deachaidh e a bbruithinn ri *Iupiter* as an leth, gu 'm bitheadh e cho math a's rìgh eile 'bhuileachadh orra, air neo an aiseag air an ais a dh'ionnsuidh na staid anns an robh iad o thoiseach. "Nì-eadh," ars' esan, "oir is e an roghain féin a bh' ann; bitheadh na biastan neo-thoilichte a' fulang a' pheanais a tha an gòraich a' toilltinn."

An Comhchur.

Tha *Phédrus* ag innseadh an àm anns an do labhair *Esop* an cosamlachd so. An uair a bha co-fhlaitheachd na h-Aithne a' soirbheachadh fo laghannaibh math agus fallain air an dealbh leotha féin, chuir iad a' leithid de earbsa ann an seasgairceadh an cor 's gu'n do leig iad le'n saorsa dol gu aneasarachd. Air do iorghuillean briseadh a mach 'n am measg ghabh *Pisistratus* an cothrom; ghlac e an àitean daighnich, agus rinn e e-féin 'n a nachdaran orra féin agus air an sochairean. An uair a mhothaich muinntir na h-Aithne gu'n robh iad ann an staid thràillidh ged a thachair do *Pisistratus* a bhi 'na nachdaran gle ìochdmhor cha chuireadh iad air chor sam bith a suas leis; uime sin, an uair nach robh dòigh

leasachaidh air a' chùis, rinn *Esop* leis a' chosamhlachd so an combairleachadh gu bhì foighidneach, agus thuirt e riu mu dheireadh, "Mo luchd dùthcha ionmhainn, bithibh toilichte le 'ur crannchur, dona 's mar tha e, gun fhios nach ann a dheanadh atharrachadh gnothaichean na 's miosa."

"*Mar a chaireas duine a leabaidh, 's ann a laidheas e.*"

Ead. le MAC-MHARCUS.

NAIDHEACHDAN.

Cha n'eil naidheachdan cudthromach sam bith againn ri 'n innseadh air a' mhios seo. Ach faodaidh sinn gearr-chunntas a thoirt air beagan de ghnòthachaibh na dùthcha.

Thainig Mac Thighearna Ghrannda gu 'aois air a' mhios a chaidh seachad; 's ma thàinig, cha-n ann gun fhuaim a chaidh an latha leigeil seachad. Bha Baile-nan-Grannach air a sgeadachadh leis gach ni a's àille 's urrainn sinn ainmeachadh; agus am measg na'n sgrìobhaidhean cha robh a' Ghailig air dhl-chuimhn', oir an àitean de'n bhàile bha na briathran seo: "Saoghal fada 's deadh bheatha do'n mhor-fhear òg," "Fàilte air an oighre," agus an còrr.—Bha muinntir Ghlinn-Urchaduinn cruinn aig an àm cheudna. 'Sgann gun robh beinn, cnoc, no tulach 's a' ghleann gun tein' a'ghir 'n a chaoir-lasair air am mullach. Gu h-àr-labh-rach, snasmhor, deas-bhriathrach, sheas Uilleam òg Mac-Aoidh, 's a' Bhlar-bheag (Rùnaire Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis) a dh'òl deoch-slàinte an oighre òig. Labhair Mac-Aoidh 's a' Ghailig, a's bha 'uirgheall na bu fhreagarraiche 's na bu mhaiseiche na mòran de'n *spleadhachas* fhada gun bhrìgh, a tha ro chumanta aig coinnimhean de'n t-seòrsa seo.

Thainig oighre òg Gàidhealach eile gu 'aois air a' mhios a chaidh seachad—Rossach Chromba. Mar a's cleachdach aig amàibh de'n t-seòrsa seo, bha na h-àrd-uaislean mu'n cuairt cruinn, aig deadh dhiothad. Bha mòran ri chantuinn, ach cho fad 's a's fìosrach sinne, cha robh idir a' leithid de choltas Gàidhealach air ni sam bith mu'n cuairt do'n chùis, 's a bh' air coinnimh Thighearna Ghrannda, 's a chuid iochdarain. Ann an deadh uirigheall beurla, dh-iarr Fear-Ghàthan deoch-slàinte an oighre òig òl—ni a chaidh a dheanamh le mòr aoibhneas. Anns na làithibh a dh-aom,

cha bhiodh coinneamh de'n t-seòrsa seo, aig nach biodh am bàrd a' seinn subhailcean nan òg agus a' luaidh air euchdan nan triath a dh'fhalbh, ach an diugh tha 'cheòl-raidh 'n a suainn, a' chlàrsach air gheugaibh seilich, agus mèilich, nan uan na's binne an cluasaibh an uachdarain na uile oirfeid nam filidh.

Tha sinn a' cluinntinn gu'm bheil eas gu rathad i ruinn a dheanamh tro Eilean-dubh na Tòisidheachd. Choinnich mu'n cuairt do dhà fhichead de dh-uachdarain a's uaislean eile na dùthcha, anns a' Chanonaich deireadh na miosa 'bhaidh seachad, gu an combhairle chur cuideachd, agus beachdan a chéile 'fhaotainn mu'n chùis. Bha fear Mac-an-Leisdeir 's a' chathair, a labhair gu pongail, agus a dh-iarr còmhnaidh o gach uachdarain mu'n cuairt. Gu sgeula goirid a dheanamh, mu'n do sgaol a' chuideachd, chaidh dlù air fichead mìle punnd Sasunnach a chruinneachadh (no gu h-àraid a gheallteinn).

Tha n'aimsir am bitheantas fiuch anns gach cearna. Tha'm bìrr a nise air a thional gu tearuinte ged bu mhòr an eagal a bh'air cuid nach rachadh a thional air a' bhliadhna seo le fìuichead na h-aimsir. Cha d'fhuair a' mhòine air a cruachadh fhathast ann am mòran àitean de'n Ghàidhealtachd; agus tha a mheud 's aig am bheil an comas gu dripeil a' togail giuthais, 'g a spealgadh, 'g a thoirt dachaidh, agus a luchdachadh nan spàrdan leis.

Bha cuid, aon uair, ann am mòr chreideas 's a' bheachd fhaoine, nach biodh duine anns na h-uile seadh 'na Ghàidheal, mar gabhadh e 'n daorach cho tric 's a gheobhadh e mac-na-bracha. Faodaidh ar luchd-leughaidh a thuigsinn gu'm bheil a' bheachd seo a' call greim 's a' Ghàidhealtachd 'n uair a dh-innseas sinn gu'n d' thug Mac-Mhurraidh, Mac-a'-Linnein agus *Elliot* àrd righladh nan "*Saor Theampalach*" (ann am Breitin 's an Eirinn) do phrìomh bhaile na Gàidhealtachd.

FREAGAIRTEAN.

Fhuair sinn an litir thaitneach agus na sgrìobhaidhean eile a chuir Iain Moireaston thugainn. Cuiridh sinn 's a' GAIDHEAL iad a lion cuid a's cuid. Mar a bha e 'g iarraidh, clò bhuailidh sinn bho am gu am sgrìobhaidhean às an TEACHDAIRE GAIDHEALACH, 's às a' CHUAIRTEAR.

Tha mòran litrichean againn gun am fhreagairt air a' mhios seo.

THE G A E L,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

NOVEMBER, 1872.

GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON.

In the study of Gaelic philology we must carefully guard against the danger of concluding that all words which resemble each other in form and meaning are cognates, for words derived from entirely different roots may closely resemble each other in both these respects. *Chunnairc* and *chunnaic*, for example, are nearly identical in form and have the same signification, but they are derived from different roots. *Chunnairc*, which frequently occurs in some of the older editions of the metrical psalms (see Ed. 1753, Pss. xxxvii. 35; cxix. 96, 158), is composed of the prefix *con* (= *co*, *com*, = Latin *con*) and *dearc* (*darc*), while *chunnaic* is composed of the same prefix and *faic* (O'Donovan's Gram. p. 223).

These words illustrate also the importance of a knowledge of the ancient forms of Gaelic words to enable us to determine their true etymology, and the words in other languages to which they have a real affinity. *Chunnairc* was in ancient Gaelic *condaire* (compare *adcondaire* = *ad con-daire* in Turin Glosses), which clearly points to the root *darc* (Sanskrit *dr̥c*) and to the Greek cognate *derkomai* (Di Nigra's Turin Glosses, p. 39, and O'Donovan's Gram. p. 223). *Chunnaic* was formerly written *chonnaic* (= *con-fo-ic*), which seems to point to a root *ic* cognate with *oc* in the Latin *oculus* (Ebrard's Handbuch der Mitt. Gal. Sp.).

It would be easy to give illustrations without number of fanciful etymo-

logies, based upon mere resemblance between words in sound without any regard to either their ancient forms or the laws of letter-change between Gaelic and its cognate languages, but the following will suffice at present:—

Flaitheanas (heaven).—*F'lath-innis* (isle of nobles or heroes) is given in the dictionaries as the etymology of this word. But the old form *flathemnas* (glory) shows that it has no connection whatever, etymologically, with the "island of the brave or noble, which was supposed to lie far distant in the Western Ocean," and which, we are told, formed the imaginary heaven of the ancient Gael, but that it is a mere derivative from *flaithem* (lord) as *breitheanas*, anciently *brethemnas* (Saint Patrick's Hymn), is a derivative from *breitheamh*, anciently *brithem*.

Ifirinn (hell).—This word has been sometimes derived from *ì bhròin* (the island of sorrow). In Armstrong's Dictionary and in Logan's Introduction to Mackenzie's Beauties of Gaelic Poetry, it is explained as *i-fuar-shuinn*, "the isle of the cold land or clime," and in support of this etymology we are told that the "Celtic hell was a cold dark region, abounding in numerous reptiles and wild beasts, especially wolves." The author of the History of the Early Scottish Church derives this word (p. 176) from *avermus*. But the laws of letter-change between Latin and Gaelic show that these etymologies are mere fancies, and that *ifirinn* (anciently *ifurnn*, gen. *ifirinn*) is a mere loan-word from *infernum*. *n* disappearing before *f* by rule (Zeuss' Gram. Celt. 2nd Ed. p. 42).

Oirdheirc (excellent).—This word is derived in the Highland Society's Dictionary from *òr* and *dearc*; but the old forms *airdirce*, *irdirce*, *erdirc*, show that the first syllable is not *òr* (gold), but the preposition *air*, which in composition appears also as *er* and *ir* (Zeuss' G. C. pp. 5, 868).

Inbhir (confluence).—We have seen various etymological explanations of this word, but none which we could regard as satisfactory. The old form was *Inber* (Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 74), which we regard as containing the prefix *in* and the root *ber*, which latter corresponds, as will be afterwards noticed, to the Greek *pher-ō* and the Latin *fer-o*. *Inbhir* is, therefore, cognate with *inferre*, one of the meanings of which is "to flow in or into."

Tighearna (lord).—Of this word we have seen several fanciful etymological explanations, of which by far the most plausible is that which is given in the Highland Society's Dictionary, and which connects it with the Gr. *turannos*. But the old name *Vortigern*, glossed by *architector*, shows that *g*, which disappears by aspiration from the modern pronunciation, is an organic letter, and points unmistakably to the Lat. *tego*, Ger. *dach*, and Gael. *teach*, *tigh*, as cognates (Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 104).

Closely connected with the evil now referred to, is another against which the student of Gaelic philology must carefully guard. We mean the tendency to draw sweeping inferences from instances of affinity, which are either too few or too doubtful to support general conclusions. Of this crude mode of philologising, the following examples of affinity by which, we observed some time ago, a lecturer on Gaelic philology sought to illustrate a general statement which he made to the effect that four-fifths of the Latin primitives may be traced to roots which are also common to the Celtic, may be taken as a fair specimen:—*Aro* and

àr, *areo* and *tart*, *aridus* and *tioram*, *aries* and *reithe*, *arista* and *dias*, *diast*, *arma* and *àrm*.

Ar and *aro* contain the same root *àr*, and are, therefore, closely related; but *tart* and *tioram* are related, not to *areo* and *aridus*, but to *torreo* and its cognates, Gr. *tersomai*, Ger. *durst*, Eng. *thirst*, Sanskrit *larsh*.

If the resemblance between *aries*, *arietis*, and *reithe* be sufficient to justify the inference that these words are cognates, then must we likewise conclude that *abies*, *abietis*, and *bethe* are cognates. But, unfortunately, *abies* is not the birch-tree (*bethe*), but the fir-tree (*giuthas*).

The lecturer seemed to feel that the resemblance between *arista* and *dias* is not such as to lead at once to the conclusion that these words are etymologically related, for he placed alongside of *dias* the form *diast*, which is used in some parts of the Highlands. But the *t* of *diast* is not organic, as may be seen by comparing *dorus* and *dorust*, *solus* and *solust*, *ris* and *rist*, *dithis* and *dithist*, *milis* and *milist*, *reubal* (*rebel*) and *reubalt*. Besides, *dias*, not *diast*, is the form which we find in ancient Gaelic (Zeuss' G. C., p. 623).

Arm is probably a loan-word, identical with the Latin *arma* (Ebel's Celtic Studies by Sullivan, p. 69).

These examples of false etymology show that, in order to pursue the study of Gaelic philology intelligently, we must know:—

1. The oldest existing forms of Gaelic words.

2. The laws of Gaelic derivation and composition, that we may be able to determine with some degree of certainty the constituent elements, and, consequently, the roots of the words of which the language is formed.

3. The laws of letter-change between Gaelic and its cognate languages.

What we have now stated will be further illustrated by the following

examples of genuine affinity traced between words, some of which have little or no resemblance to each other:—

1. *Foirfeach* (Presbyter, Presbyterian elder) and *Gr. phoneus* (murderer).

These words have no resemblance to each other either in form or in meaning, but they are, nevertheless, closely related. *Foirfeach* (literally, a perfect man) is derived from *foirfe* (perfect). But the ancient form of *foirfe* was *foirbhe*, which is compounded of the preposition *for*, *bi* from the root *be* (to cut), and the participial termination *the*. (Di Nigra's Turin Glosses, p. 39). The root *be*, also *ben*, is cognate with the Gr. root *phen*, from which are derived the Gr. aor. *epephnon* from the obsolete *phenō* (to slay); *phonos* (murder), and *phoneus* (murderer). Greek *ph* corresponds to Gaelic *b*. Compare *pherō* and *beir*, *phallos* and *ball*, *phullon* and *bile*.

From the root *be*, *ben* or *ban*, come *bana* (death, O'Reilly's Dict.), *bàs* (death, Zeuss' G. C., p. 787), *tobe* (cutting off; = *do-fo-be*, Zeuss' G. C. p. 883), *indibe* (circumcision; = *im-di-be*).

The corresponding Sanskrit root is *van* (Bopp's Sanskrit Glossary, p. 342).

2. *Gàir*, *gàire*, *gair* or *goir*, *toghairm*, *freagair*, *agair*, *foghur*, *cagar*, *tairngire*, *fogair*, Welsh *gair*, Gr. *gērūō*, Lat. *garrio*.

These words are from the root *gar*, which is common to Gaelic with the other cognate languages. Compare Sanskrit *gar* (to sound).

The relationship between *gàir* (shout), *gàire* (laughter), *gair* or *goir* (call), *gairm* (calling), and Gr. *gērūō* and Lat. *garrio*, is obvious. We may, however, notice that *gàir* and *gairm* have the same relationship to each other as the verb *gnīu* (facio), from the root *gen*, and *gnīm*, *gniomh*. (Zeuss' G. C., p. 770).

Agradh (anciently *acre* = *adgre*) = *ad-gaire*, where *ad* stands for *ath* or *aith*, a common prefix (Zeuss' G. C. pp. 869, 875). *Freagradh* (anciently *frecre*) =

frithgair (Zeuss' G. C. p. 875, and Di Nigra's T. G. p. 46). *Tagradh* (anciently *tacre*, *tacrae* in the Turin Glosses) = *do-ad-gaire*, where *ta* is formed out of the two prefixes *do* and *ad* (Di Nigra's T. G. p. 46). *Tairngire* (promise) = *do-air-con-gaire*, *tairn* containing the three prefixes *do*, *air*, and *con*. *Fogradh* (admonition) anciently *focre* = *fo-od-gaire*. *Irfocre* and *airocre* = *air-fo-od-gaire*. *Foghur* = *fo-gaire*. *Irgaire* (prohibition) = *air-gaire*. *Toghairm* (invocation) = *do-fo-gair-m*. *Diucaire* (exclamation; in Turin Glosses *diucrae*) = *do-od-gaire*. *Cogar* or *cagar* (whisper) = *con-gar* (Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 157).

I have met with several other derivatives from this root, as *frisgair* (to contradict), *forgair* and *forcongaire* (to command), which show the power Gaelic possesses of forming words by composition, and also the copiousness of ancient, as compared with modern Gaelic.

3. *Fianuis* and *witness*.

The old forms *fiadhnais*, *fiadnis*, show at once the affinity of these words. *Fiadnis* is from the root *fid*, from which come also *fios* (anciently *fis*), if, indeed, it be not a loan-word from *visio*, *fidir*, *cubus* (conscience) = *con-fus* = *con-fis* or *con-fius* (Zeuss' G. C. pp. 787, 872), *cócubus* (conscience) = *con-con-fus*. Compare the modern word *coguis*.

With the root *fid* are cognate the Sanskrit *vid*, Gr. *id* (preceded by the digamma) from which come *eidon* and *oida*, Lat. *vid* (video), Ger. *wissen*, A. S. *witt*, Eng. *wit*.

4. *Beò* (living) and *quick*.

These words have not one letter in common, but they are, nevertheless, etymologically related, as shown by the following comparison:—

Beò (in old Gaelic *biu*), Gr. *bios* (*bi[ɸ]os*, with digamma), Latin *vivus*, Sanskrit *giva*, Goth. *qvius* (th. *qviva*), A. S. *cwic*, Eng. *quick*. (Compare Zeuss' G. C. p. 37; Bopp's Glos. p. 154; Curtius' Gr. Etym. p. 418).

5. *Bean* and *queen*.

The Bœotian form *bana* shows that *bean* (in old Gaelic *ben*) is cognate with the Greek *gunē*, with which may be compared the Sanskrit *gani*, Goth. *guens*, A.S. *cwen*, Eng. *queen*. (Compare Zeuss' G. C., p. 37, and Bopp's Glos., p. 147).

6. *Bò* and *cow*.

Bò, Lat., *bos*, *bovis* and Gr. *boûs* are manifestly cognates. But the last two examples have shown us that *b* in Gaelic corresponds to *g* in Sanskrit, and to *c* in Anglo-Saxon. We can, therefore, compare *bò* and *bos* with the Sanskrit *ga*, *gaus*, Ger., *kuh*, A.S., *cu*, and Eng., *cow*.

7. *Gin*, *gineal*, *gnìomh*, *còmhnadh* *fòghnamh*, *fòghnadh*, *cinne*, *cinneach*; Gr. *gignomai*, *egenomēn*; Lat. *gigno*, *genus*, *gnatus*; A.S., *cyn*, *cynd*; Eng. *kin*, *kind*, *kindred*.

These words, which, with their derivatives and cognates, form an extensive family of words, are all derived from the root *gen*, *cen*, which corresponds to the Sanskrit *gan*, (Bopp's Glos., p. 146). The root *gen* occurs in *genim*, an older form of *ginim*, (I beget). Compare *genair* in Fraoch's Hymn, and the Greek *egenomēn*. From *gen* come the verb *gniu* (I do,) *gnìomh* (anciently *gnim*=*gní-m*, thing done,) *còmhnadh*, (anciently *co-gnam*=*con-gnim*, assistance, lit. co-act), *fòghnamh* (anciently *fognam*=*fo-gnim*, service), *fòghnadh* (sufficiency), which, if not identical with *fòghnamh*, is from *fo*, *gnim*, and the termination *ad*, now *adh*.

Although *gineal* has a close resemblance to the root *gin*, it is not derived from it immediately, but from the other form *cen*, as shown by its ancient form *cenel*, of which there must have been a still older form *cenethl*, as may be seen by comparing it with the Welsh *cenedl*, anciently *cenell*.

The affinity between *gen* and the Gr. *gignomai*, from the obsolete *genō* (compare *egenomēn*), and the Lat. *gigno* is obvious, and the form of the root, *cen*,

explains *cinne*, *cinneach*, with which A. S. *cyn*, *cynd*, and Eng. *kin*, *kind*, *kindred*, are cognate.

(To be Continued.)

—:o:—

THE RIVER NAMES OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND, AND WHAT THEY PROVE.

It is allowed by all who have studied place names, that those of rivers and mountains are the most ancient in all countries, and must have been given by the first inhabitants. Now, when we find that in England there are a very great number of rivers which have precisely the same names as those in Scotland, it is certain they must, in every instance, have been given by a race of people speaking the same language. The origin of the Scotch river names is derived from the Gaelic language; there are none composed of Welsh words, and this fact is acknowledged by a Welsh writer, Mr F. Edwards, who says, in his very recent work on "Names of Places," page 12: "The Scottish rivers and mountains must have received their names long before the Cymry arrived." This is a truthful fact, and proves that not a river or mountain in Scotland was named by the Welsh people. The etymology of the rivers of Scotland being from the Gaelic, the writer hereof proceeds to give the names of those of England identical with them, and their derivations.

In Scotland there are seven rivers named "Avon;" in England there are four rivers named "Avon;" in Scotland (in Dumfriesshire) there is a river "Evan;" in England (in Kent) there is also an "Evan;" all these come from the Gaelic word *Abhuinn*, and means "a river;" this name itself is formed from *Abh*, old Gaelic for "water," and *inne*, "a channel."—*Abhuinn* is often contracted into *Aune*, *Auin*, and *An*; we find it so in the "Aune" of Devonshire. In England there are three

rivers called "Esk," one in Yorkshire, and two in Cumberland; in Scotland there are seven rivers called "Esk," and are derived from the Gaelic word *Uisg*, or *Uisge*, meaning "water." The "Eskle" of Hereford is evidently from the same word; so also are the three English rivers named "The Ouse."

In England (in Yorkshire) there is a river called the "Leven," in five different counties of Scotland rivers named "Leven," occur, and derive their names from the Gaelic words *Liath-abhuinn*, pronounced as if written "Leea-aven," and now contracted in English to "Leven." The signification of the Gaelic words is the "grey or misty river." In Lancashire there is a river called the "Douglas," which is identical with the Scotch rivers called "Douglas," of which there are no less than seven so named. One of them is in Argyleshire, where no Welsh race ever dwelt, and could not have named it. They are all derived from the words *Du-glas*, or in full Gaelic orthography, *Dubh-ghlas*, meaning "dark gray." In Glenfender, Perthshire, there is a stream named *Alltan Dubhghlas*, which confirms the etymology of all the "Douglas" rivers being as above stated. The people of Glenfender speak Gaelic, and know nothing of Mr Edmunds' Welsh word *las*, "a stream," but will understand *Dubhghlas* to mean "dark gray."

In Yorkshire there is a large river called the "Don," which is identical in name with the "Don" of Aberdeenshire, and another in Elgin, Scotland. Some good Gaelic scholars make its derivation to be from *Domhain* (pronounced "Doan"), which means "The deep river," but Dr Armstrong, in his Gaelic Dictionary, says it is an old word for "water." The "Dun" in Yorkshire is the same name as the river "Doun" of Ayrshire, Scotland, and which last was in old charters written "Dun." Its etymology is from the Gaelic *Du-an*, meaning "The dark

river." There is in Yorkshire a river named the "Calder;" there are many of the same name in Scotland, in Lanarkshire there being no less than three. The derivation is from the Gaelic *Coille-dur*, meaning, "the wooded water or stream." "*Dur*" is well known to be an old Gaelic word for "water." In the county of Suffolk there is a river called the "Ore;" there are two rivers of the same name in Scotland, one in Fifeshire and one in Kirkcudbrightshire; the derivation is from the Gaelic *Oir*, which signifies the river which runs at "The edge or margin." The river in Aberdeenshire called the "Urie," was formerly written "Ure;" and there is in Yorkshire a river "Ure," and also comes from *Oir*. The old spelling of the river "Ayr," in Ayrshire, was "Aire," and we find a river of that same name in England (in Yorkshire), and on which Leeds is situated. The etymology is from the now obsolete term in Gaelic for water represented by the single letter "A," which is pronounced broad like the English word "awe," and occurs in the River "Awe," in Argyleshire; the other Gaelic word is *reidh*, pronounced "ray," the two together mean "The Smooth water."

The river Tyne in Scotland, and the Tyne of England, must have the same etymology; and, as the Welsh race did not give the name to the former, so neither could they to the latter, and with regard to the Angles naming the Scotch Tyne, that must be held as an unreasonable surmise, because they did not enter the country till the middle of the sixth century; but the Romans, in the first century found that part of Scotland held and fully peopled by the CALEDONIAN GAEL, and it was this primitive and valiant race who gave all the Gaelic topography of Scotland. This river name appears to be from the Gaelic words *Teth-an*, pronounced, as if spelled, "Tayan," and meaning "The

warm river." The rivers "Teau" and "Teign," of Devonshire, are probably of the same derivation. There is an "Alde," in Suffolk, which is certainly identical with the "Aldie," streams of Scotland, derived from the Gaelic words *Allt-du*, or "The dark stream." It is ridiculous to say the name of these streams (there are four in Scotland) was given by the English race from the Alder tree. The Gael must have given the names centuries before any Englishmen entered the country.

The "Allt" of Lancashire is identical with the "Allts" of Scotland, and of which there are many hundreds. Mr Edmunds makes an astonishing mistake as to this name in his last work (p. 14), where he derives it from the Welsh word *Allt*, meaning, he says, "a steep place, or mountain district"—which is impossible, because the "Allt," of Lancashire, is a stream.

There is a brook in the county of Kent called the "Eden," and in Cumberland there is a river called the "Eden," on which is Carlisle. There are four different rivers of the same name in Scotland; their ancient spelling is "Edan," which is nearer to the Gaelic word whence this river name is derived—namely, from "Eudan," meaning "The front river," probably from being conspicuous; the Gaelic word also means "the face," which would be applicable to a river that ran along the edge or slope of a ridge. At p. 15, Mr Edmunds says this river name (Eden) "must be conceded as Gaelic." This admission is important, coming from an advocate contending for the Welsh race being the first inhabitants of Britain; but which is impossible, when we find proofs of the Gael naming rivers from Kent to Cumberland, both included, and that the very same river names are also spread over all Scotland, demonstrating that it was a Gaelic-speaking race who gave these names in both countries. That it is altogether

erroneous in Mr Edmunds, or any other person, to say that the "Douglas" and "Esk" river names come from the Welsh language, is proved by the important fact that they occur in Ireland, where the Welsh race never gave any names. Thus, Mr Joyce, in his work on Irish Topography, 1st edition, p. 411, says—"Douglas is very common both as a river and a townland designation all over the country;" and however eager Welsh writers may be to attempt to give their derivations to the Scotch and English rivers called "Douglas," we learn from this same Irish river name that they must be wrong. Esk is also found as a name in Ireland, and Mr Joyce (page 408) brings it also from the same corresponding word of the Irish Gael, namely, *uisce*, "water." The name "Eden" is also found in Ireland, derived, as mentioned above, and by this writer, from "Eudan." (See page 464.)

There are, besides, such a number of rivers identical in England with those of Scotland which must have been given by a people speaking the language of the Gael. There are also a great many others derived from it, and as it was not the Welsh race who named the Scotch rivers (which is admitted by Mr Edmunds), so the similar names in England must have been given in like manner by the Gael long before the Welsh race arrived.

JAMES A. ROBERTSON.

—:o:—

RETIREMENT OF MR. MURDOCH.

It is with deep regret we announce that Mr. Murdoch, the spirited writer who has done so much to vindicate the Celtic character, is now retiring from his public office. Mr. Murdoch was for thirty-four or thirty-five years in the excise, and during that time, was continually contributing to the formation of public opinion on a variety of subjects—among others, the Repeal of

the Corn Laws, Temperance, and the Land Question. With the Temperance Movement he was connected for the last thirty years. In connection with the Land Question, his name is a household word. Having spent many years in England and Ireland, he was enabled to deal with the Irish and English Land Question, as well as the Scottish. Deeming this the most vital Question next to the Gospel, his zeal in ventilating it never flagged. He wrote largely on it in English and Irish as well as Scotch papers; and his writings on this subject alone, if collected, would form several respectable, good sized volumes. A notable series of papers from his pen, entitled "SUTHERLAND AND OTHER CLEARANCES," and signed "FINLAGAN," were printed, about ten years ago, in the "*Mark Lane Express*," the leading Agricultural Journal of England. In these papers, the Sutherland Clearances were made to shed light on the whole system of Eviction and Land mismanagement, and the interest they created was such as that they were reprinted in several other papers. Mr. Murdoch advocated the cause of the people, and particularly the right of the Celtic people to their native soil, at the same time recognising the hardships and wrongs of the Saxon. He has always been the champion of the Highlanders, and was ever eager to promote measures for their good. As an instance of how his writings are always relished, we may refer to a paper he read, two years ago, on the "CLIMATE OF INVERNESS," before the Members of the Inverness Literary Institute. Such was the interest created, that they unanimously called on him to deliver it as a Lecture, under their auspices, in the Music Hall of that town. In Forres, last winter, he delivered a Lecture on the HEROES OF OSSIAN; and we understand, he is called upon to deliver it again in some of the neighbouring towns. He also

wrote an elaborate paper on the CLAN SYSTEM. He was always ready to help others, both in public and private work, if he thought that in so doing he was advocating the cause, and walking in the paths, of justice. He is a Chieftain of the Inverness Gaelic Society, and from the literary talent he brings to its meetings as well as the zeal he evinces in promoting its welfare, he is one of the chief pillars of the Society.

From the Revenue Department (to which he professionally belonged), it appears from what the *Civilian* says, that he is not retiring unnoticed:—

"Mr. Murdoch, whose name is a household word throughout the Department in every part of the kingdom, has for many months been a martyr to rheumatism, acquired by him in the discharge of the laborious duties of Supervisor, and, as no prospect of his early recovery exists, he has taken the only course open to him and sought retirement. We are certain that this announcement will be everywhere received with sorrow, and we cannot believe that Mr. Murdoch's retirement from the service will be unmarked by striking testimony to his work and fidelity to the great cause to which he has devoted so much energy and ability."

After the above cursory review of some of what Mr. Murdoch has done, our readers will see that a most useful man is retiring from Public Life. We would therefore humbly suggest that the sons of the Gael in all quarters, as well as his own friends (private and public) should co-operate with the Members of the Excise, in presenting him with something that may not be unworthy of themselves.

—:o:—

GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

(A Letter to the Editor.)

MY DEAR SIR,

I have read with great interest the remarks you made in the English Department of the Oct. No. of "*The Gael*," upon the lecture delivered by the Rev. Mr. Cameron, of Renton, on Gaelic Philology. I have for several years been

groping my way in the same direction with very little leisure time, and no assistance except my nearly worn out knowledge of Latin and Greek, and recently acquired knowledge of Welsh and Armonic. I therefore hail with delight the idea of having a compilation as you shadow forth—a Gaelic Comparative Lexicon. It would be of the greatest importance to the Gaelic student. It would be the means of attracting more attention to the antiquity and virtue of the language, and wiping away the stigma, that even Germans and other foreigners know more about the Gaelic philologically than those whose language it is. The undertaking would, doubtless, be an arduous one, requiring much and varied study, much learning and great research, yet not insurmountable. I observe, with delight, in your concluding remarks, that, were encouragement given, and were Highlanders resolved, "shoulder to shoulder," to help the matter forward, a promise was given by the Rev. Mr Cameron to have such a great work undertaken.

As a Highlander willing to bear a hand, I accept the challenge by offering at once to subscribe a five pound note to begin with, more if found necessary, and take several copies of the work when published. I hope every patriotic Highlander will do the same.

You, sir, will raise the lasting gratitude of every real Highlander, who has any love left in him for the language of his forefathers, by agitating further this undertaking, and the support, and the encouragement, to undertake so desirable a work.

I shall be heartily glad to hear more of the scheme, and to hear that it has a prospect of success.—Ever yours sincerely,

JOHN MACKAY.

[It is with the greatest pleasure we insert Mr Mackay's letter, and we hope that other Highlanders, at home and abroad, will follow his example, not merely by telling what ought and might be done, but by showing what they can do, and are willing to do; and, finally, we are confident that Mr Cameron's ability to execute the task is a full guarantee for the CELT everywhere, to follow in the good path which Mr Mackay has so munificently opened up.]

THE GAELIC "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

(To the Editor of THE GAEL.)

SIR,—Although a great admirer of every-

thing that Professor Blackie does in showing the affinities of the Gaelic language, I cannot allow him to run away with the harrows at pleasure. The word *Tigh-earn* (in its aspirated form "Thighearn") he considers is derived from the Latin "Tego," a shelter, a house. I beg to state that the word has no connection with "Tigh" (more properly taigh), a house. "Thighearn" is compounded of "Ti," an individual or person, and "tharainn" over us, the word therefore meaning the individual who is over or above us, and equally applicable to "Thighearn" *neimh* and "Thighearn" *an fhearrainn*. Though the first syllable "Tigh" has a resemblance to "tigh," a house, yet the "gh" is no part of the word "ti." The "gh" is only used to keep the vowels from coalescing, as in many instances "dh," "mh," "bh," "gh," "th," &c., the real pronunciation of the word is "Tiarna."

ARGATHALLAN.

—:o:—

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry that the sketch of Wm. Livingstone's Life has been unavoidably postponed.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—"Celtic Origin of Greek and Latin," by Dr Stratton; also, by the same author, "The Affinity between the Hebrew Language and the Celtic;" "Lays of the Highlands and Islands," by Professor Blackie; "Leabhar na Feinne," by J. F. Campbell; "College Irish Grammar," by Professor Bourke; also, by the same author, "Easy Lessons in Irish;" "Historical Map of the Clans," by Col. Robertson and T. B. Johnstone; &c., &c.

We are glad to inform our readers that the "Nether-Lochaber" correspondent of the *Inverness Courier* has kindly consented to superintend a poetical column—original and select—in the winter and spring numbers of *The Gael*. Under the charge of a gentleman so thoroughly qualified to execute the task, we are confident that this column shall be hailed with delight by all lovers of the *kilted* muse. Mr Stewart's first contribution will appear in our next.

AN GAIDHEAL.

[I LEABH.]

DARA MIOS A' GHEAMHRAIDH, 1872.

[10 AIR.

AIR CRUINN-CHORPAIBH SOILLSEACH NAN SPEUR.

II. Earran

AIR A' GHREIN AGUS AIR MERCURI.

Ged tha oibre a' chruthachaidh gu léir mòr' agus miorbhuileach, gidheadh, cha 'n eil ni air bith ri fhaicinn 'n am measg ni's ciàtaich', agus ni's òirdheirce na cruinn-chuirp shoillseach nan speur. Feumaidh "na soluis a ta ann an spèur-
raibh nèimh" iongantas a chur orra-san uile, a bheachdaicheas le cùram air na gnìomharaibh so, a rinneadh leis-san a thubhairt, "Biodh soluis ann an speuraibh nèimh, a chur dealachaidh eadar an là agus an oidhche, agus biodh iad air son chomharan, agus air son aimsirean, agus air son làithean, agus bhliadhnachan! Agus biodh iad mar sholusaibh ann an speuraibh nèimh a thoirt soluis air an talamh: agus bha e mar sin.—Agus rinn Dia dà sholus mhòr, an solus a's mò a riaghladh an latha, agus an solus a's lugha a riaghladh na h-oidhche; agus na rèultan," (Gen. i. 14, &c.) Mar so tha Maois a' toirt cunntais duinn air cruthachadh na grèine, na gealaich, agus nan reult. Labhair Dia am focal, agus leum iad suas gu bith—"Thubhairt e, Biodh solus ann, agus bha solus ann! Agus chunnaic Dia an solus, gu'n robh e maith," (Gen. i. 3, 4). Gu cinnteach is dall, aineolach, agus neo-mhothuchail an neach a thilgeas a shùilean air reultaibh soillseach nèimh, gun e fein ìseachadh, agus gun fhaicinn cia co diblidh 's a ta e, agus cia co suarach 'sa ta a ghnìombara a's fearr, an coimeas ri àilleachd an t-seallaidh a chì e, agus

ri cumhachd neo-chrìochnuichte an Tì dhealbh nàmh agus talamh, á neoni!

Dh' innis sinn anns a' cheud earrainn, gu'm bheil a' ghrian air a suidheachadh ann am meadhon nan reult, a ta 'g iadhadh m'a timchioll 'n an cuairtibh eug-sàmhla fein. Tha i fein, ach beag, neo-ghluasadach ged tha a reultan uile a' gluasad mu'n cuairt di. Tha i, gidheadh, a' cur char di air a mul fein,* o'n iar gus an ear, agus a' gabhail coig thar fhichead de na làithibh againne, chum aon chuairt a chur! Tha i còrr mòr agus muillean uair ni's mò na'n talamh so, agus còrr agus ceithir fichead 's a deich muillean mìle air astar uaithe; gidheadh, tha a teas, agus a solus a' ruigheachd air, agus a' toirt beatha do gach creutair agus luibh a ta air! A réir beachd dhaoine foghlumte, tha a' ghrian 'n a cruinn-bhall mòr, daingeann, agus dorcha, air a cuairteachadh le adhar soillseach agus dealrach air chor is nach faic sinne ach ambàin dearrsadh an sgeudachaidh leis am bheil i air a còmhachadh! Chithear air uairibh buill dhubha air aghaidh na grèine, agus tha na teallsanaich a' deanamh mach, gur fosglaidhean, no tuill, iad so, air trusgan lannaireach na grèine, trid am bheil a corp dorcha fein air a nochdadh! Tha cuid a' saòilsinn gu'm bheil a' ghrian air a h-eiteachadh, cosmhuil ris an talamh so, le creutairibh reusonta agus tuigseach! Ach cha 'n eil cunntas againn air so, agus cha 'n fheud sinn a bhì glic 'n ar barail fein, os ceann na tha air a sgrìobhadh! Ach, cha'n eil cunntas againn 'n a aghaidh; agus gu cinnteach a réir reusoin, cha'n 'eil e

* h-Aisil.—Béurla, Axis.

cosmhuil, gu'm biodh am ball cruinn agus beag so, air am bheil sinne a' teachd beò, air àiteachadh le creut-airibh tuigseach am feadh 's a bhiodh a' ghrian, a ta còrr agus muillean uair ni's mò na e, air a fàgail 'n a fàsach fiadhaich agus falamh; agus a réir ar beachd-ne, gun fhéum air bith, ach mar lòchran mòr a shoillseachadh nan reult, a ta 'grad-shiubhal mu'n cuairt di. Mar so, chithear a' ghrian, àillidh agus òirdhear, ann am meadhon a teaghlach, a' co-phàirteachadh riu gachsòlais agus aoibhneis—a' tilgeadh a gathanna òr-bhuidh, chum an crìochan a's iomallaiche—agus a tomhas an aimsirean doibh maraon! Mar so, tha'n solus mòr so, a' riaghladh an latha do gach aon fa leth de na reultaibh a dh' ainmicheadh, agus tha e dhoibh, a réir sònrachaidh Dhé,—“airson chomharan, agus air son aimsirean, agus air son làithean, agus bhliadhnachan.” Air do'n ghréin a bhì ni's aillidh agus ni's dealraiche na uile sholuis eile nèimh, rinneadh i 'n a cuspair-aoraidh, le cinneachaibh lìonmhor 'san àird an ear! Bha iad ag amharc oirre mar dhia, agus a' sleuchdadh dhi leis gach cùram agus tréibhdhireas 'n an comas! Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach i a' ghrian “Baal,” dia nam Pheniciach, “Chemos” dia nan Ammonach! Ach an aghaidh an-iodhail-aoraidh so, thug Dia, le beul Mhaois, rabhadh sonruichte agus soilleir do chloinn Israeil, ag ràdh riu, “Thugaidh, uime sin an aire mhaith dhuibh fein, air eagal gu'n tog thu suas do shùilean ri nèamh, agus an uair a chì thu a' ghrian agus a' ghealach, agus na reultan, eadhon sloigh nèimh uile gu'n tairngear thu gu cromadh sìos dhoibh, agus gu aoradh a dheanamh dhoibh, a roinn an Tighearna do Dhia ris gach cinneach a ta fo nèamh uile,” (Deut. iv. 15, 19).

Aig na reultaibh a ta 'cuairteachadh na gréine, tha là agus oidche, samhradh agus geamhradh, ceart mar a ta aig an talamh againne. Tha iad uile

a' dol mu'n cuairt air am mulanaibh fein, ann'an amannaibh suidhichte, agus 's iad na h-amanna sin, an làithean agus an oidhchean fa leth. Tha iad uile, mar an ceudna, os barr, a' dol mu'n cuairt do'n ghréin, ann an cearcallaibh mòra, agus tha gach cuairt dhiubh so, a' deanamh na bliadhna aig gach reult fa leth. Mar so tha bliadhnaichean nan reult, a' fàigse do'n ghréin ni's giorra na bliadhnaichean nan réul, a ta aig astar ni's faide uaipe. De na reultaibh a dh' ainmicheadh anns a' cheud earrainn, 'se Mercuri ni's faigse do'n ghréin. Tha 'n reult so ni's lugha na'n talamh, agus cosmhuil ris a' ghréin agus ris gach reult eile, tha i 'n a ball cruinn talmhainn, dà mhìle agus sea ceud de mhìl-tìbh troi'pe! Tha i 'deanamh a cuairt mu'n ghréin, ann an seachd agus ceithir fichead là, agus tri uairean thar fhichead ùine de na làithibh againn-ne, agus 'se so, uime sin, bliadhna Mercuri. Tha là na réilte so, dlùth air a bhì co fada ri'r latha fein; ach tha i co fagus do'n ghréin, an coimeas ris na reultaibh eile, agus air an aobhar sin, co ana-minic air a faicinn, is nach soirbh an nì do na teallsanaich, fad a là a thomhas! Tha i 'cuairteachadh na gréine ann an cearcall, a ta sea muillean deug thar fhichead mìle air astar uaipe; agus tha i a' siubhal anns a' chearcall so cho luath, 's gu 'm bheil i deanamh còrr agus ceud mìle de mhìl-tìbh anns an uair! Tha 'n solus agus an teas a ta i a' tarruing o'n ghréin, a sheachd uiread ris an t-solus agus an teas againn-ne; agus ma tha creutairean reusonta a' gabhail còmhnuidh anns an reilt bhig so, chì iad a' ghrian, seachd uairean ni's mò, na tha sinne 'ga faicinn! Nach àluinn—nach mìorbhuileach uil' oibre an Tighearna De? “Cha 'n 'eil neach cosmhuil ri Dia Iesurain a tha marcachd air nèamh a'd' chòmhnadh, agus 'na mhòrachd air na speuraibh,” (Deut. xxxiii. 26). “Thigibh agus faicibh oibre Dhe—namhasach tha e 'n a ghnìomharaibh,” (Ps. lxi. 5). 'Se

so an Ti Uile-bheannuichte sin, “A sgaoileas a mach na nèamha 'n a aonar, agus a shaltaireas air tonnaibh na fairge; a tha deanamh Arcturus, Orioin, agus Pleiades, agus sheòmrach na h-àirde deas: a tha deanamh nithe mora nach bi e'n comas fhaigheil a mach, agus nithe iongantach nach gabh àireamh,” (Iob ix. 8, 11).

SGIATHANACH.

—:o:—

CALLUM A' GHLINNE.

IV EARRAN.

Mu'n àm an d'thainig muinntireas Challuim gu' crìch, agus 'n uair a bha e ann an tomhas de iomchomhairle co aca 'rachadh e gu Galldachd a dh'iarraidh 'fhortain, no a dh' fhanadh e car uine mar a bha e, thainig caochladh docharach air a' Ghaidhealtachd a dh' aobharaich an ditheachadh agus am fogradh a dh' fhag i mar a tha i, 'na fasaich an coimeas ris mar bha i aig an àm ud; eadhon, “Achd Lagh nam Bochd”—lagh nach do thionndaidh a mach na bheannachd aon chuid do'n bhochd no do'n bheairteach. Fo an t-seann riaghladh cha robh na bochdan ro lionmhor agus bha iad air an cumail suas ann an tomhas de chomhfhurtachd freagarrach da'n inbhe le saor-thabhar-tais nan sgìreachdan d'am buineadh iad fa leth. An aite 'bhi air an cuibhreachadh mar phrìosanaich ann an luchuirtean mora, riomhach, cosdail, o'n leth a muigh, ach lom fuar fàsail o'n leth a staigh, agus fo smachd 's fo riaghladh mhaighistirean agus mhnathan eiridnìdh aig nach eil ach ro bheag de chaomhalachd no de chomhfhulangas ri 'n laigsinnean, a's ann a bha iad air an cumail suas gu blath agus gu seasgair 'n am bothain fein agus an uireasbhuidhean air an leasachadh gu bunailteach le fialaidheachd thlusmhor an cairdein 's an luchd eòlais, agus ant airgid a bha air a thional o shàbaid gu sàbaid aig dorsaibh na h-Eaglais air a roinn orra leis an t-Seisein aig amaibh suidhichte.

Cha bu cheum air ghaig le oigridh na sgìreachd obair latha no dha 'bhuileachadh air buain, air caoineachadh agus air giulan dachaidh moine nam bochd, agus cha robh biuthas a dh' fhaoidte ainmeachadh as an deanadh ban-tuathanach barrachd uail na gum biodh e air a radh d'a taobh “gun robh beannachd nam bochd 'n a cuideachd.” Ach air do'n lagh ùr tighinn as taigh, leis an robh cìs air a leagadh air uachdarain a's iochdarain a reir an tighinn-as-taigh—a's a dh' fheumadh a bhi air a dioladh gun mbeachainn gun dail aig na traithean suidhichte—cha b' fhada agus an d'rinn siod “am feumach mi-thaingeil 's an saoi bhir neo-shuairc.” Bha na bochdan a nis 'n an lethtrom agus 'n an uallach searbh do na h-uachdarain agus do na tuathanach. Thug siod, gun dail, buille-'bhàis do'n spiorad uasal, chaomhail, bhlath-chridheach, air son an robh na Gaidheil cho comharraichte, agus do'n ghradh nàdurra fhiuthail neo-eiseimeileach a bha air altrum, eadhon leis na cosnaichean bochda d'am parantan aosda. Co 'nis a dh' aicheadh, no a sharuicheadh e fein, a cumail suas caraid no ban-charaid aosda, uireasbhuidheach, air dha bhi air eigneachadh, aill air n-aill, gu bhi dioladh gu daor airson cumail suas bochdan eile ris nach robh daimh no cairdeas aige. Mar sin, dh' fhas na bochdan ni bu lionmhoire agus na cìsean ni bu truime o bhliadhna gu bliadhna. B'e siod, ann an tomhas mor, a bu mhatthair-aobhair do'n an-riaghladh dhocharach, bhreisleachail, ghearrsheallach a rinn a' Ghaidhealtachd, ann an ioma cearna; ach beag, na 'fasaich. Thainig na h-uachdarain gu co-dhùnadh nach robh leigheas a b'fhearr air an leon, na an tuath bheag, mar 'theirte riu, fhogar as an duthaich, an duil gum biodh na bochdan air an ditheachadh 's an tomhas cheudna agus nallach na cìse air a thogail 'bharr guallainn an luchd diolaidh, no aig a chuid 'bu lugha air a h-eutromachdh.

Mar sin thoisich iad air suidheachadh an fhearainn air tuathanaich mhora mar fhrithhean fhiadh agus mar ghabhallaichean farsuing chaorach. Chaidh gundail sguabach an fhograidh a leagail air a' ghleann thorrach, tharbhach, innseagach, 's an d' fhuair Callum agus a shinnsear am breth 's an àrach. Ged a bha 'mhathair còrr agus da fhichead bliadhna 'na ban-tuathanaich air an aon laraich, agus gun a bhi riamh ann am fiachan do'n uachdaran, am measg chaich, fhuair i a' bhairlin; agus air a' chaingis a b' fhaigse chaidh còrr agus fichead smuid a smàladh a dh' aon bheum o bhraighe gu bonn a' ghlinne, dhe an robh ant iomlan air a shuidheachadh air aon tuathanach gallda —seann fhleasgach, gun bhean, gun mhac, gun nighean. Mu mheadhon-là, ghluais gach teaghlach fa leth, a mach an comhdhail a cheile, cha b' ann mar a chite iad re ioma bliadhna air maduinn gach sabaid 'n an comhlain stolda rianail le'n aghaidhean air eaglais na sgìreachd gu bhi 'g aoradh do Dhia an athraichean—ach gu bhi 'gabhail an cead deirreannach d'a cheile ann an tìr nam beò, a chuid a b' fhearr 'sa b' oige dhiu air cheann an allabain a' dol air imrich do dhuthchaibh céin. Bu chianail deuchainneach an sealladh e,—an oigridh luthor, fhallain, eireachdail, a' dealachadh ris an aosda, a bha air an latha ud air an iomain gu rudha cruaidh, creagach, ann an oisinn lethoireach de'n oighreachd far an robh bothain chumhan dhìblidh air an togail dhoibh. Am measg nan eilthireach bha cuid de bhraithrean agus de pheathraichean Challuim ri am faotainn. Bha a 'mhathair a nis air a fagail gun seilbh, gun bhunachas a's ach beag 'n a h-aonar, agus sgàil na sean aois ag iadhadh oirre, ach fhathasd cha robh i aon chuid ann an uireasbhadh no ann an eiseimeil ant saogail. Bha Callum a nis air a chur thuige gu deuchainneach, agus chuir e roimhe ciod air bith a dhéireadh dha nach fàgadh e Eilean Bhreatunn cho

fada 's bu bhead i. A bharr air an teasgradh a bha aige dhi mar mhathair chaomhail, dhleasdanaich, bha cofhulangas ro chaoim aige rithe, mar bha i 'nis, 'n a suidheachadh aonarach, air chor agus gur ann le cridhe goirt a rinn e suas inntinn dol cho fada uaipe eadhon ri Galdachd na h-Alba. Cha d' rinn e suas inntinn gus an do chuir e 'n toiseach gu 'raidhe fein e, Co aca a b' fhearr leatha e dh' fhuireach dluth dhi mar a bha e na e 'dhol do Ghlaschu far am faodadh cothrom a 'bhi aige air soirbheachadh ni b' fhearr a thaobh na chuir e ri 'shuil. Deuchainneach mar a bha i thug i 'lan aonta dha gun ghearan gun soradh. Chuir i na 'uidheam e mar a b' fhearr a dh' fhaodadh i. Chur i Biobul ùr eireachdail, 'na chiste, air dhi aireamh nach bu bheag de earranan a chomharrachadh agus dh' asluich i air gun cuimhnichheadh e gach uair a thigeadh aon dhiu fo 'shuil, gu'm b' earrannan iad os cionn am biodh ise gach latha a' guidhe gu'm biodh iad air am beannachadh dha; agus bha iad air am beannachadh dha air mhodh sonruichte mar a chithear an deigh so.

Air feasgar ciuin, blath mu dheireadh a' Cheitein, 'n uair a bha ghrian a' tearnadh gu h-athaiseach troi chopan gorm-shoilleir na h-iarmailte gu a leaba-thaimh ann an uched an Iar-chuain, ag òradh mullach nam beann, agus braon-dhrùchd caoin na h-oidhche cheana toiseachadh ri dealtradh nan coilltean agus bhlaithen cùbhraidh ioma-dhathach nan raointean agus nan achaidhean; agus coisir sgiathach nan doireachan a' seinn gu sunndach fo sgail an ùr-bharraich uaine, ghluais Callum a mach á bothan a mhathar air a thurus do Ghlaschu gun a bheag 'na sporan a bharr air na phaidheadh 'fhaidheadh air bata-na-smuide, ach le beannachd agus deagh dhùrachd a luchd-eòlais a's gu haraid le mìle beannachd a mhathar 'ga leantuinn. Cho luath 'sa fhuair Callum e fein air bord soitheach na

smuide, shuidh e sìos air a clar deiridh agus i a nis' ga ghiulan air falbh gu sìubhlach o'n "Eilein ghrianach mu'n iadh an saile" ach cha b'fhada gus an do chuir an t-astar agus an dorchadas sgail-bhrat eadar a shuil agus

Tir nan giomanach gun ghiamh,
A rachadh sunndach ris ant sliabh,
'Sa chuireadh smuid ri frith nam fiadh,
Mu'n goir ant ian 'sa' chamhanaich.
Tir a' bharraich chùbhraidh uain',
Tir na soillse, tir gun ghruaim,
'Sam faicte 'ghrian na gloir do-luaidh
Gun toit a ghuail 'cur falach oirr.'

Agus air an fheasgar ud chunnaic Callum i, mar nach robh e 'san dan dha a' faicinn a rithisd car latha 's bliadhna na dheigh sìod, ach mar bu tric a chunnaic, agus a bheachdaich e oirre le thachd agus le ioghnadh

"aig crìoch a cuairt

Troi chupan gorm nan speuran buan
A' dol gu tamh an uchd a' chuain,
'Sì' g'òradh chruach 'us bhearraidhean."

Ged a b'fhada ghabh e o' nadur agus o' chliu a bhi aon chuid meata no lag chuisseach, chuir fàgail a dhuthcha sardheuchainn air a dhuinealais agus air a mhisneich. Ged nach robh a bheag aig a dhuthaich ri mhaoidheadh air ann an seadh air bith; agus ged a bha dochas aige gum faodadh e ruigheachd air cothroman feabhasachaidh, air cuspairean ionmhiannaichte agus ioma co-fhurtachd phearsanta ann an Glaschu, ris nach bu dū dha fughair a bhi aige le fuireach aig a' bhaile, gidheadh bha dian cheangal aige ris an eilean bho chd iomallach a dh'fhag e, a bha an impis a chridhe 'bhristeadh. Bha suidheachadh cianail a mhatar, mar eun aonarach air sliabh, agus a' nead air a creachadh, a' laidhe gu goirt air 'inntinn. Air an laimh eile, bha leithid de bhuaidh solasachaidh agus riarachaidh aig obair Naduir air aignidhean, mar tha 'n obair eugemhuil sin air a taisbeanadh ann an aillidheachd fhiadhaich nambeann, nam gleann agus nam faschoilltean uaigneach—nan lochan,

nan allt caisleach, lùbach, tormanach—agus, nan aibhnichean easach, linngeach, balbh-shruthach, dian-shiubhlach a dh'fhag e nis' 'n a dheigh, gun fhios da nach e, ma' dh'fhaodte, a chead deirreannach a ghabh e dhiu 'n uair a shio-laidh iad uidh air uidh as a shealladh fo sgail na h-oidhche, is gun d' fhairich e e-fein mar leanabh maoth air a ghrad spionadh o' n' bhroilleach chaomhail a bha riamb roimhe dha na bhlaths, na thaitneas agus na ioc-shlaint. Cha robh teagamh aige nach robh moran nithe ri 'm faicinn ann an Glaschu de obair lamhan dhaoine a bhiodh 'n an annas, 'n an iongantas agus 'n an toileachas-inntinn dha; ach 'n uair a thainig e gu chuihnmeara chuala' enomar a leugh e uaireign—"Gur h-E an Cruithfhear a chruthaich an duthaich; ach gur h-ann le lamhan dhaoine a rinneadh na bailtean mora," smuainich e ciod air bith cuspairean talaidh no taitneachais a dh' fhaodadh a bhi air thoiseach air, nach tigeadh an latha 's an lionadh iad suas dha an fhalamhachd ionndrain leis an robh inntinn air an oidhche ud air a fiosrachadh.

Mu ghlasadh na camhanaich, bha soitheach na smuide timchioll Maol-Chinntire. Cha b'fhada gus an robh Callum bochd air urachadh agus air a bheothachadh le bhi coimhead air beanntaibh boidheach Chinntire agus an Eilein Arranaich; ach mo thruaighe; cha b'fhada gus an d'fhag e ant iomlan dhiu air a chulthaobh, agus beul farsuing Chluaidh r'a uchd, agus mar gu'm biodh i ga shùghadh as taigh, olc air mhath leis, an coinneamh a sgornein dhorcha thoiteach nach do choisinn ach ro bheag dhe a thlachd no dhe a chiatadh. Bha faileadh breun a h-analach cho deistinneach dha is gu'n robh e gle thaingail 'n uair a fhuair e a chas air tir, agus air cabhsair a' bhaile mhoir, anns am faighear e an deigh seo, a' cothachadh air a laimh fein mar a bha an ceard 'sa' chaonnaig."

MUILEACH.

(Ri leantuin.)

"BUN-LOCHABAR."

In a company of literary men, at which the writer of these lines, though then but little more than midway through his *teens*, was privileged to be present, Professor John Wilson, of Edinburgh, the world-renowned "Christopher North," remarked, in the course of conversation—"Since the days of David, the sweet singer of Israel, I know not at this moment that I could point to a single hymn, properly so called, worthy of the name, except that which Scott causes the Jewess Rebecca to sing in 'Ivanhoe.' It is as nearly as possible a perfect gem of its kind, in which dignity, pathos, and a religious spirit, at once pure and fervid, are admirably intermingled. I know not any species of poetical composition so difficult to deal with successfully." We beg to present our readers with the hymn thus warmly praised by such competent authority, with a Gaelic translation on the opposite column, in which we have endeavoured, how successfully let the reader judge, to do something like justice to the original.

REBECCA'S HYMN (FROM "IVANHOE.")

1

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

2

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou has left them to their own.

3

But present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray;
And oh! when stoops on Judah's path,
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be *Thou*, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

LAOIDH NA BAN-IUDHAICH.

1.

Tìr a bhaighdeanais 'n uair dh'fhàg
Israèl a ghràdhaich Dia,
Bha-ESAN mar rithe 's gach trà,
'Ga stiuradh air gach làmh 's ga dìon.
'S an latha roimpe bha meall neòil,
'S be 'n t' iognadh mòr sìod do gach,
treubh;
San oidhch' bha 'm fasach mar an t-òr
Le boills'g' an teine a dh'orduich E.

2

'An sin bha laoidhean naoimh a
Le tromp a's tiomban 'seirm do chliù,
A's nigh'n'an Shìoin 'togail fhonn
D'an d' thug gach sonn 's gach sagart,
fìh.
An nis gun ni mar so—mo chreach!
Tha Israèl air seach'ran sleibh,
Cha gh'ath ar n' athraichean Do shlighe,
As dh'fhag Thus' iad 'n an slighe
féin.

3

Ach mar ruinn fòs—ged 's ann fo sgàil!
'Nuair 'thig oirn latha seilbh 'us
maoin,
Biodh smuaintean Ortsadhuinn nadhion
'O theas 'as iargain air gach taobh.
'S air slighe Iudah O! 'nuair 'thig
An oidhche dh'orcha, tric bi dlù,
Fad-fhulangach 'us mall chum feirg,
'Nad sholus dealrach dhuinn 's na' d'
stiùir.

4

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.
But *Thou* hast said, the blood of goat,
The flesh of rams I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

SCOTT.

4

Ar clarsaichean, nan culaidh-thàir,
Dh'fhag sinn aig sruth Bhàbeil thall;
Chaidh gach altair oirn fo smàl,
A's fuaim ar gaire tha air chall.
Ach fuil nan gobhar 'Dhia, ars Thus'
Cha toilich mi na mìle spréidh
"An cridh brist", 'san spiorad bruit'
Si'n iobairt umh'l dan d'thug mi
spéis."

NETHER-LOCHABER.

PAT O'CONNOR.

Chaidh duin'-uasal, Sasunnach àraidh,
air tìr ann an Eirinn, agus chuir e
fastadh air gille òg, tapaidh a thachair
air d'am b'àinm Pat O'Connor, gu bhi
'dol maille ris air feadh na dùthcha.
Thòisich am Maighstir agus esan air
comhradh r'a chèile anns na briathraibh
a leanas.

MAIGH.—An i do bharail gu'n dean
e an t-uisge an diugh, oganaich?

PAT.—Tha mi cinnteach gu'n dean e
an t-uisge uaireigin, ach cha'n fhios
domh cuin.

MAIGH.—Tha e eu-cosmhuil ri uisge
'san àm, oir tha 'ghrian a' sòillseachadh
gu h-àillidh.

PAT.—Tha gun teagamh. Gidheadh
cha'n 'eil i a' deanamh ach an ni a's
coir di. Ciod tuilleadh am feum a ta
innte?

MAIGH.—Ciod an ùine a bha thu
maille ris a' Mhaighstir a dh'fhàg thu?

PAT.—Air m' onoir, cha'n urrainn
mi innseadh. Chuir mi m' ùine seachad
cho toilichte 'na sheirbhis 's nach do
ghléidh mi cùntas air. Dh'fheudainn
teachd beò maille ris uile làithean mo
bheatha, agus mòran ni b' fhaide n'an
tograinn fein.

MAIGH.—Carson a dh'fhàg thu e,
ma ta?

PAT.—Do bhrìgh gu'n do ghabh mo
Bhan-mhaighstir 'n a ceann mo chridhe
a bhriseadh. Cha tugadh i tàmh
dhomh a là no dh'òidheche ach 'g am
chur thall 'sa bhos, a dheanamh sud 'sa

so, air chor 's nach robh innleachd
agam a bhi beò ni b' fhaide maille rithe.

MAIGH.—An ann mar sin a shàruich-
eadh thu, ged tha thu ag ràdh gu'n
robh thu cho toilichte agus sona?

PAT.—Bha mi cho aoibhneach 'sa
bha'n là cho fad.

MAIGH.—Nach robh do Mhaighstir
'n a dhuine ro uaibhreach àrd inntin-
neach?

PAT.—'Se bha. An duine is ua-
bhraiche 'san rioghachd air fad, oir cha
deanadh e gnìomh suarach, salach, ged
a gheibheadh e dha fein an cruinne-cé
mu'n iadh a' ghrian.

MAIGH.—Ciod a's aois duit a nis, mo
ghille tapaidh? Cia hion bliadhna tha
thu?

PAT.—Tha mi dìreach 'san aon aois
-ri Morgan Finnigan. Rugadh sinn
'san aon là, agus air duinn a bhi
seachduin a dh'aois, tha cùimhne agam
gu'n do bhaisteadh cuideachd sinn leis
an aon uisge.

MAIGH.—Gu'n teagamh is maith do
chùimhne, oganaich; ach innis domh,
ma ta, ciod a's aois do Mhorgan
Finnigan?

PAT.—Cha'n urrainn mi innseadh,
agus a réir mo bharail, cha'n 'eil e a'n
comas do Mhorgan fein a' cheisd sin a
fhreagairt.

MAIGH.—An ann a'm Baile-clìath,
ma ta, a rugadh tu?

PAT.—Cha'n ann idir. Dh'fheud-
ainn a bhi air mo bhreith anns a'

bhaile sin n'an tograion fein, ach b' fhearr leam an dùthaich; agus ma bhios mi beò gus am faigh mi bàs, agus m'a bhios deagh ghiùlan agam, bheir mi an aire gu'n adhlacair mi 'san sgìreachd far an d' rugadh mi.

MAIGH.—Ro cheart, ro cheart,—tha mi 'faicinn gur tapaidh an diùlnach thu, agus gur ainneamh do leithid; ach innis domh an dean thu sgriobhadh?

PAT.—Sgriobhadh! Is mise a ni, agus ni mi gu b-ealant'e,—ceart co luath 'sa ruitheas am miol-chù an déigh an fheidh air na raointibh.

MAIGH.—Ach a nis innis domh ciod an seòl cumanta air an téid neach air thuras troimh an dùthaich bhòidheach so?

PAT.—Ma ta, a' Mhaighstir chòir, tha 'chùis dìreach mar so,—ma theid thu air muir, feumaidh tu 'dol air luing sheòlaidhbh no air toit-long; ma theid thu air tìr, feumaidh tu dol air carbad, no air muin-eich; ach mar ròghnaich thu aon dhiubh sin, cha'n 'eil ann duit ach na casan a ghabhail, agus coiseachadh mar a's fearr a dh'fheudas tu, gus an ruig thu ceann do shlighe, biodh i fad no goirid.

MAIGH.—An deachaidh thu fein riamh astar mòr air do chosaibh?

PAT.—Is mi nach deachaidh. Cha do choisich mi riamh a mach air trì no ceithir cheud mìle a null tarsuing air an rioghachd; ach rinn mo chomhaois Morgan Finnigan Eirinn a chois-eachd o cheann gu ceann, gun bhròg air a chois, gun bhonaid air a cheann, agus gun snàthainn eydaich air a dhrùim, ach beagan luideagan reubta, salach, a bha 'gabhail beannachd le aon a' chéile.

MAIGH.—Mo thruaighe! Mòrgan bochd, cha robh sin idir furasd da, ach ciamar a chaidh aige air?

PAT.—Chaidh gu ro mhath, oir cha robh dith bidh, no dibhe, no leapach air, an uair a bha teanga 'n a cheann, agus taighean, agus tobraichean ann an tìr na h-Eirinn.—Mar cuir mi fadal ort,

a Mhaighstir chòir, dh'innsinn sgeul beag dhuit mu Mhorgan.

MAIGH.—Rach air t-aghaidh, ma ta, agus innis ciod a dh' éirich do'n truagh-an bhochd.

PAT.—Bha e an siod ag imeachd gu cruaidh air rathad mòr an rìgh, gus an d'rug e air duin'-uasal a bha' coiseachd air thoiseach air. An uair a bha e dìreach aig sàil an duin'-uasail, ghrad thionndaidh e mu'n cuairt, agus rug e air amhaich air Morgan, agus thubhairt e ann am feirge mhòir ris, "a mheirlich ghoid thu mo neapaigin-pòca uam, agus cuiridh mi air ball do'n phrìosain thu." Ro mhaith, ro mhaith, a dhuin'-uasail chòir, cha mhòr gur miosa sin na so, ach dean foighidinn beag, agus na bi cho bras, cha do ghoid mise òirleach dheth. Bha'n fallus a' dalladh an duin'-uasail, le bhi 'tarruing Mhorgain 'na dheigh, agus stad e tiota beag. Mu dheireadh, thug e an ad aige bhàrr a chinn a thiomachadh an fhalluis. Ach ciod a fhuair e 'san aid ach an neapaigin-pòca a bha dùil aig a ghoideadh. Ghrad thionndaidh e ri Morgan, agus thubhairt e ris, "Tha mi 'g iarraidh maitheanas ort, a dhuine bhochd, oir dhìt mi thu gu neo-chiontach." "Cha ruig thu leas maitheanas iarraidh ormsa," a deir Morgan, "oir ghabh thusa mise mar mheirleach, agus ghabh mise thusa mar dhuin'-uasal, agus bha sinn 'nar dìthis air ar mealladh!" Thug an duin'-uasal le deagh-ghean bonn-crùn da, agus dhealaich iad.

MAIGH.—Is laghach an sgeul sin, a Phat, agus bu tapaidh am ballach Morgan 'n a luideagaibh. Ach innis domh a nis, ciod an t-àm a's freagarr-aiche gu dol air thuras air feadh na duthcha so?

PAT.—Tha gu cinn-teach an t-àm anns am mò am bheil a dh' àirgid aig duine 'n a sporan.

MAIGH.—Glé cheart, glé cheart, (a' deanamh gàire) ach tha dùil agam gu'm bheil na rathadan mora 'san dùthaich so glé fhrasd imeachd.

PAT.—Glé fhuasad gun teagamh ma phàighear na cis-gheataichean a ta co tiugh air an suidheachadh, mar astar ocdh mìle o chéile, air gach slighe 'san rioghachd.

MAIGH.—Dh' innseadh dhomh gu'm bheil àireamh mòr agaibh dhe'n chrodh adhairceach 'san tìr so. Am bheil sin ceart?

PAT.—An iad na seilcheagan a ta thu a' ciàllachadh?

MAIGH.—Cha'n iad, cha'n iad idir, an crodh-dubh tha mi 'ciallachadh.

PAT.—An crodh-dubh! Tha'n crodh-againn deth gach dath,—dubh, geal, buidhe, bàn, odhar, riabbach, agus deth gach dath agus dreach eile fo'n ghréin.

MAIGH.—Ach tha dùil agam gu'm bheil e'g uisge tuilleadh a's tric ann an Eirinn.

PAT.—Se sin tha na h-uile neach ag ràdh; ach is comadh co dhiubh, cha'n fhad gus an tig crìoch air sin, oir gheall an duine maith O'Connell gu'n robh e gu achd Parlamaid a thoirt a staigh air son turaidh agus aimsire bhlàth, agus gheibh 'anam e. Guidhidh mòran gu'n teid a' chùis leis, gu sònraichte luchd buaineadh na mòine agus an fheòir. Guidhidh na h-uile gu'n tuit mìle beannachd air a cheann.

MAIGH.—Air duibh mòran aibhnichean grinn' a bhi agaibh 'san rioghachd so, shaoilinn gu'm biodh pailteas éisg agaibh an còmhnuidh.

PAT.—Pailteas dhe'n iasg is fearr a fhliuch riamh uisge! A cheud iasg air an talamh ach e fein! Gu'n teagamh, a Mhaighstir, cha'n innis mi breug dhuit, ach n'am biodh tu aig abhainn *Bhoyne* gheibheadh tu na bradain agus na bric a nasgaidh; agus n'an rachadh tu gu *Baileshanaidh*, gheibheadh tu iad air moran ni's lugha!

MAIGH.—Is leòir sin, ma ta, biomaid a nis a' falbh.

SGIATHANACH.

BRASAILTE.

DO CHOINNEACH MACLEòID.
FEAR NA TOBRACH, 'AN STRATH-
FEOTHAIR.

Thachair do bhean an ùghdair a bhi beagan sheachduinean aig tobraichean iocshlainteach Shrath-Feothair. Rè na h-ùine sin, bha i fuireach ann an taigh Mhic-Leòid, a nochd mòr chaoimhneas d'i; 's o'n bha teist muinntir eile, a bha mion-eòlach air ag co-chòrdadh anns gach seadh ri na thaisbein e dh' i féin smuanaich mi na rainn so 'chur ri chéile mar chuimhneachan air 'fhiùghantachd, 's air iomadalachd a bhuadhan.

Tha m'aigneadh, 's mo chonn, 's a' cheòlraidh air bhonn,

Gu-n togair leam fonn òrain,

'S o 'n tha sinn cho réidh, gu-n teid mi air ghleus,

'S gu seinnear leam séis shòlais.

Do 'n fhiùran gun ghiamh, fliughantach, fhial,

Leadanaich, chialbh òr-bhuidh,

'S min-dheirge dà ghruaidh mar chaorunn 'g am buain,

'S nan liop tha air shnuadh ròsan.

A Choinnich dheis, òig, o bhroilleach shìl Leòid,

'S na chinnich na seòid ainmeil,

'Nuair ghluaiseadh an sloigh fo bhrataichean sròil,

Bu fhilathail am pòr meanmnach,

'S torman nam piòb a' borbadh an spid,

A' tarruing gu strì armaibh,

'S mu 'm pilleadh o 'n àr bhiodh cìs air an nàmh,

'S e sud 'n an cuid blàr 'dhearbh iad.

Tha thu o d'òig, 'réir feartan do sheòrs', ceanalta, còir, uasai,

Faicilleach, ceart, taitneach, 's gach beart,

Rodhomhain 'am beachd-smuaintean, Aoidheil gun stùrr, caoimheil gun lùb,

Fileanta, ciùin, suairce,

Subhach gun chron, sicir gun lon,

'S theid beannachd nam bochd 'suas leat.

'S fhad, dh' imich do chliù, 's bi 'dh tu
fo mhùirn,
'G ad shireadh 'an cùirt uaislean,
'S tu cridheil mu bhòrd, 's a' lionadh
nan còrn,

Ni thu gach bròn fhuadach;
Dannsair air làr ionnsuicthe 'thà,
Briosg, sgiobalta, sàr-fhuasgailt';
Ceòl gu do réir, 's bòidheach do chre
Ri ruidhle nan ceum luatha.

Gur gile do chneas na cobhar nan eas,
'S na cuithe 'ni sneachd aon oidhch';
'S gur binne do ghuth na coisir nam
bruth,

'S a' mhadainn ri moch aoradh:
Gu-n dheothail thu rùn mhaighdean
na dùthch'

Le mealladh do ghnùis fhaoiltich,
'S tha cuid dhiubh fo bhròn 's a
bhitheas ri 'm beò,
A' cumha fo leòn gaol dut.

'Nuair theid thu do 'n bheinn le d'
ghunna tha grinn,

Gur moch thu 's na glinn àrda,
'S do mhiol-choinn 'n an deann a'
dùsgadh nam mang,

'S a' cuibhleadh nan seann làn-damh.
Gur fuilteach do thriall a' tolladh nam
bian,

A' leagail nam fiadh crà-dhearg,
'S gur tric thug thu leat o iochdar
nan eas,

Am bradan, 's am breac tàrr-gheal.
Coisnidh tu réis le taghadh do steud,
Tha spioradail, treun, uaibbreach,
'S e cireanach, àrd, uchd-fharsuinn, làn,
Mòr-shuileach, àill, cluas-gheur,
Cuinneineach, mòr, cruinn anns a'
bhròig,

Màs-leathan, beò, cnuachd-bheag,
Lag-mhuingeach, gann, tiugh-earblach,
teann,

Direach 's gach ball, 's luaineach.
Cha-n aithme dhomh euchd 'ni duine
fo n' ghréin,

Nach fhaighearthar cheud buaidh leat,
'S a dh-aindeoin gach pàirt 'fhuair thu
thar chàich,

Cha chluinnear gu brath uail ort.

Choisinn thu toirt bheartach 'us bhochd,
'S ni iad le moit luaidh ort;
'S bhrìgh d' uaisle ri m' Chéil' guidhidh
mì féin,
Sonas 'us re buan dhut.

LOCH-AILLSE.

—:o:—

To the Editor of "THE GAEL."

Inveraray Castle, October 31, 1872.

SIR,—The following Gaelic poem is copied from a manuscript found yesterday, amongst a large and valuable collection of old papers, given lately by Mr Campbell, of Sonachan, to the Duke of Argyll. The manuscript is on quarto paper, written in a hand of last century, with an English rendering opposite to the Gaelic. The song appears to be a genuine composition of 1528. Like other Gaelic poems of this period, the language tends towards current northern Irish dialects. The spelling, accents, and other marks, are copied. With the aid of the Rev. Mr MacPherson, and after questioning Inveraray boatmen as to the meaning of some technical words, I have attempted to make a close translation, which I have now the honour to send, with a copy of the song.

It is interesting, because it gives a portrait of an ancient west country expedition. They launch their boats, they step their masts, they hoist a square sail, make the tack of the lug sail fast to the weather cat-head, set a foresail ("scoid-lin"), and beat to windward, using oars. This picturesque old navy of Loch Fyne was very like the modern herring fleet for size and rig. Such boats are commonly sculptured on tombstones, and are blazoned on coats of arms. It is curious also to note the small Gaelic equivalents for great titles, and their value when translated. The title of "Riogh," which the learned bard gave to the Earl whom he chose for laudation, was given to a great many petty chiefs in

Ireland, and in Scotland, and clearly is the word "Raja." When given to the Irish monarch, who ruled at Tara over five provincial kings, they added a word to make the title "High King" (Ard Rìgh). When given to a great monarch in the East, they add a similar word to make the title "Great King" ("Maha Raja"). Rìogh, therefore, meant a country gentleman of old. Such titles as "General," "Lord High Justiciar," "Warden of the Marches," &c., in like manner dwindle when turned into Gaelic. I have tried to give equivalent words in translating the poem which follows, but I am not quite sure that I have rendered the whole correctly.

The following is a quotation from Buchanan. Vol. II., seventh edition. 1799. P. 153 :—

"And whereas, the King had no great confidence in the Hamiltons as being friends to his enemies, and was also offended at them upon the account of the slaughter of John Stuart, Earl of Lennox; and, besides, there being none of the nobility of the adjacent party that had power or interest enough

for that service, at last he resolved to send Colin Campbell with an army against the rebels, a person living in the furthest parts of the kingdom, but a prudent man, of approved valour, and, upon account of his justice, very popular. The Douglasses, when the Hamiltons and the rest of their friends failed them, were reduced to great straits, so that they were compelled by Colin, and by George, Chief of the Humes, to retire like exiles into England.

"In the month of October, two eminent knights came ambassadors from the King of England about a peace which, though earnestly desired by both Kings, yet they could scarce find out the way to conclude upon it. . . ."

From this it appears that the ballad is historical, so far as it goes with the history of George Buchanan. It also agrees with entries in Irish annals. Unless my recollection is at fault, this Colin Campbell is mentioned there as a generous, hospitable man, who gave gifts to learned scribes and bards.—I am, your obedient servant,

J. F. CAMPBELL.

AN ODE OR SONNET

(Copy.)

Composed by a Highland Bard in honour of Colin, 3rd Earl of Argyle, in the reign of King James 5th, Anno 1528, upon his being appointed by the king to command an expedition against the Douglasses, then in rebellion on the borders. Buchanan, B 14 Ch. gives account of this expedition, with a beautiful and noble character of this Colin.

1.

Trialfa mi le m'Dhuanaig ùllamh
Go Rìogh Ghaoihdeal,
Fear ag am bi 'm baile toitheamhil,
Sonna saidhbhin.

2.

Triach Erragaidheal is fearr bhfaicean
Is mo maitheas
Callen Iarla faoi cluidh
Se is fial Flaitheas.

3.

Amhal ùasal fairsin freamhach
Dan cùbhaigh moladh

1.

I'll wend with my finished ditty,
To a Gælic King [Rìogh]:
A man whose town has many a fire-
Happy and wealthy. [smoke,

2.

The Lord of Argyll is best to look on,
Of greatest goodness;
Colin the Earl, well reputed,
Is pride of nobles,

3.

Noble apple-tree, widely rooted,
Who is praiseworthy;

Crann is uire dhas roimh Thalamh
Lan do thoradh.

4.

Seabhag is uasle theid sna neulamh
Crann thar chrannuibh thu
Mac Rath thu chum Dia go ullamh
Don cleir Ealadhann.

5.

Mar leomhan neimhneadh neartmhuir
An am trioblaid thu [laidir
Beg nach deachuidh Alba ar udhmhal
Gùs an do theasrig thu.

6.

An trath thrialfas Callen Iarla
Is a shluagh bunnidh
Cùrfar leis air Fairge o' chaladh
Cabhlaich ullamh.

7.

Loingeas leathan laidir lùchdmhùr
Dealbhthach dhianach
Is sleamhùinadh Slias dhol san ùradh
Dar-chruàdh ramhach.

8.

Togar an sin no geal chroinn chorrach
Suas le'n lonadh
Is iomdha Balle gu teann ga deanamh
An am dhoibh Seoiladh.

9.

Dheantar an slàogh dhireach dualach
Mar bhraigh thosuigh
Togar na seuil mhor le maisa
Le scoid-lin crosach.

10.

Dheantar 'n cluas san chich tosaigh
Dhol san uaradh
Mar Steid ro luath i, sruth gà sar-
aigh
'S muir ga bualadh.

11.

A leuid Laoch fulingeach meanmnach
Dorn-geal treithach
Imrudh lub air a hàlach
Socairach seidhrach.

12.

An deadh sluadh lìonmhuir faoi lan
O'mharcùigh reamhra [armidh
Air a dheis laimh do anan neart na
Aige Rìogh Alba. [Dhùibhnach*

* (gloss) Campbells.

Noblest tree that grew through earth's
Full fruit bearing. [mould,

4.

Noblest falcon that soars to cloudland,
Tree above trees thou; [ready
Son of good fortune, whom God kept
For learned clerks [instructed bards].

5.

As a fierce lion, strong and mighty,
In troubled time thou;
Scarce but Scotland went to ruin,
Till thou aided.

6.

The morn that Colin the Earl marches,
And his people;
By him is put on sea from harbour,
A full flotilla.

7.

Broad-beamed shipping, strong, great
Tight, and shapely; [burdened,
Of slipperiest sides to go to windward,
Oak-hard, oared.

8.

Then are lifted the white masts swaying,
Up with their gearing;
Many's the rope that is being made fast,
What time they're sailing.

9.

Their straight cables are made coiled,
To top the fo'k'stle;
The great sails are raised in beauty,
With foresails crossing.

10.

Their ears are made fast in the fore-
bosom [cat-head],
To go to windward;
As a right swift steed she, tide ex-
Sea her beating. [hausting,

11.

Her crew of haughty, enduring heroes,
White fisted, hardy;
Would make a bend in her oar-banks;
Steadily breathing.

12.

The excellent numerous host full armed,
From rich mark lands [markets];
At his right ever the power of the
Has the King of Alba. [Duiibhnach,

13.

Le laigh a chartas 's nuair i b' eigin
 Le cruadh chogadh
 Bhuain sibh buaidh 's 'a sibh oirdheiric
 'S fhuair sibh Tosach.

14.

Ni aithnidh dhamsa bhur cairdin a
 Ga fairsin 'm eolas [mach
 Ach' sro chintadha gu 'neiridh leatsa
 Mac Leod Leoghes.

15

Fuil Mhic Intosich gu ullamh
 Feachtha Mhic Imidh
 Maing air an leagudh iad 'mbuilean
 An am Lann imirt.

16

Clan na Leoin gu laidir lionmhur
 O'n Fhion mbullach
 An Dream thug buaidh an s'gach beal-
 ach
 'S b'fearr fuirach.

17

Brollach Clan Domhnùil ort a feith-
 eamh
 Dun cliù b'uidh lathairach
 Uaslin Inse Gall gu coimhlioin
 Fir gun ailin.

18

Fhuair thu sud faoi an Rìogh 'sgu
 b'arrigh
 Bhi d' ard chean bheirt
 Air fearibh Alba is bhi d'ard Breith-
 mhùr
 Neithe is annama.

19

Ata thu d'ard-fhear gleidh agus coim-
 Air an Criche thall [heàd
 Rainig 's bhùaidh thar bhùr namhù-
 dūin
 'S fhuair thù sìothcheaut

20

Air ard-comhairle na Alba
 S tū stuir uile
 Do cho mhaith ni n' dhuarfas an sean-
 nachūs
 O lin Uilliam

13.

With hands of justice, and, when 'twas
 With hard fighting; [needed,
 Ye won victory, and ye are honoured,
 And got the lead.

14.

Unknown to me are all your allies,
 Though wide my knowledge;
 But sure it is that he'll rise with thee,
 MacLeod of Lewes.

15.

The Macintosh Blood ever ready,
 The hosts of Mac Imidh [Lovat].
 Woeworth on whom they may drop
 In the blade play. [their blows

16.

Tribe of the Leoin, strong and plen-
 teous, [MacLean]
 From the white hill top;
 The branch that won battle in every
 Of best endurance. [pass,

17.

The Breast of Clan Domhnail are
 waiting on thee,
 Whose style is "Victorious."*
 Gentles of the Gentile Isles together,
 Men undaunted.

18.

That got'st thou from the King, and
 earned it,
 To be high chieftain
 O'er the men of Alba and High Brehon,
 In gear and lives [Souls (?) matters
 ecclesiastical and civil].

19.

Thou art high keeper and watcher
 On yonder marches;
 Thou camest and overcamest thy foe-
 men,
 And gottest peace words.

20.

Over the high Council of Alba
 Thou did'st steer all;
 Of such a worthy no story was got-
 ten,
 Since the time of William

* To whom is the honour Victory-in-
 stricken-field-ish.

21

Uallas ! Flath na Fear gun coimhmheas
A measg Dhaoine
Calen na d'aighsan gun coimhmheas
An Thiarla uirach.

22

Giodh gu ro mhor d' inuimhe d'ainm 's
t'onnair
'Smo do gliocas
Rinn thu bunn a steidh na firiuine
'Is a cheartas.

23

Rhinnadar leat dlìghe ceart
Do lag 's do laidir
Beannachd gach aon Dúinead cuideachd
Gall ùs Gaoidheal

24

An Tathair cumbachdach d' Gleidh
Is a Mac Fireúne
An' Spiroid noamh 'diain do nair
A Rìogh Loch fine.

25

Ni 'n dhfuaras do choimhmhaith do
Is ni mo iarrfuidheas [Gurraim
A chean na Fear bu fhailt a churam
Leat do trialfam.

N.B.—Verse 15. The Mac Intoshes, instead of the common appellation of Clan-Intosh, chose to call themselves in the Gaelic Language Fùil Mhìc Intoshich—The Blood of MacIntosh, by way of eminence.

• (*Music as written in the manuscript.*)



OIDHCHE SHAMHNA.

FHIR MO CHRIDHE,

Ceachaich dhomh
focal no dha 'chur sìos mu oidhche
Shamhna. Ma chì thu nach cur iad
mì-chliu air do GHÀIDHEAL maiseach,
bi' mise glé thoilichte ma bheir thu
oisinn doibh, oir tha mi an droch staid,
agus ma tha leigheas domh air thalamh,
'sì mo bheachd gur h-ann am measg
luchd-leughaidh A' Ghaidheil a gheobh
mi e, air an aobhar sin bi tròcaireach,
mar bu dual duit o d' shinnsearan.

21.

Wallace ! chief of men, unequalled
Amongst mankind ;
Colin, after him, is peerless,
That noble Earl.

22.

Though right great thy rank, thy name,
and honour,
Greater thy wisdom ;
Thou hast inwardly rooted the truth
And justice.

23.

By thee was given righteous judgment
To weak and strong ;
Bless each Duine in thy host,
Celt and Stranger.

24.

The Mighty Father keep thee,
And the Son of Truth,
The Holy Spirit, guard thy fame,
King of Lochfine.

25.

Ne'er was found thine equal as patron,
Nor is sought for ;
Oh ! head of men of heavy cares,
I'll wend with thee.

Mar tha fios agad-sa, tha mi gun
cheile, agus, a reir cleachdadh mo
dhuthcha, smaoinich mi gu'm feuch-
ainn dé 'm fortan a bha romham, air
oidhche shamhna. Le sin na mo
bheachd dh'fhalbh mi fein agus mo
charaid "Mac-Shimidh," gu taigh sean
bhoireannach a tha 'san àite leis an
cleachdach a bhi leughadh na'n copan :
ach air an oidhche seo, 's ann a bha i
'leughadh na'n uibhean. Bha triuir
nighean as teach maille rithe, agus gach

té dhiubh air “bhiodh,” air son a fortan a chluinntinn. Cha bu luaithe ’ràinig sinne na ruith an triuir a mach air an dorus chuil; agus, ma dh’innseas mi ’n fhirian duit-se, ’Ghaidheil ion-nhuinn, cha robh sinne bronach, oir cha bu toigh leinn a bhi ’g eisdeachd na caillich a’ leughadh na’n uibhean, agus gu ’n robh sinn cinnteach gu’m bitheadh na caileagan a’ magadh a rìs oirn. Bhrist a’ chailleach ubh, agus gu cùramach leag i leis a’ ghealagan ruith do’n ghloinne (aig an àm cheudna glé thoitheach nach gluaisedh am buidheagan, oir na ’n tuiteadh boinne dheth ’sa’ ghloinne maille ris a’ ghealagan ’s ris an uisge, cha bhiodh a’ chuis cho math). An deigh do’n ghealagan a bhi mar bu mhiannach leis a’ chaillich, chuir i a bois air beul na gloinne, ’s chrath ii gu h-iollagachaig an am cheudna ’g ainmeachadh araon “Mhic-Shimidh” (air ainm ’s air a shloinneadh) agus an fhir nach tig an comunn nan crìosduidhean. Leag i ’n sin leis na bha ’sa’ ghloinne stòladh, ’s shin i-fhein air aithris rann no ubag air chor-eigin. Leugh i ’ghloinne, ’s dh’innis i do “Mhac-Shimidh,” ni, ma tha e fìor, a ni ’na dhuine sona e, cho fada ’s a bhios ’anail a’ dol sìos a’s suas. Air a mhodh cheudna, leugh i mo ghloinne-se, ach ’s duilich leam nach d’thug i misneachd sa bith dhomh. Dh’fhalbh sinn an sin a taigh na caillich a’s dhealaich mi-fein ’s “Mac-Shimidh,” agus chaidh mi do thaigh eile, agus air dhomh dol as teach, bha fear ann an sin ’sa cheann gu ruig a ghuailean ann am ballan uisge, feuchain an tugadh e sia sgillinn de ’ghrunnd. Theirteadh na’n tugta an t-sia sgillinn á grunnad a’ bhallain uisge, leis na faclan, gu’m faigheadh a neach a dheanadh sin ceile, luath no mall. Chuir mi fhein mo cheann ’san uisge, agus gach uair a dh’fheuchainn ri chur fodha, thigeadh an aileag orm, ’s ged a bhithinn a’ stri ris an t-sia sgillinn a thogail fhathasd cha

bhithinn dad na b’fhearr; agus sgur mi, oir bha e cho fasa dhomh snaoisean fhaighinn o “Dhòmhnull na Gealaich” ’sa bha e dhomh greim a dheanamh air an t-sia sgillinn. Dh’fhiach mi ’n sin ri ubhall a thoirt as a’ bhallan, ach cha b’e dad a b’fhasa dheanamh: a’s gheill mi. Chuireadh an sin brat air m’eudainn, gus an robh mi cho dall ri fàth; agus chuireadh tri triunnsairean air mo bhial-thaobh—fear falamh, fear làn adh uisge glan, agus, le do chead-sa, am fear eile làn adh uisge salach. Bha agam ri mo lamh a chur ann am fear diubh, agus a reir an fhir ’san cuirinn i, bha m’ fhortan’ ’sa bheatha seo gu bhi air a thaisebanadh. Tri uairean an deigh cheile, chuir mi mo lamh ’san triunnsair fhalamh; as le corraich thilg mi am brat de m’ aghaidh. Fhuair mi an sin ubhall agus chaidh mi leis gus an sgathan; oir chuala mi, na’n ithinn ubhall ag coimhead ris an sgathan agus coinneal a’ lasadh na m’ lamh chhì, gu’m faicinn iomhaidh mo leannain. Rinn mi mar dh’iarradh orm, ach an truaighe iomhaidh a chunnaic mise ach m’ iomhaidh fein! Shin iad an sin air losgadh chnothan; ’s a chiad dithis a loisg iad (Mac-Shimidh ’s a mhaighdeann) “ghabh” iad cho aillidh agus gu’n eilticheadh tu-fein riutha ’Ghaidheil. Loisgeadh an seo mi-fein agus an té air an robh mi ’n tòir o ghlùn mo mhathar —’s mo loisgeadh, “ghabh” mise, ’s “chrag” ise. Cha b’urrainn mi seasamh ris a’ chorr, ’s dh’fhag mi ’n taigh le corraich agus thug mi ’n iolainn orm, a spionadh dhias as a’ chruaich choirce. Bha fadal mòr orm gus an tigeadh an dias, agus mi ’n dochas gu’m biodh i tarbhach, torrach, ach, mo dhiubhail! cha robh aon siallan oirre! As an iolainn thug mi ’n ath orm, agus thilg mi ceirle shnatha ’ghoid mi air mo mhathair, suas do chro na h-athainn, a’s dh’èigh mi, “co tha sìod air ceann mo shnathain?” ach cha d’fhuair mi freagairt; a’s gu dubh-

chridheach b'eiginn tilleadh dachaidh. A' dol dachaidh smaonaich mi air oidheirp, eadhon an oidheirp dheireanaich: mo mhuilicheann a bhogadh ann an allt sa bith air an robh beo a's marbh a' dol seachad. Rinn mi seo, chaidh mi dhachaidh, a's chaidh mi 'laidhe. Chuir mi mo mhuilicheann fliuch fo mo cheann agus mi 'n dùil gu'm brudairichinn air ailleag air chor-eigin; ach cha do bhrudair, agus air dhomh eiridh 'sa' mhaduinn bha mi "sgèth, trom, airtneulach."

Nis a Ghaidheil ionmbuinn dh'innis mi dhuit mar dh'eirich dhomh oidhche shamhna. Dh' fheuch mi gach ni airson fios fhaighinn air ciod an seorsa mnatha bha mhanadh orm, ach cha d' fhuair mi am fios sin; agus ciod a ni mi? Cha bu mhath leam a bhi na mo sheann fhleasgach, agus sin gu h-araid o'n tha 'n sean-fhocal ag radh "gur fada bu choir dol a dh'fhaicinn fear nach fhaigheadh bean." Theagamh gu'm faighinn-se te, ach 'se 'm mi-shealbh a bh'orm riabh—*an te a gheobhainn cha ghabhainn*. Bha mi 'n toir air iomadh te, ach dé dheth sin, cha ghabhadh iad mi. An nis a Ghaidheil shuairce tuigear tu-fein mo staid, a's theagamh gu'n cur thu focal math as teach air mo shon ri aon de na h-oighean maiseach a tha leughadh do GHADHEAL. Ma gheobh thu eolas air te a shaoileas tu 'thaitneas rium, abair rithe gur ann innte-se tha 'n eis, 's nach ann annam-sa; 's ma shaoileas tu gu'm bi i coma-co-dhiù, abair, mar thuirt Uilleam Ros.

Nach cùis ghrain agus mhi-thoirt

Seann nighean gun sgiamb,

'N a briogaid gun mhiagh,

'S nach iarraid a pog!

Bi' 'h-aodann air casadh,

Bi' 'falt air fas liath,

Bi cam-char 'n a bial

A's fiar char 'n a sroin;

When she'll whine and repine

Cha bhi loinn tuille dh' i,

Not a kiss a gheobh is'—

She'll be meas cumanta,

Gun cheile, gun leannan,

Gun teallach, gun tuar,

'N a seasg-chaillich thruaigh,

Fo smuaircan, 's fo bhron!

Na di-chuimhnich m' athchuinge!
Seall mo dhealbh do the sa bith leis am miannach fhaicinn! Cuir seo 'sa' Ghaidheal; agus, creid gur mi do charaid seasmhach

MAC-DHOMHNUILL DUIBH.

Uig, XI. Mios, 1872.

—:o:—

SGRIOS NAM PIOCACH.

BHO AONAS MACAONAS, CRAOITEAR,
SMEARCLEIT, UIST-A'-CHINN-A'-DEAS.

[Sgriobhta le Alasdair G. MacGille-Mhicheil, air an 13mh là de cheud mhios na bliadhna, 1865.]

Bha uigh aig Rìgh Coinneach cuir as do na Pìocach. Shuidhich e iomadh doigh air an sgrìos, ach cha deachaidh leis. Bha a mbac dombain 'sa' cheann agus shuidhich easan agus an greighear doigh chum an sgrìos, o na dh' fhairtlich iad eir 'athair.

Agus b'i seo an dòigh—"Falbh thus" orsa mac an Rìgh ris a' ghreighear "agus abair ris an iasgair toiseachadh air iasgach a' bhradain agus feannabuilg a dhianadh air a' chuile gin a gheobh e agus na biain a thoirt thugamsa." Thug an greighear seachad an t-ordugh a fhuair e, agus rinn an t-iasgair mar a shireadh air, agus thug e biain nam bradan gu cùramach adh ionnsuidh mac an Rìgh.

Rinn an sin mac an Rìgh agus an greighear deise le biain nam bradan, agus bha an deise fuathasach iongantach.

Bha i coltach ris na luiricheann aigileanach uallach (? dualach) a bhith-eadh eir laoich o shean, ri àm cath a's combraig. Ruigeadh i shuas gu mul-lach a chinn, agus shios gu sail nam bonn!

Bha làis us leinneireac soills' aist mar bhoillsge bogha nan speur, a's dhealradh i 'san oidheche dhùdarra gheamhraidh mar dhealan air beinn an fheidh.

Chuir Rìgh Coinneach a sin fios a mach fad agus farsuinnfeadh Alba thun nan diucanan, iarlachan, agus tighearan, tighinn a chumail cuirm agus cuideachd ris, mar onair dha-fhein, agus mar thoileachadh dhaibhsean, aig feothas an treuntais agus an gaisge, ri linn bhith 'cur as dha na Piocaich. Thainig na h-urracha mora agus rinn-eadh cuirm mhor, mhor, eir an coin-eamh.

Sgeadaich an greighear e-fhein anns an deise bhoisgeanta a rinneadh eir bian nam bradan. 'Nuair a bha na h-uaillean 'n an suidhe aig an dinnteir chaidh e thun uinneig an Rìgh agus sheid e 'n trombaid, agus ghlaodh e le guth ard, "A Rìgh Choinnich, sgrìos na Piocaich! cuir as daibh! na fag anam beo dhiu. Is mise teachdaire 'thainig a nuas o neamh leis an teachd-aireachd seo thugad-sa agus bithidh mi nis a tilleadh a suas an taobh a thainig mi." Sheall na h-uaillean eir an Rìgh agus eir cacha cheile, agus sheall an Rìgh orra, ach cha d' thuir duine diog. Labhair a sin mac an Rìgh agus thuir e, "Nach coir coimhead a mach fiach coid e'm fuath tha siod, no fiach coid e is mathas dha." "Is coir coimhead a mach gu dearbh" orsa na h-urracha mora. Nuair a shealladh a mach bha an greighear a suas ri aghaidh na beinne mu choineamh taigh an Rìgh. Dhearc'ad air gus an deach e as an sealladh. Thill iad a sin is taigh. "Tha siod fìor gu leoir a Rìgh Choinnich. Tha aingeal o neamh a siod gu beucaidh. Toisich thus air na Piocaich agus bithidh sinne leat agus cha'n fhag sinn Pìocach beo an Albainn."

Sgaoil na h-urracha mora dachaidh a chruinneachdadh an cuid sluaigh agus airm. Thainig iad adh ionnsuidh an Rìgh le'n còisridh, le'n eachraidh

agus le 'm marcraidh. Shin iad fhein agus an Rìgh a sin air na Piocaich gus nach d'fhagadh Pìocach beo as an deoghaidh an Albainn.—Sin an sgrìos mu dheireadh a thugadh eir na Piocaich.

—:o:—

NAIDHEACHDAN.

Bhrìst teine mach ann am *Boston*, a rian mor chall araon do bheatha dhaoine agus do cheannachd. Cha mu'n cuairt do ochd ciad taigh a' losgadh—a chuid bu mho dhiubh, taighean maileirt. 'S gann gu'n deach roineag chloimhe fhagail am baile *Boston*, gun losgadh. Ni mo a cha brogan (no leathar gu' an deanamh) fhagail. Ged a cha na h-urrad de thaighean a' losgadh, cha robh ach mu'n cuairt do dha chiad pearsa gun dachaidh an deigh an teine—oir, mar a dh' ainmich sinn 'siad na h-aitean maileirt a cha 'm milleadh. Cha, aig a chuid a's lugha, luach ceithir fichead muillean dollair airgid a chall!

Cha sluagh a chiurradh an la roimhe, aig Bail'-Eoghainn faisg air Inbhir-feotharainn le dà charbad iarunn a bhual a cheile. Cha deach gin a mharbhadh, ach cha beagan chnaimhean a bhrìsteadh. Gu sealbhadh, bha leighich air a' charbad aig an àm, agus chleachde' eolas gu duineil—ni a chòisinn da mor chliu o gach neach. Cha bu luaithe "cho-bhuail" na carbaid na chuireadh dealan-fhios do Inbhirnis a dh'innseadh an tubaist. Gun uin a chall cha carbaid lan luchd oibreach a chur gu Bail'-Eoghainn, agus cha b' fhada 'bhathas ag cur gach ni 'n a aite fein.

Bithidh ar luchd-leughaidh toilichte chluinntinn gu'm bheil am fìor Ghaidheal Alasdair Mac-Neacail, am fear lagha, a' dol a dh' fhagail Dhun-Eidin do aite na's fearr da. Tha fios aig ar leughadairean cheana, air cho measail 'sa tha e air a' Ghailig; agus gun teagamh bi deagh chuimhne aca air "Ruathar Mhic-Mhuirich," eadar-theangaichte leis-san, agus clo-bhuailte

'sa' choigeamh aireamh de'n GHAIDHEAL. Tha e dol do shiorramachd *Kirkcudbright*, gu dreuchd moran a's tairbhiche na 'dhreuchd an Dun-Eidin. 'Se Mac-Neacail a shuidh an uiridh 'sa' chathair aig coinneamh bhliadhnail nan Gaidheal, an Grianais, 's air deireadh oran a cha dheanamh air son an aobhair, bha'n rann seo:

“Si ar durachd do Mhac-Neacail,
Gu'n ruig e dhachaidh gu sabhailt;
Tha ar suil ri 'fhaicinn fhathasd
'Na shuidhe an cathar is airde.”

Tha e gu “suidhe an cathar is airde” gun dail, agus tha sinn cinnteach gu'm bheil deagh-dhurachd gach Gaidheal maille ris.

Mar chitheadh ar luchd-leughaidh o litir a' “Ghille Dhuibh” 'san aireamh mu dheireadh de'n Ghaidheal, tha Gaidheil Ghrianaig a' strì ri COMUNN GAIDHEALACH a chur suas anns a' bhaile sin. Gun teagamh sa bith bhiodh e glé iomchuidh gu'm biodh nì-eigin de'n t-seorsa ann am baile anns am bheil na h-urrad de'r luchd-dutcha ri Grianais: cha'n e mhaoin gu'm bheil e iomchuidh, ach gu'm bheil e nàir nach robh e ann o chionn fhada. Air an aobhar sin, tha sinn an dòchas gu'm bi comunn maiseach Gaidhealach an Grianais gun dàil, agus nach bi na Gaidheil dearmadach air frithealadh air anns gach dòigh 'n an comas.

Cha an long a' “*Forest chief*” a' *Halifax* a chall air eilean Ile. Bha i á

tighinn á America làn de ghràn Inn-seanach, do cheann tuath Eirinn. Bha i air a' luasgadh leis an stoirm ghailbheach fad na slighe a' tighinn; ach air d'i bhi gu math air a h-aghaidh troimh na ehuan Eirinneach, cha i dheth a sàil, cha' luchd troimh-cheile, 's laidh e air taobh an fhasgath air mhodh agus gur gann a gheobhadh a sail greim ged bhiodh e fiathach. Fhuair a sgioba uile—ach aon fhear—air tìr. Ged bha iad air dhroch ghréigheadh, fhuair iad gach comhnadh an “eilean glas an fheoir,” agus á sin chaidh iad do *Liverpool*.

Bha 'n cruinneachd anabarrach tairbheach an America air a' bhliadhna seo—a' leithid de bharr cha chuimhneach leinn, eadhon da chiad a's da-fhichead muillean buiseil.

Tha'n aimsir glé chaochlaideach daonnan—theagamh maduinn gbrìanach, bhlath, a's uisge 'm anmoch; no lianagaich shneachda 'sa' mhaduinn a's aiteamh am oidhche. Tha'n cruinneach daor; tha mhin bho ochd tastain diag a's sia sgillinn gu nòta 'm bolla. Tha pris mhor air feudail a's meanbh-chrodh. Tha'n fheoil fuathasach daor—cho daor agus gu'm bheil moran 's na bailtean nach eil comasach air a faighinn idir. Tha'n gual cho daor agus gu'm bheil mor fharmaid aig muinntir nam bailtean ris an fheadhainn aig am bheil pailteas moine air an dùthaich.

NUADH ORAN.

Air a dheanamh Do Eiridh a mach America, le Dunnchadh Ceanaidheach Maighistir-sgoil 'am Meileart.

Luinneag

Hem o lil o lil ho ro hi,

Hem o lil o lil ho ro hi,

Hem o lil o lil ho ro hi,

Gur coma ro choma leam cogadh no sith.

'S e cogadh dubh, deurach, na h-éiridh a mach,

A thòisich gun aobhar chum daoine 'sgath as,

Air an t-seachdamh-ceud-deug do Mhac Dhé 'thigh'nn á fìath,

Ceithir deug 'us trì fichead air imeachd a seach.

Eadar Mòr Bhreatunn 's America thall,
 Mu chisean beag eigin a dh' fheumadh an t-arm,
 A choimhead a sìth-thaimh 's gach tìr a ta ann,
 'S a chomhrag nan Innseanach dhionadh an ceann.
 Cha-n iochdadh na h-ìochdrain ud cìsean no càin,
 Ach bhitheadh iad neo-cheangailt' ri Sasunn 's ri 'gnàth,
 A reachd no ceart-choir-sa cha deònaicht' gu bràth,
 A dhionadh 's a chòmhrag a' chòir ann an làimh.
 Bu tàir leis an uachdaran uasal, an Rìgh,
 'S le' chomhuirlich uile nach buidhinnt' a' chis ;
 Ged nach robh i gu sta-san, no dh' àrach na rìogh'chd,
 Ach chum am maith féin, ged nach b' léir dhoibh a brìgh.
 An sin chuir a Mhorachd dream fhoghlumte nunn,
 Gu sìth-réite a chlosdadh 'us cordadh air suim,
 A bhith'dh gu'm maith féin 's nach éignicht' thar tuinn,
 Ach dh'aichein na h-eucoraich, 's dh' éigh comhrag ruinn.
 An trath nach robh againn ach cathach' no call,
 An dùthaich mhor aghmhor, 's na phaigh sinn d' a ceann,
 'Se roghnuich sinn éiridh, o'n b'éigin bha ann,
 'S gu'm faiceadh na reubalaich euchdan ar lann.
 An cuala riamh comhrag na's bronaich na th'ann,
 'N trath b' éigin do Dheors' dol a stroicimh a chlann,
 Rinn an dìon ann a chleit anns gach greadan o naimh
 'S a thug eideadh 'us lon doibh 'n trath b'og 'us a b' fhann.
 O an-ìochd nam Frangach chaidh 'n dìon anns gach cruas,
 O Spaintich, o Ghìosaich, 'so Ipnseanaich ruadh' ;
 Chaidh an sìth 'us an saorsa a shaoradh le buaidh,
 Ged a chaidh an claonadh gu baothail gu fuath.
 Ach dh'fhas iadsan uaibhreach, 'us uailleil á 'n stor,
 'S an cridhe mear, reamhar, le gean agus sogh ;
 Air chor 's gu'n do chuitich le dùrachd an dorn,
 Do mhathair an dùthcha, a chuinn doibh an t-or.
 'S ann a dh'fhaodar an donas a choimeas gu léir,
 Ris a' mhac struitheach òlmhor bu ghòrach 'na bheus ;
 Ged bu mhuirneach dha 'athair le h-aidhear 'us spéis,
 Cha-n fhoghnadh sud dhasan ach a phorsan dha fhéin.
 'N tràth shluig a mhi-stuamaclid o'n truaghan a mhaoin,
 Thug gainne agus dolum dha eolas maraon,
 Air easumhlachd dhasan a dh' àraich e maoth,
 'S a thaisbein dha gràs gu ro ghairdeachail, caomh.
 Ghrad theich e gu 'athair gun spionnadh gun treoir,
 'Nuair bha e 'dol bas anns an fhasach gun lon ;
 Am broineagan groda 'na eilthireach broin,
 'S a' toirmeasg a chantainn a mhac dhe na's mo.
 Thuit an t-iompaichte truagh ann an luathre air an fheur,
 A' guil 'us a' caoineadh 's b'e aogasg an t-eug ;
 Ag aidmheach a dhòbhearta mora gu leir
 'S ag guidheadh lan-mhaitheanais, 's gealladh nach treig.

'S amhail sin 's mar a tharlas do'n ghraisg ud fa dheoidh,
Ge h-uabhbreach ro statoil an tabhachd 's an treoir;
Feith, 'us chitear iad fhathasd a' gal 'us a' bron,
Air son gach mor thruaighe thug uail ann an coir.

Nach iomadh ceud curaidh thug cuiridhnean ard,
Do'n bhuidhinn an-fheile nach toilleadh a bhaigh;
Gu tighinn fo fhasgath am brataich 'us tadh,
O dhorthadh na fola, 's bhi tairis an saimh?

Nach cruaidhean cridhe, gun tiomachadh riamh,
'S bhi 'faicinn an daoine nan slaod air gach sliabh;
'S gun truas aig an cairdean do'n amhghar o chian,
O'n chaidh an truailladh le fuath 'us droch mhiann?

Nach amaideach, gorach, an doigh air an d' fhas,
Iad cairdeach ri'n naimhdean, 's nach ann air an gradh;
A tha iad 'g an comhnadh gach lo' anns a' bhlar,
Ach chum 'us gu'n deonaicht'. dhoibh coir ann an ail'?

Nach lionmhor an truaighe o'n ghluais iad a mach,
Tha 'm fearann gun bharr, 'us tha'n tain 'gan sgath' as;
An treudan 'nan spollaibh aig oigridh nam flath,
'S gun eideadh no comhdach tha 'n ton anns a' chath?

Cha-n'eil luibh ann an achadh, no 'machair, no 'm beinn,
Bha eifeachdach, fallan, an galar no'n tinn.

Nach deachaidh a thachdadh, 's a chasgairt gun fhoinn,
O'n thoisich a' charraid le gasraidh na foill.

Chaidh toradh na coille an gainnead gu léir,
'Us thoirleum gu làr ann an cràmhaig 's nan ceir,
Chaidh ceairdean, 'us malairt, 'us ceannachd gun fheum
'Us miltean a chreachadh 'bha gaisgeil gu h-euchd.

Ged thug iad 'n an triuir uainne dàbhlain nan lann,
'S ged fhuirneisich Duidsich dhoibh fùdar nach gann;
Cha gheill sinn, ach buaidhichidh suas thar an ceann,
'S mar chomhar' buaidh-laraich bithidh labhrais ri crann.

Tha 'n ionmhas 'g a tràghadh gach là do na sloigh,
Tha coimhead na làrach 's o glàbhadh thigh'nn oirnn;
Ach chi sinn an là nach aidhearach gleois,
Luchd dhùsgaidh na tuaireip, 's cha truagh leinn an deòir.

An t-sùil a ni fanoid, air 'athair caomh féin,
'S tha 'tabhairt d'a mhàthair gach tàir 'us mi-gheill,
Ni fithich an fhàsaich an cràdh' as a cheil',
'S na h-iolairean òga dhiubh lòn agus béidh.

Mhallaich an athair, 's cha d' bheannaich iad riamh,
Am màthair a' dh' fhòir air an dòlum gach iall;
Ann am fradharc cho àrd 's nach b' aill leo an riar,
O'n dh' fhàs iad ro làidir air tailleamh namh fial.

Fhuair gionach 'us sannt ann an cridheachaibh cruaidh,
'S nach toillidh' gu bràth iad na 's mò na 'n uaigh;
A dh' fhàsas nis torrach cur chorpaihb an t-sluaigh,
'S gheibh a'chlarsach 's am foghnan, 's an ròs caithream buaidh.

(Gu bhi air a leantuin 'san ath aireamh.)

THE GAELIC,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

DECEMBER, 1872.

GAELIC LORE.

WHILST we are keenly alive to the rights and interests of the Gaelic race, and ready at all times to do battle with those who traduce or condemn our people, we are also solicitous that Highlanders should manfully discharge the duties which they owe to the rest of mankind. Celtic mind has shone, no doubt, in every department of thought, as certainly as Celtic vigour and skill have accomplished their fair share of the physical work of the world; but we are self-abasing enough to confess that, of the purely characteristic products of Celtic genius, which are in an especial degree incorporated with the Gaelic language, comparatively little has as yet been contributed to the common stock of human knowledge. Every intelligent Highlander knows that, whether we refer to the facts or the ideas, the philosophy or the fancy, or limit our thoughts to the mere etymology of the language, there is a vast amount of treasure among us, from want of which philologists, archæologists, historians, ethnologists, and sociologists are at a loss. Numbers of these builders of science and philosophy are looking across the mountains and the seas to the Highlands of Scotland, to Ireland, to the Isle of Man, and to Wales, but particularly to those who speak the Gaelic language, for assistance which Celts alone can afford. This is an important fact in the high intellectual commerce of men; and although it may be somewhat depressing to think that we have been so remiss in times past, as in any measure

to neglect this part of our work, it is encouraging to those who have struggled against an evil anti-Celtic current of thought, to find that their countrymen are so much looked up to in the world of intellect. One of the most common reproaches with which Highlanders were wont to be assailed was, that there was nothing of value in the language which they spoke. It did not matter much that this allegation was made by persons altogether incompetent to pronounce a worthy opinion on the subject, the opinion was all the more positively asserted, that it was becomingly fortified by the most obdurate ignorance. It has repeatedly struck us as very remarkable that persons should so often feel themselves competent to pronounce judgment in Celtic matters, even when their own ignorance was most palpable. As if the Goth should say, "I know nothing about the matter, therefore there is nothing in it." There is a very important question connected with this assumption, to which we may, at some future time, call attention. How did this assumption arise? Was it a mere intellectual mistake, or a criminal policy? A curious example of the potency of this assumption occurred in the leading columns of the *Scotsman*, when the Irish Land Question was under discussion, some time previous to the passing of Mr Gladstone's great Land Act. The *Scotsman* editor has long been notorious for his furiously hostile feelings towards Irish Celts, as well as towards Highlanders; and at that time he was violently opposed to anything

being done to modify for the better a system of land occupancy, which was rapidly desolating the country. So, when hard pressed by certain Scotchmen, who spoke from personal knowledge of Ireland, the editor carried out the assumption of which we have been speaking, the length of saying, that personal knowledge of Irish affairs was a positive disqualification. This, of course, was only saying, in his own way, what numbers of others had felt. It must, however, have been accepted by the *Scotsman* and his clients, as a remarkable evidence of the perverseness of the human mind—of the law-making mind in particular—that the House of Commons, with Mr Gladstone at its head, acted on the opinions of those qualified by personal knowledge, rather than upon the superior judgment of those far removed from the force of facts. This is more than a curiosity: it should be a warning to those who fortify themselves in their strongholds of prejudice and ignorance, and should make them a little less confident of the power of the assumption before us. They may, like the *Scotsman*, have to bow down before the hard and unpalatable facts, when the submission will be a humiliation and a reproach. Better for them to think beforehand, even if they should have to acknowledge the force of facts, and bow to reason rather than in ignoble defeat. Just as certainly as the opinionists on the Irish Land Question had to bow before the obnoxious facts, so will the contemners of Highlanders, their speech and their polity, have to give way to the force of facts already acknowledged by the most enlightened men in Europe.

It is in reference to these facts that Highlanders are now called upon to gather up all their lore; to stereotype for distant and future generations the thoughts which glowed in the bosoms of their forefathers; to preserve their speech from decay; and to let the wide

world have the benefit of the "light of other days," which that speech alone is able to shed upon other languages, histories, and peoples. Highlanders must essay a suitable response to these demands; and, in order to do this, there must be some recognized organization. Highlanders must come to an understanding as to what it is exactly that they are to contribute to the general stock of knowledge. They must map out the field from which they are to reap, and they must look for the reapers, and assign to each, if possible, his own work.

This is work, it will be seen at once, worthy of philosophers and of patriots. It will be a great part of the vindication of the Celtic character which they owe to themselves. And, in labouring to confer benefits upon others, we shall be doing something towards removing that self-esteem of our people, from the depression of which, more than from anything else in themselves, they have fallen behind in the world's march. After being so often and for so long told that they were of no value, and that their chief mental possessions were drags upon them, it must have an encouraging effect upon them to be told that they and those possessions are valued by the most competent judges. They are an important portion of the human family; their ideas are valuable, their imaginings, even, are in requisition, and the world waits until their speech sheds its light on the path of human progress. In a thousand ways will these convictions put fresh energy into their hands, and send commercial life through the Gaelic communities of the north. A very large proportion of our duty to ourselves is performed immediately towards others. We sow the seed, in the shape of duty, in other men, and the fruits fall, in course of time, ripe into our own laps.

To the curious, to the leisurely, to the intellectual all over the Highlands,

we would appeal, to gather up the lore which lies thick as autumn leaves around them, and help us as a people to discharge the duty, and sow the particular seed of which we write. No doubt there are difficulties in the way. One of the results of the systematic repression of everything Highland has been that the poor people shrink from acknowledging what they know, and from exposing themselves to the ridicule of their more egotistical neighbours. Hence, the secretiveness which every collector of *sgeulachdan* has found barring his access to the Highland mind. And what has been induced by fear of the ridicule of the profane has been strengthened by the denunciations of some of the clergy. From Carswell downwards, numbers of the most revered among our Highland ministers have denounced as sinful the practice of devoting to *sgeulachd*, the time due to religious duties. This gave a kind of religious sanction to the criminal philosophy invented by the enemies of the Gael, for their own selfish purposes. Hence, in a great number of instances, it is only by stratagem, that the best repositories can be got at. But things have materially altered: among the most able and zealous advocates of the claims of everything distinctively Celtic, we are now able to class numbers of our Highland clergy of different churches. The ban of the church may be said to have been removed, when Dr MacLauchlan, Dr Clerk, Mr Stewart, Mr Mackenzie, Mr Cameron, Mr Ross, Mr Blair, and numbers of others come forward to recommend the study of Gaelic literature. The devotion of these men to the inspired Word of God has only intensified and elevated their appreciation of the treasures which God has offered to the world through the medium of the Celtic mind.

Notwithstanding the opposition provoked, at the time, by Macpherson's Ossianic publications, they set in motion

a regular succession of influences which Mammon has not been able to stop. A striking effect appears in Scandinavia, as we write: the second Oscar ascends the throne of Sweden. Napoleon the Great carried the Highland poems of Ossian about with him as if they afforded him the highest models. Bernadotte called his own son after Ossian's son, and he again gave the same name to his son, now Oscar! These poems have over and over again been translated into French. So they have into Italian and other languages; and, as we mentioned in our October issue, Signor Priolo, an Italian artist, has, as he says himself, discovered in Ossian a rich mine for pictorial illustration, and he has set about working the mine. We wish him success. Dr White, of Waterford, a professor of music, has adapted Comala for the stage, producing a beautiful opera, with airs, and pictorial scenery. We hope to be able to make fuller reference to Dr White's version of Comala in another issue. Mr Campbell, of Islay, has, by his labours, placed our most simple tales on a level with those which the Brothers Grimm have rescued from decay in other lands; and whilst he has himself saved a large mass of matter from oblivion, he has raised, as we may say, the market value of what has yet to be gathered, and encouraged others in the same work.

But we have outrun our space; and all we shall say further is, "Let our Gaelic friends do their duty to themselves and to other races, by rescuing, as quickly as possible, those treasures which will prove a gain to others, and a credit to themselves."

—:o:—

THE PLACE OF THE CELTIC.

(From a forthcoming work, entitled a "Survey of the Celtic Languages," by the Rev. William Ross, F.S.A.S.)

If we cast our eye over a linguistic map of the world, we cannot fail to

note that there exists a vast number of languages, and that all of them have certain geographical relations to each other. We are not warranted to conclude that because of their proximity to each other, they are on that account so intimately related as to be one in structure or form—one in the materials of which they are composed, nor yet one in the sense of a common progeny, with diverse lineaments, owning a common parentage. Such a conclusion can only be arrived at on scientific grounds when the science of language shall have attained its majority, and the languages of earth have been analysed and compared. A careful and accurate study of any one form of speech will lead us to see, that, although the great bulk of the language may consist of materials of native growth and character, yet a considerable portion is to be traced to the incursion of materials that are of a mixed character—some bearing marks of a kindred, and some clearly of a foreign extraction. If we extend our inquiries to several languages, we obtain precisely similar results. The farther we extend our survey the more likely are we to obtain large and reliable data upon which to found a safe induction. A tolerably accurate survey of the languages which abound on the face of the earth has led to the discovery of three extensive groups or families of languages, each family having its own native character, qualities, and genius. These are the Aryan or Indo-European, the Semitic, and the Turanian or Allophyllian languages. How far these families are, if at all, related to each other, the future of our science must show. The question is foreign to our present inquiry. It is enough for us to know that the Celtic language possesses characteristics which enable us to fix its place in the Aryan or Indo-European family. It cannot be without interest to us to inquire how, and by whom, it was discovered that our language had

its legitimate place among the Aryan tongues. The discovery was not made by any merely Gaelic or Cymric scholar. Our native scholars, with one notable exception, the distinguished Edward Lhuyd, the author of the "*Archæologia Britannica*," were busily engaged for many years in endeavouring to prove an intimate connection between the Celtic languages and the Semitic family. In the early stages of philological studies, most linguists laboured long and diligently to show that their native tongue was the primeval speech, or at all events closely allied to it. Our Celtic scholars were no exception to the general rule. It is but just to the memory of Lhuyd, our first and perhaps greatest Celtic scholar, to observe that in his "*British Etymologicon*," he clearly pointed out the affinity between the Celtic and such Indo-European languages as in his time attracted the attention of learned men. It is possible that an intimate connection may yet be found to subsist between the Aryan and Semitic families; and if so, the Celtic may perform no mean service to the inquiries that shall issue in this result. The efforts of our native philologists were at the time, to a large extent, labour in vain. The discovery that helped to place the Celtic in its right position was that of the Sanscrit language, which took place in the year 1808. Previous to that year, it was generally supposed that there was an absolute distinction in race and language between the inhabitants of Hindostan and the East, and those of Europe and the West. In that year the supposed distinction was abolished. It was discovered that the Sanscrit, though dead for upwards of two thousand years, was the direct source of all the principal modern dialects of the Hindoos, while it, moreover, presented the closest affinities to the language of Persia and the chief languages of Europe. Sir William Jones, the dis-

tinguished founder of the Asiatic Society, was the first to point out the probable connection which might be found to exist between the Celtic and the languages of the East. In a paper contained in the first volume of the "Asiatic Researches" (p. 442), he says, "The Sanscrit language, whatever may be its antiquity, is of a wonderful structure: more perfect than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either, yet bearing to both of them a stronger affinity, both in the roots of verbs and in the forms of grammar, than could have been produced by accident; so strong that no philologer could examine all the three without believing them to have sprung from some common source, which, perhaps, no longer exists. There is a similar reason, though not quite so forcible, for supposing that both the Gothic and the Celtic, though blended with a different idiom, had the same origin with the Sanskrit. The old Persian may be added to the same family."

The next in order who secured the attention of scholars to a consideration of the question was Dr Pritchard, the celebrated author of a work "On the Varieties of the Human Race." We cannot value too highly the service which he rendered to the Celtic language by the publication in 1832 of his work on "The Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations." He says—"It will more evidently appear, if I am not mistaken, that from the Celtic dialects a part of the grammatical inflections, and that a very important part, common to the Sanscrit, the Eolic Greek, the Latin, and the Teutonic languages, are capable of an elucidation which they have never yet received." The line of evidence followed by Dr Pritchard, and the materials produced, were of such a character, and in such quantity, as to satisfy the most sceptical that the Celtic must find its

place in the numerous cluster of speeches embraced by the Indo-European tongues. The forty years that have elapsed since the publication of his work have only helped to confirm the position he had taken up, and largely to add to the evidence submitted by him. To his labours we are indebted for the first rational and scientific investigation as to the origin, place, and relations of the Celtic languages. The study of the Celtic now received a new impetus, and in the right direction. A singularly clear comprehensive, and scholarly review of Dr Pritchard's book, by the late Rev. Richard Garnett, of the British Museum, in the British Quarterly Review for September, 1836, and valuable articles on the languages and Dialects of the British Islands, by the same author, in the first and second volumes of the "Proceedings of the Philological Society of London," thoroughly confirmed Dr Pritchard's conclusions, and supplied fresh and valuable materials, which rendered conviction irresistible. "Till lately," says Mr Garnett, speaking of the Celtic dialects, "they were supposed by various eminent scholars to form a class apart, and to have no connection whatever with the great Indo-European stock. This was strongly asserted by Colonel Vans Kennedy, and also maintained, though in rather more guarded terms, by Bopp, Pott, and Schlegel. The researches of Dr Pritchard in the "Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations," and of Professor Pictet, of Geneva, in his truly able work "Sur l'Affinité des Langues Celtiques avec le Sanscrit," may be considered as having settled the question the other way, and as proving satisfactorily that the assertion of the philologists above mentioned, were those of persons who had never properly investigated the matter, and were consequently incompetent to decide upon it. The demonstration of Pictet

is so complete that the German scholars, who had previously denied the connection, now fully admit it, and several of them have written elaborate treatises showing more affinities between Celtic and Sanscrit than perhaps really exist." (Philological Essays, p. 147.) The result of the publication of the works of Dr Pitchard and Professor Pictet were of the most satisfactory character, and finally established the position of the Celtic as one of the Aryan tongues. At the same time, it must be conceded that several very striking coincidences between the Celtic and the Hebrew have been pointed out, while it is undeniable that the evidence hitherto adduced in support of the great mass of alleged resemblances is unsatisfactory, and, in not a few instances, entirely illusory.

The Celtic language possesses for us not merely a general, but a special and deep patriotic interest. It was among the first, if not the very earliest, to part company with its kindred, and to remove from the ancient fatherland. It was among the first to furnish names for the beetling cliffs, towering bens, shaded valleys, flowing streams, winding pathways, and thriving homesteads, of the continent of Europe—names which may even yet be distinguished as underlying the superficial deposits of Teutonic, Romanic, and Slavonic designations. Its vocabulary also supplied no small number of the terms that describe the social relations, and the arts of husbandry and war. As the parent imparts his lifeblood to his offspring, and the pioneer the results and value of his discoveries to his successors, so did the Celtic tribes hand over their treasures to those who tracked their footsteps and took possession of their lands and homes. These courageous and numerous tribes formed the van and centre in the great exodus of the European nations from their home in the East. They were impinged upon

by the Teutons on the North, by the Greeks and Romans on the South, while they were pushed forward by the lower Teutonic, Windic, and Illyric tribes, which took up the rear. The pressure of these various migrations drove the Celts to the West, and their further advance was for a time stopped by the Atlantic ocean, and their colonisation, by the occupancy of Great Britain and Ireland.

—:o:—

CORRESPONDENCE.

Sir,—I hear that the Rev. Archd. Farquharson is trying to stir up the Highland people to make an effort to establish a Gaelic professorship in one of our Scottish Universities. It is high time that a really serious effort were made, and every true Highlander will wish Mr Farquharson God-speed, and hope that his efforts will meet with the most brilliant success. And it is to be hoped that such success will be the means of rescuing the Gaelic language from the contempt in which it is too frequently held by so many of those of whom better might have been expected.

If we contrast the conduct of the Welsh people in regard to their language and the conduct of the Highlanders in regard to theirs, I am afraid the contrast will not redound to the credit of the latter. The Welsh, although away from their own country for years, ay, and even for several generations, in Liverpool, London, or elsewhere, teach their native language to their children with a noble patriotism and true fidelity. Many Highlanders, on the contrary, even when residing in their own country, and amongst a Gaelic speaking people, if they think themselves in any way better than their neighbours, seem (with the most contemptible snobbishness) to consider it quite beneath their dignity to allow their children to learn Gaelic, as if they

considered the Gaelic people a conquered and subjugated race; and a most downtrodden and ill-used race they undoubtedly are in many respects. Even men whose chief claim to distinction is derived from their knowledge of Gaelic, have yet exhibited so much contempt for the language from which they derive their fame, as to deem it quite unworthy of the trouble of teaching it to their children. If such be the example of men of learning and distinction what can you expect of mere shoddy upstarts? How much of the blame for this shameful state of matters rests with the natural leaders of the people, the landlords?—how much with their hired leaders, the clergy?—I will not venture to say. This much we know, that some of the ministers would evidently be very glad to get rid of the language altogether. And of the landlords (with a few noble exceptions, such as the Duke of Athole, Cluny Macpherson, and a few others) how few of them know a single word of the language of the people by whom they are surrounded, or teach it to their children? Oh, but you will say, they are too busy “preserving their game and collecting their rents to think of anything so contemptible as the Gaelic!” And yet, forsooth, they plume themselves on being chiefs and leaders! How can they be chiefs among, or leaders to, a people with whom they have so little sympathy, so little in common, whose very language they do not understand? But surely, notwithstanding much game and greed, there are still some true patriots amongst the landlords. And, I believe, notwithstanding much indolence, traditional narrowness, *laissez-faire*, and even snobbishness, there are many public-spirited men amongst the clergy. But, if not—if none of the so-called leaders will lead—why should not the people take the matter up themselves, and, by associating together, stimulate each other

in true patriotism and in love of their own beautiful language, bidding defiance to all despisers and oppressors of their country and language. Why should there not be Gaelic societies in all the Highland towns and villages like the now flourishing one in Inverness?

I hope to see much good accrue to the Gaelic from your valuable paper; much also from a Gaelic professorship, and even still more from the people taking the matter up in a public-spirited manner. Have they still patriotism enough to do so?—Yours very truly,

J. F.

London, Oct. 30, 1872.

—:o:—

A CHALLENGE TO THE CLANS.

SHREWSBURY,

13th November, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR,

Following up the offer I made in a previous communication to you, with regard to the proposed “Gaelic Comparative Lexicon,” four more Mackays promise to contribute £20 towards it. I can rely upon obtaining material assistance from at least twenty more of the same name, of my personal acquaintances.

Now for the members of other clan names to come forward with their countenance and support. “Who gives quickly, gives twice.” Should each clan contribute, on an average, £50, the work can be undertaken and completed. Pray continue agitating the scheme. Surely Highlanders are not so dead to the value of such a work as to hold back, when it is so necessary to come forward.—Ever yours sincerely,

JOHN MACKAY.

—:o:—

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

GREENOCK. — GAELIC SOIREE. — The second Gaelic soiree and concert under the auspices of Tir Nam Beann Lodge I.O.G.T. was recently held here. Brother Duncan Macpherson occupied the chair. After tea, the Chairman, Brother Macneil, and others, addressed the meeting. To add to the enjoyment of the evening, Brothers Campbell and Macfarlane played piobrachs; and Brothers Blue and Black, &c., sang

occasional songs. All were delighted, and the meeting was a great success.

OBAN.—We observe that Professor Blackie generously offers a prize of two guineas to the best Gaelic scholar in Mr MacDougall's Gaelic class. The text-book is D. B. MacIntyre's songs, and the examination is to come off in October, 1878. We hope that our friends in other parts of the Highlands will take an example of those in Oban, and start Gaelic classes to qualify themselves in the language of their forefathers.

GRAND HIGHLAND GATHERING.—As may be seen from our advertising columns, a grand assembly of the natives of Ross-shire, in Glasgow, is to be held this year, on the 27th December, when Kenneth Murray, Esq., of Geanies, will preside. Under the presidency of so qualified a gentleman, combined with the well known enthusiasm of the committee and their indefatigable secretary, Mr Ross, we have no doubt it will be eminently successful: and it only remains for us to add that we cordially recommend all who desire to spend a happy evening to procure their tickets as early as possible.

—:o:—

THE TUAM NEWS ON THE GAEL.

We have this week received from the publishers, Nicholson & Co., 74 Argyle St., Glasgow, a copy of a new Gaelic periodical or newspaper in Gaelic. It is called "An Gaidheal; Páipéir Nuaidheachta, agus Leabhar-sgeuil Gaidhealach." It is published only monthly, and we are reminded that this copy before us is that for November, by the words, "Ceud mios an Gheamhraidh, 1872." We bid the Gaelic newspaper ten thousand welcomes—"ceud mile fáilte," say we, in the language of the Gael of Ireland. "Se do bheatha a pháipéir nuaidheachta aig teact chugainn a n-oir as tir na sean-Gaechal, as tir na h-Albaine, as tir Cholumb-cille, agus ar muintire féin. Sé do bheatha. Is mait linn go bh-fuil tu a lathair. Bi slán." We take it as a favourable omen this publication from the pens of our Highland friends. It will tend to unite the clan of the Gael in the North of Caledonia; it will be a messenger of fraternity between the old Gaels of Eire, or Scotia Major, and the younger branch, the Gaels of Scotia Minor. There was a time when the people of Scotland were in accord with the Milesian

stock in Ireland. They had a right to be one; they were originally of one stock, they spoke a common language. Irishmen taught them the Christian faith—Columba, an Irish monk, evangelized them. Iona, peopled by Irishmen, taught them the arts and sciences and religion. The Highland Gaels deserve the thanks of Irishmen for this example of national life and national union. It is a sign of national life. It is the expression of national unity, to a certain extent, and of national life, of Home Rule—of a people distinct from, though united with, the people of England. It is an effort to be like Wales. Where is Ireland in the race of national distinctness? Where is her Irish national press? are we fairly snuffed out as a people? We are no where. No echo of the past bearing on the present. No vocal link uniting the times of old with the glories and the defeats and victories to the present with its aspirations for unity, for Home Rule, and for national life. Is the national pulse dead? Is the silent breathing of dissolution in the throat and in the heart of the nation? No Irish voice—no pen? No word of the Gaelic? Yes, in Connaught and in Munster there are still thousands who are alive, and who will foster the dying nation, and will yet restore her to a sound healthy existence.

—:o:—

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. M.—Your verses may soon appear.

S. G.—The "Historical Geography of the Clans of Scotland" is published by W. & A. K. Johnstone, Edinburgh. The map is well executed, and the contents to the letter-press varied. The price is only 7s 6d.

"DUNEDIN."—You forgot to send your name and address. Do so, and we may do something for you.

Letter by Mr Edmunds, author of "Names of Places," in reply to Colonel Robertson's article in the November *Gael*, shall appear in our next.

D. W. F. London.—We shall inquire.

M. CAMPBELL, Cape Breton.—The History of the Isle of Skye, by the late Alexander Cameron, is published by E. Forsyth, Inverness. Price 6s.

AN GAIDHEAL.

I LEABH.] TREAS MIOS A' GHEAMHRAIDH, 1873.

[11 AIR.

AIR CRUINN - MHEALLABH SOILLSEACH NAN SPEUR.

III. Earrann.

AIR CO-SHUIDHEACHADH BHEN- UIS AGUS NA TALMHAINN.

An uair a bheachdaicheas sinn le curam air na neamhaibh os ar ceann, far am bheil na milte grian, rionnag, agus reult, a' tilgeadh a mach an soluis air feadh na cruithachd, agus far am bheil iad gu leir air an suidheachadh gu h-eagnaidh, agus a' siubhal gu riaghailteach 'n an cuairtibh eug-samhla fein, is ceart a dh' fheudas sinn éigheach a mach maille ri Salmadair binn Israeil — “Cia lionmhor t-oibre, a Thighearna! ann an gliocas rinn thu iad gu leir,” “agus molaidd t' oibre gu leir thu.” Tha cumhachd neo-chriochnaichte Ieh-obhaidh air 'fhoillseachadh d'ar sealladh, agus d'ar tuigse, air mhodh miorbhuil-each, leis na solusaibh a ta 'triall gu neo-mhearachdach 'n an cuairtibh sònruichte, agus a ta, mar sin, a' colionadh na crìche air son an d'rinneadh iad air tùs! Co, uime sin, aig am bheil comus amhaire air na comharaibh mòr agus soillseach so, gun a bhi a' beachd-smurineachadh air bith, air làthaireachd, agus air cumhachd an Ti sin, trid am bheil gach ni anns na neamhaibh, agus air an talamh, a' co-sheasamh? Air an aobhar sin, “Biodh ard chliu Dhé ann am beul nan uile, moladh iad e air son a ghniomhara treuna—moladh iad e ann an speuraibh a chumhachd.”

Air duinn cunntas a thoirt 's an earrainn mu dheireadh, air an rèult *Mercuri*, 'on is i a's dluithe do'n ghréin, labhraidh sinn, a nis air *Bhenus*, an ath

reult ann an ordugh. Tha'n reul dhealrach so a' cuairteachadh na gréine ann an cearcall a ta ochd agus trì fichead muillean de mhiltibh air astar uaipe; agus tha i a' triall air a slighe mu thimchioll ceithir fichead mìle de mhiltibh anns an uair! Tha i seachd mìle agus ochd ceud de mhiltibh tròipe, a' cur car di air a mul' fein ann an ceithir uairean-fichead, agus a' crìoch-nachadh a turuis mu'n ghrein ann an dà cheud agus ceithir latha fichead gu leth de na laithibh againn-ne, ùine a ta 'deanamh suas na bliadhna aice-se. 'S i *Bhenus*, de gach uile reult, a's faigse do'n talamh againn-ne, air an aobhar sin chithear mòr agus dealrach i an coimeas ri aon air bith eile de na reultaibh! Theirear, mar a's trice, an reult-mhaidne, agus fheasgair, rithe so. An uair a bhios i an iar air a' ghrein, chithear anns a' mhadainn i, agus an uair a bhios i an ear air a' ghrein, chithear air an fheasgair i, corr agus leth-bhliadhna m'an seach! — Cha'n 'eil *Bhenus* a bheag ni's lugha na'n talamh air am bheil sinne a' gluasad, ach air di a bhi ni's faigse do'n ghrein, tha barrachd teas agus soluis a' bualadh oirre, na tha air an talamh! Ged nach 'eil an reult mhaiseach so, aig astar co fad uainn-ne ris na reultaibh eile, gidheadh tha a dearrsadh agus a soilleir-eachd co mòr, 's nach soirbh aon ni amharc oirre leis na gloineachaibh, eadhon a's fearr, chum gach ni a bhuineas di a chur an ceill le fìor chinnteachd. Air do na cuairtibh aig *Mercuri* agus *Bhenus*, a bhi eadar an talamh agus a' ghrian, chithear iad a' fas agus a' caith-eamh, cosmhuil ris a' ghealach ur! Tha na cuairtean anns am bheil iad a' ruith,

co cumhann, an coimeas ri cuairtibh nan reult eile, 's gu'm bheil iad a ghnath air am faicinn am fagus do'n ghrein, agus air uairibh tha iad co fagus di's gu'm bheil a dearrsadh 'g am foluch gu h-iomlan o' r sealladh! Nach leoir na nithe so chum gliocas neo-chriochnuichte an Ti a dhealbh iad a dheanamh follaiseach do na h-uile? agus nach leoir iad chum toirt oirne a radh, maille ris an abstol—"Tre chreidimh tha sinn a' tuigsinn gu'n do chruthaicheadh na saoghail tre fhocal Dé, air chor do nach d'rinneadh na nithe a chithear do nithibh a bha r'am faicinn."--Eabh.xi.3.

Labhraidh sinn, a nis, mu'n talamh, a ta 'n a reult cosmhuil ruisan a dh'ainmich sinn agus a' siubhal mu'n cuairt do'n ghrein ann an àm suidhichte! Is ball cruinn an talamh, a ta dluth air ochd mìle de mhiltibh troinne, agus còig thar fhichead mìle de mhiltibh mu'n cuairt. Tha e 'siubhal mu'n cuairt do'n ghréin ann an cearcall, a tha ceithir fichead, agus còig muilean deug de mhiltibh air astar uaipe: agus gabhaidh e trì cheud, trì fichead, agus còig laithean, agus teann air sea uairean ùine, chum aon chuairt a chur air a' ghrein, agus tha'n ùine so a deanamh suas na bliadhna againne.—Ged is bras a ta 'n talamh mar so a' siubhal sea, fichead uair ni's luaithe na peileir gunna-mhòir gidheadh, cha 'n 'eil e idir co luath ri *Mercuri*, a cheann nach 'eil e 'deanamh ach mu thri fichead agus ochd mìle de mhiltibh anns an uair, am feadh 's a ta *Mercuri* 'deanamh corr agus ceud mìle de mhiltibh! Tha'n talamh, mar an ceudna a' tionndadh air a mhul fein, gach uile cheithir uaire fichead agus mar so tha ceithir uairean fichead air fad anns an latha againn-ne! Tha na nithe so uile iongantach anna fein; ach an déigh sin tha iad fìor. Cha soirbh, gidheadh, le daoineibh aineolach a thuigsinn, gu'm bheil an talamh idir a' carachadh, no 'gluasad as an aon àite. Tha iad mar a's trice s a' bharail, gu'm bheil e neo-glhasad-

ach, am feadh 's ta a' ghrian, na rionnagan, agus feachd neimhe gu leir, a' cur char diubh mu'n cuairt da!—Is iongantach leò, mar an ceudna r'a smuaineachadh, gu'm bheil an talamh so 'n a reult, a ta 'n am beachd-san, ni's mò na aon air bith de na rionnagaibh beaga, drilinneach sin, a chithear 'n am miltibh anns na speuraibh, air oidhche shoileir. Ach tha e fìor, gu'm bheil an talamh a' gluasad air a mhul fein, gach là; agus ann an cearcall mu'n cuairt do'n ghrein, gach bliadhna; ceart mar a ta *Mercuri*, *Bhenus*, agus na reultan eile. Tha mòran an dùil, gu'm bheil a' ghrian agus na reultan, a' ruith gu luath anns na speuraibh mu'n cuairt do'n talamh, nach 'eil a' carachadh as 'aite; ach tha iad air am mealladh an so 'n am barail, ceart mar a ta iad, an uair a ghiùlainear iad seachad gu luath air luing an cois fearainn; oir an sin, tha iad an dùil, nach 'eil an long a' carachadh; ach gu'm bheil am fearann a ruith gu grad seachad orra!

Dh'ainmich sinn a cheana, gur i a' ghrian a' ta toirt soluis agus teas do na reultaib huile, agus air do'n talamh so a bhi 'na reult, tha e 'mealtuinn buannachd an t-soluis agus an teas so mar an ceudna. Tha dàrna leth na talmhainn a ghnath air a shoillseachadh leis a' ghréin, agus tha'n leth eile ann an dorchadas. Ach o'n tha'n talamh a' tionndadh air a mhul fein, o'n iar gus an ear, gach uile cheithir uaire fichead, tha solus agus dorchadas a' teachd oirne mu'n seach, anns an ùine sin. Mar so, tha là agus oidhche a' leantuin a' cheile; agus an uair a ta an taobh air am bheil sinne do'n chruinne-ché, air a shoillseachadh, tha 'n taobh eile dheth ann an dorchadas. Air an aobhar sin, an uair a bhios an là againn-ne 's an Eilean Bhreatunnach, bithidh an oidhche aca 's na h-Innsibh an aird an ear—ann an *China* agus ann an *Australia*! Tha mar an ceudna, claoonadh sonraichte aig mul na talmhainn, trid am bheil solus na greine a'

bualadh aig amannaibh de'n bhliadhna, air earrainn ni's lugha de chearnaibh tuatha na talmhainn, na aig amannaibh eile; air an aobhar sin, tha na laithean againn fada agus goirid, a reir sin. Agus feudaidh sinn a nis ainmeachadh nach 'eil na cuairtean, na cearcaill, no na slighean farsuing sin, anns am bheil na reultan a' siubhal mu thimchioll na greine, gu h-iomlan cruinn, ach air cumadh uibhe; air an aobhar sin, tha e furast fhaicinn, an uair a ta a' ghrian air a suidheachadh ann am meadhan nan cuairt sin, gu'm bi na reultan a ta 'gluasad annta, ni's faide o'n ghréin, aig amannaibh araidh de'n bhliadhna, na aig amannaibh eile. Ceart mar so, ma ta, tha'n talamh a' suibhal mu thimchioll na greine, ann an cearcall a ta ni's mò ann am fad, na tha e ann an leud; uime sin, tha e air uairibh de'n bhliadhna fad o'n ghrein, agus air uairibh eile ni's giorra uaipe; agus tha so, maille ris a' chlaonadh a ta 'n a mhul fein, a' deanamb Samhraidh agus Geamhraidh, a cheann do thaobh nan astar eug-samhla a ta'n talamh o'n ghréin, nach 'eil a chearnan iomallach a' mealtuinn a soluis agus a teas, ann an tomhas co-ionann. Tha gach cuairt agus gach caochladh dhiubh so, air am faotuin a mach co cinnteach, agus, co eagnuidh le reulatairibh, agus air an tomhas co curamach leò, 's gu'm bheil fios aca air a' cheart uair agus mhionaid anns an cricchnaich gach reult a turas, agus cia co fad 's a ta an laithean, agus am bliadhnaichean fa leth. Gu cinnteach is iomadh innleachd a fhuair an duinne a mach; ach an déigh sin cia faoin a dhìchioll, agus cia co neo-iomlan a chomas, chum slighean, agus oibre an Tì ghlormhoir sin a rannsachadh a mach, A ta 'na shuidhe air cuairt na talmhainn! An urrainn sinne le rannsachadh Dia fhaigheil a mach gu h-iomlan? Feuch is iad na nithe air an robh sinn a' labhairt, cuid d'a shlighibh; ach cia beag a' chuibhrionn a chuala sinn deth?

SGIATHANACH.

CALLUM A' GHLINNE.

V. Earrann.

Cho luath 'sa fhuair Callum cairteal-an freagarrach ann an Glaschu, an aite a bhi 'cur seachad uine, no a' caith-eamh nan gearr-bhonn a's sireadh a luchd-duthcha agus a luchd eolais o shraid gu sraid, is ann a sheall e mach airson cosnaidh, ann 'sa' cheud dol a mach; agus cha deachaidh e ach goirid gus an do shoirbhich leis; agus cha b' fhada gus an do choisinn e deagh-ghean agus muinighin a mhaighistir; oir a bharr air e bhi 'n a oibriche glan, teoma, riaghailteach agus bunailteach, bha e smiorail, tapuidh, gradcharach, suairce, sìobhalta agus taitneach 'n a chonaltradh agus 'n a ghiùlan. Mar choigreach am measg aireamh cho mor—oir bha corr agus leth cheud fear ceairde ag obair fo'n aon fhardoich ris—dh' fhairich e gun dail cho feunail 'sa bha e dha 'bhi air 'fhaicill agus 'n a dhusgadh 'n am measg. Bha cuid dhiu nach do cheil am mi-run, an gamhlas, agus am farmad ris as leth na choisinn e de mheas agus de fhàbhar o 'mhaighistir, agus o luchd-riaghlaidh na h-oibre. Bha cuid dhiu a thaisbean o'n leth-a-muigh caomhneas agus saorsa ris, a chuir deuchainn ri h-uine air a chairiseachd air a dhuinealas, agus, air a chrionnachd. Bha caraiche sliom, seolta, 'n am measg d' am b' ainm Micheil Balgaire. Bha cliù agus sloinneadh Mhicheil ann an ioma seadh co-fhreagarrach ri cheile. B' aithne dha gu gle mhath, e fein a thaisbeandh anns gach caochladh cruth agus coltais a dh'fhaodadh a bhi freagarrach do gach suidheachadh anns an tachradh dha tuiteam. Ann an seadh àraidh, bha Micheil, "na h-uile ni do na h-uile neach," a thigeadh 'n a rathad. Bu choidheas leis cuideachd Criosduidh no Anacriosduidh, ant uasal no ant anuasal, an glan no an neoghan, na 'n saoilteadh e gum bu chomasach dha, le an deagh-ghean a chosnadh, an caraadh no an

aomadh airson a chriochan cuil-bheart-ach gabhdach fein. Do neach air bith a bhiodh déigheil air taitneas an amearra a' bhaile mhoir, b'e brod a' chompanaich agus an fhir-iùil e. Cha robh cùil no cùilidh uaigneach, taigh-cluiche no seomar ciùil, no seomar dannsa an taobh a staigh do chriochan Ghlaschu air nach robh e mion-eòlach. Cha robh cleasaiche no ban-chleasaiche, àmhailteach no burraidh-abhachd air na sgàlain-chluiche o chladach gu cladach de'n rioghachd air nach robh tomhas de fhiosrachadh aige, agus gu h-àraidh mu gach cagarsaich sgainnealach no amharusach a thaobh an cliù modhanail. B'aithne dha o sheachduin gu seachduin co iad na h-eich-reise as am bu mho an robh de earbsa aig luchd na geall-chluich air feadh na rioghachd, agus na gill a bha air an leagail an aghaidh a cheile as an leth anns gach aite fa chomhair nan reisean anns an robh iad gu ruith. B'aithne dha gach taigh osda ann 'sa' bhaile far am biodh coinneamhan diomhair aig luchd na geall-chluich o' àm gu àm, agus am measg am faighte moran de chleirich agus de ghillean bhuithean d'am bu chleachdadh a bhi ag gabhail air iasad gun chead, a cobhain-airgid am maighistirean, air chunnart a bhi air am brath agus air am maslachadh, ach daonnan ann an dochas ri buannachd fhaotainn dhoibh fein gun fhios agus gun chall d'am maighistirean. Leag Micheil a shuil air Callum o'n cheud dol-a-mach, agus ged a bha e glé shoilleir dha nach ro mòr mheas aig a chomh sheirbhisich air Micheil, ciod air bith a b'aobhar dha, fhuair Callum e cho suairce, cho comaineach agus cho failteach is gu'n robh e gu mor air a thaladh ris mar charaid anns am faodadh e tomhas de earbsa 'chur; ach cha bu luaithe dh' fhairich Micheil gu'n do choisinn e a mhuinighin, na 'thaisbean e na crìochan a bh'aige 'san amharc anns gach caoimhneas agus cairdeas-beoil a

nòchd e dha. Air do Challum a bhi na choigreach agus ro dheigheil air cuid de iongantasan Ghlaschu fhaicinn, dh'aontaich e gu toileach ri dol mu'n cuairt le Micheil anns na feasgair; agus gu dearbh cha b' fhuasda dha fear-iùil a b' fhearr fhaotainn; ach air a' cheud fheasgar a ghabh iad cuairt feadh a' bhaile, cha deachaidh iad ro fhada gus an do bhuail pathadh air Micheil, agus b' fheudar taghal aig aon de thaighean osda a' Bhroomielaw airson deoch-ùrachaidh. Bha Micheil eòlach air an osd-fhear—duine uasal fùghail, coir; fìathasach, agus fìor Ghaidheal gu craimh an droma, agus aig am faighte smior an Ilich, gun truailleadh gun mheasgachadh. Mu'n gann a chaidh iad thar na stairsnich bha bord-malairt nach faca Callum a leithid riamh o' rugadh e—luchdaichte le stòpain agus le noigeanan airgid agus *crystal*, agus fear an taighe e-fein gun ad gun bhoineid, gun chota gun chasag, le muilcheanan a leine trusta gu 'hàl-laisean, agus e 'cur na smuid dheth a' taosgadh suas dibhe de gach seorsa a broinn a' bhuird-mhalairt, le geimhleagan riomhach air an còmhdach thairis le or, le airgid agus le iobhri. Chuir antosd-fhear failte chridheil air Micheil, agus ceud failte air a' choigreach òg, air do Micheil ainm 'sa shloinneadh ainmeachadh. Sheòl e staigh iad do'n t-seomar chuil, ach anns an dol seachad thug Callum fainear do Micheil a' caogadh ris an osd-fhear. 'N uair a dh' fhosgail doras an t-seomair, bha e cheana lan de acidhean, dheth nach do ghabh Callum mor chiatadh: a bharr air na bha de ghleadhraich agus de utag 'n am measg, cuid a' seinn òrain, agus cuid a deasbad agus a cònn-sachadh: bha fàileadh deistinneach toit thombaca agus na min-shàbhaidh shalach lobhta leis an robh an t-urlar air a chòmhdach is gu'n d' fhairich Callum bochd e fein an impis a thachdadh, thionndaidh e gu grad air a shail, le run a bhi mach air an t-sraid a dh' aon

leum, ach bha Micheil agus an t-òsair ri 'uchd. Threòraich iad e a staigh do chuil bheag chumhann dhorch a far an robh bord beag aimhleathan, agus aite suidhe airson triuir no ceathrar. Rinn fear an taighe an dith-bheatha le sgaile a' bhotull fein, agus dh'fhàg e 'nan aonar iad. Cha bu luaithe 'fhuair Micheil iotadh a chasg air cosd Challuim na dh' fhas e rud eigin sgith, agus cha rachadh e ni b' fhaide air an fheasgar ud. Am feadh a bha Micheil a' leigeil a sgios dheth, bha Callum ag eisdeachd le cluais fhurachair ris na bha dol air adhart anns an t-seomar chuil, agus anns na cuiltean cumhann eile a bha fosgailte ri dorus cuil an taigh-òsda. Cha b'fhada gus an cual e sgal na pioba moire ga gleusadh air taobh eile na clàraidh, agus casbhruidhiun ard ghleadrach de bheurla agus de ghailig am measg a cheile; agus gun dàil thainig fear an taighe staigh gun chead gun iarraidh, don chuil 's an robh Micheil agus Callum, le dithis no triuir comhla ris de Ghaidheil rapach, leibideach, nach robh ro sgiobalta aon chuid 'nan eideadh no 'nan conatrachd. Chuir iad faithe chridheil bhrosgullach air Callum, mar choigreach agus mar fhear duthcha; agus gun tuilleadh seamsain, dh' fheumadh e dol leo, aill ar n-aill, don t-seomar 's an robh an ceol agus an dannsa. Thug Callum taing dhoibh airson an caoimhnais, ach dh' iarr e orra a lethsguail a ghabhail; agus dh' innis e dhoibh nach robh a bheag de thlachd aige 'n a leithid sud de chaith-eamh-aimsir. Chunnaic Micheil ann an tiota nach robh a chompanach gu bhi air a ribeadh aon chuid le smadadh no le mi-mhodh, agus dh' eirich e gu grad agus thuirt e ri Callum gu'n robh an t-am a bhi 'bogadh nan gad. Ghabh e eagal, mar bu mhath a dh' fhaodadh e, gu'm faca agus gu'n cuala e air an fheasgar ud na bu leor gu a ghraimeachadh gu buileach o bhi a' tathaich air osd-fhearan Ghlaschu. Thainig eagalan Mhicheil gu lan bhuil mar a shaoil

e, oir riamh 'na dheigh sud cha chuireadh Callum air aighios caraid no eascaraid, a chas thar stairsneach aon de mhisg thaighean Ghlaschu, mar theireadh e riu; an aite sin is ann a bha e le buaidh 'eiseimpleir agus a chomhairle, 'na mheadhoin air ioma boganach bochd simplidh dheth a luchd duthcha a thiorcadh uatha. Cha robh e riamh na thur-sheachnuiche; cosmhuil ri ioma ni eile, b e 'bheach soilleir suidhichte nach robh aon chuid cionta no cunnart ann a bhi a' gnathachadh deoch laidir gun a bhi ga mi-ghnathachadh; cha mho a bheireadh e gnais no aonta do ghluasadan no measarrachd fhoirneadh a dheoin no dhaindeoin air a mhor shluagh le Achd Pàrlamaid, ach rachadh e le 'uile chridhe ann an aobhar gach gluasaid d' am bu chrioach a bhi 'sguabadh air falbh no a lughdachadh aireamh misgthaighean nan grùdairean mosach, salach, suarach, a tha cho millteach air deagh bheusan agus air maith coitchionn nam bailtean mora—na “h-uighean gealaichte o'n taohh a muigh” le 'n coinnleirean meurach, agus le 'm breaghachd dhrillseach riomhach chosdail, ach o 'n taobh a staigh na'm fàilean malcta, le'n cuiltean salach cumhann dòrcha far nach faigh coigrich no luchd astair aite tàimh no cadail, biadh no deoch, ach deoch laidir; agus a tha 'tarruing am beòlainn ach beag gu h-ìomlan o struidheas aneamasarra fòtus an t-sluaigh. Be sud an co-dhunadh gus an d' thainig Callum air an fheasgar ud, mar thoradh air na chuala agus na chunnaic e an taobh a staigh do 'n taigh òsda ann an cuideachd Mhicheil. Coma co dhiu—bha ribeachan eile aithnichte do Mhicheil leis am faodadh Callum ma' dh' fhaodte, 'bhi air a ghlacadh, agus chuir e roimhe feum a dheanamh de gach cothrom a thigeadh gu bhi ga thaladh 'n an dail gu h-athaiseach le foighidinn agus le seoltachd

MUILEACH.

(Ri leantuinm.)

BOINEIDEAN CORRACH.

DHUINDIAIGH.

AIR Fonn "*The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.*"

Ri sàir Cuigse 'n Dunéidiunn
Thuir Cléibhers' mar so—
Mu'n d' thig crùn an Rìgh 'nuas
'S ioma cnuachd a bhios goirt;
Gach lascaire treun
Leis an éibhneas glonn-ghniomh
'Nis togadh air, 's leanadh e
Boineid Dhuindiaigh!

Fonn—Lionar mo chopan
Dearr-lionar mo chuach
'Us diolaidear m' eachraidh,
A maoh biodh mo shluagh;
'Ghrad fhosglar an t-Iar-phort,
'Us leigear dhomh triall,—
Tha togail fo bhoineidibh
Corrach Dhùindiaigh.

Leum Cléibhers' air 'each
Agus mharcaich tre 'n t-sràid
Sheinn na cluig air an ais,
Bhuail gach druma le stàirn;
Ars' am Prothaiste còir,
"Leigear fòil leis a shrian,
Oir 's maith as ar comunn
An Rosad, Dundiagh."
Lionar mo chopan, &c.

Mar mharcaich le sùrd
Tre na Lùbaith, 'n a still,
Bha gach cailleach a' tathunn,
'S a' crathadh a cinn;
'S na h-ògana gràsmhor,
'G amharc blath air an t-sonn,
'S a' guidhe 'buaidh-larach,'
Do dh' Armunn nan glonn.'
Lionar mo chopan, &c.

Lion Cuigsiche searbh-ghnàiseach
Margadh-an-fhèid;
Mar dhaoine ri'n crochadh
B'e coltas a phòir,
'N uair' bha iad a' coimhead,
Le goigh, 'us le fiamh,
Am faiceadh iad seolladh
De bhoineid Dhùindiaigh.
Lionar mo chopan, &c.

B'airm sleagh, 'us bior-feòla
Do na ceosaich o'n Iar,
Agus corc air bharr bata,
A chasgradh nan cliar;
Ach theich as an rathad,
Le h-athadh fo dhion,
Aig faotainn doibh plathadh
De mhaithibh Dhùindiaigh.
Lionar mo chopan, &c.

Spuir 'each gu cois craige sin,
Caisteil nan stuadh,
Thuir grad ris a Cheann—
Coileach sar an Taoibh-tuadh—
"Canadh 'Meig,' 'sa co-bhrath'rean,
Diog bhlat'h'-coig no sea—
A labhras teas graidh
Bhoineid aird-ghuirm Dhuindiaigh."
Lionar mo chopan, &c.

Diuc Gordon 'sin dh' iarr,
'Cean is triall dhuit a Sheoid?
"An ceum sin a dh'fhoillsicheas
Taibhse Mhointois!
'Us cluinnidh bhur Grasan,
Gun dail ormsa sgial;
No 's iosal 's an arfhaich
Boineid ard-ghorm Dhuindiaigh
Lionar mo chopan, &c.

"Ma tha Moirfhearann pailt,
Ann am magh-thìr man Gall,
Gur lionmhor Cinn-chinnidh,
'N tìr ghlinnich nam beann,
'S naoi mìle Duin'uasal,
'Dh' eireas 'suas leam gun fhiamh
'Us iolach a thogas
Air bhoineid Dhuindiaigh
Lionar mo chopan, &c.

"Air an sgeithidh tha pràis—
Seiche làn chairte 'n tairbh—
'S an truaille 'tha lamb ri'
Tha staillinn gun mherig;
Agus dearsaidh a' phràis,
Drillidh 'n staillinn mar 'ghrian
'N uair' thogar le h-ardan
Boineid ard-ghorm Dhuindiaigh.
Lionar mo chopan, &c.

"Air falbh thun nan coilltibh,
Nan creag, 'us nam beann;

Ni mo leaba 's an t-Saobhaidh,
Mu 'n taobh le rìgh feall.
Gabhaidh oillt, a chealg-chuigsich,
'S gearr-mhairiann bhur rian,
Dh' fheobh fathadh garbh-sheolladh
De bhoineid Dhuindiaigh."

Lionar mo chopan, &c.

Chrath e rithe nan euch,³
Agus sheid an stoc cruaidh,
'Choire-dhruma bhuail bras,
Am marc-shluadh 'ghrad ghluais;
Seach Stiùic Bhaile-raobhaill,
Agn Raon Bhaile-cliar—
Gu'n 'chailleadh, 'san astar,
Ceol tartrach Dhuindiaigh.

Lionar mo chopan, &c.

[Ead. leis an Olla Urr. Iain Mac-an-
t-saoir, a bha 'n Cill-Math-Nibheig.]

—:—

IOLAIRE LOCH-TREIG.

Bha roimhe seo seann iolaire mhór a' tàmh an Aird-mheadhoin Loch-Tréig, far am minig a bha a seòrsa. Bha i liath leis an aois bho'n bu chuimhne leatha fhéin e; 's bha i uime sin an dùil gum b'ì crèutair bu shine bha beò ri linn. Ach an earalas nach faodadh a comhaois a bhi mairionn an àit eigin, chuir i roimhe, an ciad chothrom a gheobhadh i, sgrìb a thoirt air chuairt. Bliadhn' a bha 'n sin, thàinig an aon Oidhche-Bhealltuinn a b' fhuair dh' fhairich no chunnaic i riabh, agus smaoinich i gum bu mhath an leisgeul d'i e air a rùn-fallaich a chur an gnìomh; agus 's a' mhadauin mhoich Latha-Bealltuinn sin fhéin seach latha sa bith, mu'n do bhlais na h-eoin eile ant uisge, togar oirre air cheann a turuis. Cha robh dùil bheò a thachradh oirre—ach nial na h-aoise bhi oirre, nach farraideadh: Am fac thu Oidhche-Bhealltuinn riabh cho fuar ris an oidhche 'n raoir? ach chan fhac a h-aon. Coma bha 'n latha às a thoiseach, 's bha i mar seo ag cumail air a h-aghart gun chluain, gun chlos gus an do thachair seann dreathan-donn còir oirre. "Fàilt air

an dreathan, Latha buidhe Bealltuinn," ars ise, "am fac thu riabh Oidhche-Bhealltuinn cho fuar ris an oidhche 'n raoir?" Ach sean 's g' an robh tuar 'us dreach an dreathain, cha b' fhiosrach e gu'm fac. Cha robh eòlas aige air crèutair bu shine na e fhéin; ach chual e gu'n robh seann ghobha-dubh bho chian am Bun-Ruaidh, 's ma bha e fhathast beò, gu'm bu dualach, ma thàinig a leithid, gu'm fac esan i; agus sheòl e 'n rathad dh' i. Thug i taing do 'n dreathan, agus togar oirre gu cèardach Bhun-Ruaidh. Ràinig i; ach cha robh roimhe ach làrach fhuar—thriall gach mith 's gach math, ach an gobha-dubh; 's bha esan fhein bho chian dall leis an aois, agus an déigh toll a dheanamh 's an innean ag glanadh a ghuib. Chuir i failte na Bealltuinn air a' ghobha, 's dh' innis i fàth a turuis: "Am fac thu riabh," ars ise, "Oidhche-Bhealltuinn cho fuar ris an oidhche 'n raoir?" Thug an gobha glaomadh bochd air fhéin, 's thuirt e nach faca riabh, agus nach cual e iomradh air a leithid; ach gu'n robh seann ùdlaiche bho chionn fhios c' uine tathaich Choill-Innse; 's gu 'n robh a chalg air liathadh leis an aois bho 'n bu chuimhne leis-san a bhi na bhùta beag a' sgiathais air feadh nam preas. "Bu tric leis ùine 's aimsir an déigh sin," ars esan, "tighinn a nall air chéilidh orm a chur seachad na h-oidhche faide Geamhraidh, agus a thoirt sgeòil domh air cor na dùthcha; ach sguir sin. An turus mu dheireadh a bha e bhos, bha 'n aois cho tróm iar laidhe air, 's gu 'm beil eagal orm nach 'eil e 'n urrainn gluasad mór a dheanamh. Thug sinn cho fad an coimhearsnachd a chéile, 's gu'n dean mi, mar a thuigeas tusa, sogan ri sheann langan, tùchanach mar a thà, an uair a chluinneas mi e 's a' chamhanaich. Is e crèutair a's sine tha làthair an diugh fad m' aithne 's m' eòlais; agus ma ni thu guth aige 's an dol seachad, innis dha fath do thuruis, agus gu'm fac thu

mise; 's mur d' thàinig 'caochladh air ni e do làn di-beatha." Dh'aithris e 'n sin d'i gnothuichean àraid a thachair ri linn nan triath bu chuimhne leis am faicinn; mu èuchdan a shìnnsean, agus mu bhuil a mhuirichinn. An uair a bha iad ag gabhail "maduinn mhath" le chèile dh'earb 'us dh'earail e oirre taghal aige an ath uair a bhiodh i 'n rathad. Gheall i gu modhail do'n ghobha gu'n taghladh; agus thog i oirre do Choill-Innse, 's fhuair i 'nt ùdlaiche na chrùban am fagadh seann stuic-fhéarna agus spideanan deighe le cuinneannan a shròine. Chuir i failte na Bealltuinn air agus dh'innis i fàth a turuis: "Am fac thu riabh," ars ise, "Oidhche-Bhealltuinn cho fuar ris an oidhche 'n raoir?" Bha 'nt ùdlaiche cho sean 's gu'n do "leig e 'n cabar air ant shlinnean;" ach thuirt e air a mhìn-athais nach bu chuimhne leis gum faca riabh. Fhuair i gu faoilteach, furanach e, agus dh'fhiosraich e gu caoimhneil mu'n ghobha dhall. Thug iad an sin treallan air seanchus agus air sloinnteachd, 's bha'n iolaire dol a thagairt urram na h-aoise; ach an uair a bha iad a' dealachadh, thuirt ant ùdlaiche gu'n robh breac cam ann an lochan Choire na ceanainn, air an do chuir e eòlas an tràth a bha e na laoirighean òg an cois a mhàthar a' fighinn a nall an Làirig-leacach & Béinn a bhrìc. "Bha smalaich na h-aoise air an uair sin fhein," ars esan, "agus

ma tha ùine agad, is fiach dhut dol dh' a choimhead—is cnacaiche gasd e." Is e bh' ann gu'n do thog i rithist oirre, 's gu'n d' ràinig i 'n lochan. Chuir i deoch-eòlais air a' bhreac cham, agus dh' innis i fàth a turuis; "Am fac thu riabh Oidhche-Bhealltuinn cho fuar ris an oidhche 'n raoir?" Thuirt am breac gu'm fac— aon oidhch' eile, 's gu'n robh i cho fuar, 's ged a bha e 'n teas 'fhala 's an tréine 'neart gu'm b' éudar dha toiseachadh air gearradh shùrdag air feadh an uisge 'chumail teas air fhéin; "Agus," ars esan, "sùrdag dh' an d' thugas, leumar às an uisge, 's buailear mo leth-cheann ris an lic dhuibh ud thall; ach bha nimh an reothaidh cho dian, 's mu 'n d' fhuair mi mi fhein a thoirt air m' ais gu'n do lean mo shùil ris an lic; 's dh' fhàg sin an diugh mise cam!" An tràth chual an iolair seo, thug i modh 'us urram na h-aoise do 'n bhreac; agus thill i air a h-ais adh Aird-mheadh-oin adh aithris a sgeòil do 'n àlach òg.

Chunnaic iad ioma latha geal, grianaich an déigh sin; ach cho fad 's a b' urrainn d' i sgiath a ghluasad, cha deachaidh Latha-Bealltuinn fuar no teth seachad oirre nach deachaidh i tacan air chéilidh air na h-aosdaì còrr—an gobha, ant ùdlaiche, agus am breac.

ABRACH.

An Tom Buidhe,
Toiseach a' Gheamhraidh, 1872.

"AN GAIDHEAL" AGUS AN EALA.

"An Gaidheal."

A! Eala bhàn o àros chiar nan tonn
Stad air do sgeith, 's thoir eisdeachd uair do m' ghuth:
Innis ciod e am fearann garbh nan sonn
A chunnaic thu 'n uair threig thu fairge liath nan sruth.

An Eala.

Chunnaic mi thall air cladach lom na h-iar,
(Bha ghrian san àm a tearnadh dluth ri cuan)

Oigfhear leis fhéin, 's a shuil air tonnan fiar
Mar neach a dealbhadh bhriath'r, no aon a riarach smuain.

"Ruithidh" thuirt e "gu luath a nuas gu sàil
Am fuaran àigh ged 's uaigneach e 'sa'ghleann;
Ach o mo chridh!'s tu 'm fuaran daonan làn,
Gun doigh 'san ruig do dhain luchd aiteach tir nam beann."

Chnnaic mi ris 's'mi triall seach sliabh a' cheo,
An t-aosd air carn bha liath-ghlas mar e fein;
Bha e mar neach a stad bhi measg nam beo:
Mar thaibhs' an céo nan stùc; gidheadh 'n a shuil bha seun

A bhac mo thriall, is dh' eisd mi ris a' ghlaodh
A bhris o 'bheul, 'se 'bualadh 'chas air làr:
"A chuirn! a chuirn, ged 's balbh thu 'n seo ri m' thaobh,
Mor smuainte duisgidh tu air linnte aosd nan sàr.

"Ach ged bu leamsa spiorad mor nam bàrd.
An cluinneadh càch gu robh mo leithid ann?
Nach bith'n mar eun leis fhéin am frìth nan àrd
Gun aon am fagus dà a bheireadh freagradh fann?"

Aon sealladh eile tharruing sios mo shùil:—
Maighdean 'n a h-aonar dlùth ri sruthan luath,
Bha 'ciabha dorch ag crith-chluich sios mu 'cùl,
'N uair sguabadh osag chiùin a nios feadh lùb nam bruach.

"A shruthain aosd" cha bhris an t-aog do ghuth
(Seo chuala mi 'tigh'n nios troimh'n bharrach uain')
Theid tìm, am milltear, thairis ort mar chruth,
Le ceimeadh samhach mìn's cha chisnich e do dhuan.

"Cha 'n ionnan thus a 's oighinnean mo thìr,
'S gann gheibhear aon diubh chuireas rann r'a cheil':
Mar bhalbh-chlais lom on d'fhalbh an sruth gu sìor
'S tearc thig an tuil mu'n cuairt a dhuisgeas luaidh'nam béil.

'S ged thogte 'n dán, an cluinnte e le sluagh
Tha nis air fuadain feadh gach uile thìr?
An cluinn't' e leo? cha chluinn gu bráth mo thruaigh!"
'N sud dh' fhag mi i fo chlaoidh, 's'mi 'caoidh an sgéil bli fìor.

"An Gaidheal."

A! Eala bhàn, thoir as gu tir nam bard,
'S innis gu'n d' éirich teachdair nuadh dhoibh féin,
A theid gach mios a mach air feadh gach aird;
Mar cholman 'falbh a's sgeulachdan fo 'sgéith.

Thog mise 'bhratach: rach a's duisg na slòigh:
Mar ionnsuidh còmhrag rach is gairm na tréin;
Glaodh ris a' bhard, na dichuimhnich na h-òigh'n,
'S absair gur brath'r m'àn ainm, 'san spiorad mar an céudn'.

"BUN-LOCHABAR."

One of the best known, and deservedly popular, of our national *quick-steps*, when properly played on the *Pìob-Mhòr*, is that known from earliest infancy to every Highlander as

Ga'aidh sinn an rathad mor,
Olc no math le càch e !

An air that makes us all assume a bolder look, and feel at least an inch higher in our shoes. When deftly fingered by a master of the national instrument, it strikes upon the ear, whether on the streets of the populous city, or, better still, in the far remote Highland glen, where the bracken and the birch, stirred by the fitful breeze, seem to nod responsive to the warlike notes. The refrain or burden, and first verse, have always been well known, but the reader will, we dare say, thank us for presenting him with a complete version of the old words to which the quick-step air is so fitting an accompaniment. We took them down some years ago from the recitation of an old woman in Lorne—a Janet Mac Dougall, a cousin, I think, of Allan Dall's, the celebrated Inverlochy bard. A version very much the same is in our possession, taken down from the *Candaireachd* of an excellent old Highlander, the late Donald Mackenzie, North Ballachulish, better known as *Donull-a-Chaigin*. The occasion of the song was this:—In 1644, a body of the Macgregors, Mac Nabs and Perthshire Stewarts marched to join Montrose under the command of Major Patrick McGregor, of Glengyle, and in spite of every obstacle, and having to march through the territories of hostile clans, they managed to join the "Great Marquis" in good time to be present at the battle of Inverlochy, where, for once at least in their lives, they had, to use the words of an old Seanachie, "a good day's harvesting!" The allusion to the MacIntyres is not to be taken as it seems. It is simply what the French call a *ruse de guerre*, very common at the period. The brave sons of "Cruachan," were, in truth, friendly to the king's cause, though they dared not appear openly in the matter for fear of their powerful neighbours, the Campbells of Argyll. The bard cunningly, and quite bard-like throws in the bit of abusive defiance in the first verse, to make the Campbells believe that the MacIntyres were hated by the loyalists quite as much as they hated the Campbells themselves. The line

Bodaich mhaol' an làgain

refers to certain auxiliaries from the low countries whom the Campbells called to their aid against Montrose, but who, along with the valiant Earl of Argyll himself, soon crossed Loch Fyne for safer quarters, whenever they heard that the loyalist Marquis intended paying them a visit (in return for many of *theirs*) and hoped to find them at home! *Lagan*, by the way, is the Perthshire Gaelic for *flummery* or *sowens*.—Could the bard have possibly used a more contemptuous epithet to hint in an indirect sort of way how little these valiant auxiliaries were to be trusted when the hour of trial came? Sluagh an Rìgh, in the last verse are of course the Stewarts.

The translation in the opposite column is not to be taken as a literal *translation*, but rather as a paraphrase or imitation of the original. It is merely an attempt to give the reader an *idea* and no more, of the manner and style of a very old song. It will stand, I think, in very proper juxtaposition with Mr J. F. Campbell's very interesting song in your last.

Fonn.—Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mòr,
Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mòr,
Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mòr
Olc no math le càch e.

Olc no math le Cloinn-an-t-saoir
Olc no math le Cloinn-an-t-saoir
Olc no math le Cloinn-an-t-saoir—
Na bodaich mhaol' an làgain.

Diridh sinn ri beann an fhraoich,
Tearnaidh sinn le gleann nan laogh;
'S cha'neil fear de luchd-nam-braosg,
Nach' leag sinn gaor à 'mhàileid!

Thar a' mhonaidh null 'nar scriob,
Sios Gleann Comhann air bheag sgios,
Màrsaidh sinn 'an ainm an Rìgh,
Olc no math le càch e.

Gu Mac-'ic.-Alasdair 's Lochial,
Bidh iad leinn, mar 'bha iad riamb
'S fear-na-Ceapaich mar ar mian,
Olc no math le càch siod!

Thig Cloinn-a'-Phearsoin—feachd nam
buadh, [tuath,
'S thig Cloinn Choinnich o'n Taobh-
'S maig an dream do'n nochd iad fuath
'Nuair 'dh'eireas gruaim nam blàr
orr'?

Thig Clann-Ghriogair garg 'san strì—
Thig Clann-an-Aba,—*'s sluagh an Rìgh*,
Màrsaibh uallach—suas i, phìob.
Olc no math le càch e.

We will take the good old way,
We will take the good old way,
We'll take and *keep* the good old way,
Let them say their will, O!

Let MacIntyres say what they may,
Let MacIntyres say what they may,
We'll take and *keep* the good old way,
Let them say their will, O!

'Tis up the steep and heathery Ben,
Adown the bonny winding glen,
We march, a band of loyal men,
Let them say their will, O!

We will march adown Glencoe,
We will march adown Glencoe,
By the Ferry we will go,
Let them say their will, O!

To Glengarry and Lochiel—
Loyal hearts, with arms of steel,
These will beck you in the field,
Let them say their will, O!

Cluny will come doon the brae,
Keppoch bold will lead the way,
Toss thine antlers CABER FEIGH,
Let them say their will, O!

Forward, sons of bold Rob Roy,
Stewarts—conflict is your joy,
We'll stand together, *pour le Roy*,
Let them say their will, O!

—:o:—

ORAIÐ GHAILIG.

Leugh an t-urramach Alasdair Mac
Griogair, ministear na h-Eaglais-an-
Iar, an Inbhirnis, an oraid, o' m bheil
na briathran a leanas air an tabhairt,
do chomunn Gaidhealach Inbhirnis;
a's tha sinn ag cluinntinn gur h-i a'
chiad oraid Ghailig a bha air a lùth-
airt 'sa' bhaile sin.

Tha duilichinn oirnn nach 'eil e 'nar
comus ach fìor-neoni dhe'n òraid thait-
nich seo a chur sìos anns A' GHÀIDH-
EAL do bhrìgh gu'n robh i cho ro
fhada agus a fìleadh a staigh nithe cho

lìonmhor agus cho eugsambha anna
fein. Tha sinn a' tuig-sinn gu'n tug i
mòr-thoilinntinn do'n mhòr-chuideachd,
eadar bhan-tighearnan agus dhaoin'-
uailse, a bha 'g eisdeachd rithe, agus
gur iomadh glaoth-gaire agus caith-
ream a thogadh leis an luchd-eisdeachd
'n àm di 'bhi 'ga labhairt o thùs gu
deireadh.

Is iad na nithe air an do leudaich
an t-Urrammach deas-bhriathrach,
CAINNT, CEOL, CANTAIREACHD, COMH-
DACHADH, CINNEADH, CLEACHDANNA,

CRUADAL, AGUS CAIRDEAS NAN GAIDHEAL. Leig e iomadh ni a ris gu soilleir, so-thuigsinn, air gach aon fa leth de na cinn seo, agus labhair e moran mu na Gaidheil fein, a thaobh an ceudthus, agus air gach nì air am bheil fios againn mu'n timchioll a thaobh an stuic agus an freimh aca. Thubhairt e, "Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach iad na Gaidheil an t-aon sluagh ris na Caledonaich agus na Piocaich an sinnseara fein, eadhon na daoine gaisgeil sin a dhion an dùthaich agus an saorsa fein, an aghaidh gach ionnsuidh a thugadh orra le armailtibh tréuna nan Romanach. Bha Alba, no Caledonia air a h-aiteachadh leis na Piocaich agus thugadh leosan ainmean 'n an cainnt fein air gach beinn agus baile, loch agus amhainn, agus ionad eile 'san rìoghachd. Tha gach ainm a tha toiseachadh le *Dùn, Beinn, Monadh, Baile, Craig, Magh, Maghair, Ach, Amhainn, Leachd, Aird, Uachdar, Carn, Blàr, Cùl, Druim, Eas, Gleann, Srath, Innis, Cill, Meall, Torr, Loch, Linn, Poll, Ros, Port, Tullaich*, agus mòran eile, a' feuchainn air ball gur ainmean Gailig iad." Mu'n Ghailig fein, thubhairt e, "Do gach cainnt thugamaid an t-urrainn do'n Ghailig. Tha i liath-aosda, gidheadh is lùghmhor, laidir, lurach i,—is fallain, fhìachail, flor-ghlan i. Mar oigh gheamnuidh, cha'n aill leatha gnothuch a bhi aice ri ni sa bith a tha truailidh, no drabasda, no droch-mhuinte. Ann am beul nan laoch is binn, blasda a fuaim; agus is tiamhaidh, trom a guth ann an gearan gach dream a ta fo bhron. Air Laidinn, 's air Greugais bheir i barrachd, agus cha'n fhaighear aleithid 'galabhairt fo' nghrein

"A' chanain a bha riamh

Feadh bheanntan agus shliabh,
Ban-oighre dhligheach fhìor
Chaledonia!

A' chanain a's fearr

Fo na speuran i,

Chum gach smaoin is ni

'Chur an ceill innte.

Lan thorrach i gach am,
Air focail nach 'eil gann,
Tha gach cainnt eile th'ann
A' toirt geillidh dhi.
Ach tha i nis 'dol suas,
Air bunnachar nach gluais
Le còmhnaidh Comuinn uasail,
'S cha tréig iad i."

An dèigh labhairt uine fhada air aois agus oirdheirceas na Gailig thòisich e air leudachadh ann am briathraibh ro thaitneach air Bardachd nan Gaidheal. Thug e iomradh freagarrach air saothair Oisein, agus air oibribh nam bàrd 'sna linnibh cein sin, agus thubhairt e gu'm bheil "comas a nis aig na Goill fein air deagh eolas a ghabhail air na seann dànaibh seo aig Oisean air doibh a bhi gu cothromach air an eadar-theangachadh leis an Olla Urramach, Gilleasbuig Cleireach, Aodhair Chille-mhaillidh. Thug e iomradh air bàrdachd mhoran eile, agus dh' aithris, e na h-uiread de na nithibh a rinneadh leo mar a ta "Miann a' Bhaird Aosda," agus moran eile. Thubhairt e, "Is lionmhor oran, òrram, dan, duan, rann agus laoidh a rinneadh leis na bardaibh aig na fineachaibh fa leth, seadh orain de gach gne agus cumadh, orain-gaoil, orain-molaidh, orain-cogaidh, orain-buaidhe, orain-treubhantais, orain sgaitheach agus éisgeil, orain-cànaidh agus caoidh, orain-cumhaidh agus broin, orain-luaidhe, agus iomraidh, agus buain, marbh-ranna, agus an leithidibh sin. Tha na fuinn agus na luinneagan a's boidhiche 'sa' Ghailig a gheobhar ann an cainnt sa bith eile."

Chaidh an t-Urramach a ris air aghaidh 'na Oraid thaitnich gu cunn-tas a thoirt air Pìobaireachd agus ceol nan Gaidheal, agus air seo thubhairt e na h-uiread a dhuaisg iomadh glaoth-caithreima'm measg an luchd-eisdeachd. An dèigh leudachadh air a' Pìobmhor a dheachd gu minic na gaisgich chum a' chatha, agus nithe a chur an ceill mu Chlann Mhic Cruimein, a bha 'n am pìobairibh aig Sìol Leoid, Dhun-

bheagain o iomadh linn air ais, agus mar au ceudna mu chlànn Mhic Artair aig Mac Dhomhnuill nan Eilean, thubhairt e, "Tha iomadh gne phiobaireachd ann. Tha cuid ann ris an abrar *Cruinneachadh* cuid eile *Brosnachadh* cuid eile *Cumha* cuid eile *Failte*, agus cuid eile *Tuireadh* mar a bha a' phiobaireachd thiomhaidh, mhall, bhronach, bu ghnath bhi ga cluicheadh aig adhlacadh nam marbh. Bha duil aig na Gaidheil, gu'n robh a' phiob mar gu'm bann a' labhairt bhriathra na *Failte*, no an *Rabhaidh* no an *Tuiridh*, mar a dh'fheadadh a' chuis a bhith. Mar seo, ann an *Cumha Mhic Leoid*, bha phiob ag radh,—

Cha till, cha till, cha till Mac Cruimein
Cha till e gu brath gu là na cruinne,
Cha till, cha till, cha till Mac Cruimein,
Cha till Mac Leoid 's cha bheo Mac Cruimein.

Is mor a' mhisneach a thug a' phiob-mhor do na Gaidheil gu dol a'm buil-sgean nan naimhdean, agus tha eadhon gu ruig an la'n diugh piobair aig gach cath-bhuidheann Gaidhealach chum dol maille riu do na blaraibh, agus

Cha do ghluais chum na tuasaid,
'Sa chaidh iad cha ghluais,
Gun am bolg-fheadan meur-thollach
Fhuaimneach 'n an cluais!

Bha Clann Mhic Cruimein, Dhunbheagain, a' sgrìobhadh na piobaireachd sìos ann an leabhar, gu bhi' ga cumail air chuimhne, ach cha'n ann air an doigh air am bheil ceol 'ga sgrìobhadh a nis. Bha iadsan 'ga dbeanamh le focuil bheaga, ghoirid, a bha iad a' cur an altaibh a' cheile chum fhuaim an fheadain agus na puirt a chiallachadh. Bha e rud eigin cosmhuil ri innleachd an *Sol-fa* a ta 'ga gnathachadh 'san àm seo ann an ceol nan salm. Bha iadsan a' gabhail lionmhorachd fhocal ghoirid, mar *hi, ri ro, bhi, ha, ra, din, hia, di, rit, hio, dra, ti, re, dro, tiri, tara, tetiri*; agus mar sin sìos. Air an doigh seo chuireadh iad sìos piobaireachd *FAILTE A' PHRIONNSA* mar a leanas:—

An t-Urlar.

hi ro dro hi ri, hi an an in ha ra,
hi o dro ha chin, ka chin hi a chin,
hi o dro hi ri, hi an an in ha ra,
hi o dro ha chin, ha chin hi i chin
hi o dro hi ri, hi an an in ha ra,
hi o dro ha chin, ha chin hi a chin.
hi o dro hi ri, hi an an in ha ra,
hi o dro ha chin, ha chin hi i chin.
Siubhal.

hi o dro hi chin, ha chin ha chin
hi o dro ha chin, hi chin ha chin,
hi o dro hi chin, ha chin ha chin,
hi o dro ha chin, ha chin hi chin,
hi o dro hi chin, hi chin hi chin,
hi o dra ha chin, hi chin, ha chin,
hi o dro hi chin, ha chin, ha chin,
hi o dro ha chin, ha chin hi chin

Taobhludh.

hio dro to, hi dro to, ha dro to, ha dro to,
ho dro to, ha dro to, hi dro to, hia chin,
&c.

Thug an t-Urramach Mac Griogair a ris min - chunntas air éideadh agus armachd nan Gaidheal, agus thug e iomadh dearbhadh gu'm bheil Breacan-an-fhéilidh anabarrach sean. Am measg chaich, dh'innis e gu'n do bhùiricheadh suas leac no clach leathann a' steidh *Balla Antonine* a thogadh leis na Romanaich tarsuing air Alba eadar an amhainn Friuth agus an amhainn Cluaidh, anns a' bhliadhna 140. Air an lic seo bha dealbh trìuir dhaoine air a ghearradh, a bha air an éideadh 'san trusgan Ghaidhealach. Thug e iomradh, mar an ceudna, air iomadh dearbhadh eile air gnè, dreach, agus cumadh éididh nan Gaidheal, agus air gach seòrsa armachd a ghnàthaicheadh led o linn gu linn.

"'S math' thig breacan an fhéilidh
Gu léir do na sùinn,
Osain ghearr' air an calpannaibh
Dòmhaill, geal, cruinn;
Iteagan dorch' air slios
Gorm uidheam cheann,
Sud i éideadh nam blàr,
'S cha bi an te fhada theann."

Thubhairt e gu'm feudadh mòran a bhi air a chur an cèill mu fhearachas-taighe, cleachdanna - dùchail, inneal-treabhaidh, buill-acfhuinn agus airneis nan Gaidheal. Tha mòran ann aig nach 'eil fios ciod is ciall do na nithibh seo a leanas a ta air an gnathachadh gu sonraichte anns na h-Eileanaibh-an-iar; mar a ta Cas-chròim, Cas-dhireach, Slachdan, Groideallan, Ràcan, Poit-Uirearaidh, Leac-gradain, Muilean-leth-coise, Muilean-bradh, Bord-luaidh Plocan, Cisean, Iris, Siomaid, Cliabh, Caineag, Plàt, Sgonnan, Tallan, Sunnag, agus mar sin sìos."

Dh'innis e gu'm féudadh moran a bhi air aithris, mar an ceudna, mu na Gnath-fhocail, Saobh-chraobhadh, Giseag, Ranntachd, Dubh-cheisd, Toimhseachan, Taibhsearachd, Sùgradh, Iomairt, Cluich, agus Cleas, a gheobhar am measg nan Gaidheal,—ach dh'fhag e iad sin air fad, mar a thubhairt e, gu bhi gu so-fhuigsinneach, soilleir air an lorgadh a mach, agus air an aithris gu h-ullamh, h-eallamh, deas-chainnteach, leis an Urramach fhoghlumte sin "BUN LOCHABAR!"

Labhair e na h-uiread mu threubh-antas nan Gaidheal, agus bha dorran air nach ceadachadh an ùine dha leudachadh gu farsuing air na Fìneachaibh Gaidhealach fa leth, agus air gach connsachadh, cogadh, creach, agus blar fuilteach a bha aca 'nan aimh-reitibh an aghaidh a' cheile. Air an doigh cheudna cha robh e 'n a chomas na bu mhat leis a chur an cèill mu bhreacannaibh nam Fìneachan air fad, agus mu Shuaicheantas, Gairmibh-catha, Brataichibh, agus Briathraibh-bros-nachaidh nam Fìneachan gu léir.

An deigh labhairt mu uair gu leth air na nithibh seo tharruing e gu crìch le teist urramach a thoirt air gaisge nan Gaidheal. Thubhairt e gu'n d'fhalbh na h-amanna deistinneach sin anns an robh comas beatha agus bàis ann an laimhibh nan ceann-feadhna, agus gur taitneach gu'n d'fhalbh. Ach am

feadh 'sa ta sliochd nam beann co cliùiteach agus cruadalach 'sa bha iad riamh, bha'n dilleachd agus an treubh-antas air an gnathachadh o cheann linntean air ais, cha'n ann ri comhstrìth an aghaidh a' cheile ach mar chath-bhuidheann gu'n strìochdadh, bha iad deas agus dileas thar tuigse, gu bhi dionadh an *saorsa*, an *duthcha*, 's an *lagh*! Cha tug saighdearan ni b'fhearr riamh aghaidh do namhaid. Leo-san sguabadh air falbh an eascairdean as an araich, mar a sguabar am moll le neart na gaoithe. O! cia fearail, cuimear, agus eireachdail iad 'nan eideadh fein! Cia garg agus colgach a'n àm dol sìos do'n chath. Cia minic, luath mar na h-iolairean a' dol air iteig chum cobhartaich, a ruith iad air feachd nan namh, agus a chuir iad as doibh gu leir. Is gann a nochdas iad an treubhantas, ach an uair a tha an cunnard mor, agus an namhaid garg agus dalma: an sin, còmhdaichidh an corruich an talamh le ciosaichibh nam marbh, mar a chòmdaicheas corran a' bhuanaishe an t-achadh le sguabaibh. Fhad 'sa bhios meas air fìor-shaighdearachd cha leagar air dearmad am fearalas air faiche fhuiltich *Waterloo*.

'Sann an sud a bha 'ghriobhag,
Le luaidh ghrad,—lannaibh biorach,
'S claidh'ibh sgaiteach 'gan iomairt,
Le dream chalma gu'n tioma,
Chaidh siol Alba gu'n ghioraig,
Anns an t-searbh-chath air mhireadh,
'Creuchdadh chorp is 'gan liodairt,
Is 'gam fagail 'san ionad gu'n deo!

Anns an oraid ro thaitneach aige, anns nach robh lide Shasunnach, bhrosnaich e "Comunn Gaidhealach Inbhirnis" gu bhi dichiollach agus dileas. Nochd e gach strìth a rinneadh chum na Gaidheil a theagasg 'nan cainnt fein leis *An Teachdaire Ghaidhealach*, a ris le *Caraid nan Gaidheal* a ris le *Cuairtear nan Gleann* a ris le *Fear-tathaich nam beann* agus na h-uiread eile, ach chaidh as doibh gu leir, agus b'òlc an airidh e.

Ach thubhairt e, “Cha d'fhagadh sinn fathast gun dochas, oir dh'èirich o cheann ghoirid *Gaidheal* eile suas ann an Glaschu, a ta nis air a thuras, agus 'se dleasnas a' Chomuinn seo, agus gach uile neach eile aig am bheil dualchas agus duthchas 'nan cridhe, an aire a thoirt gu'm bi *An Gaidheal* laghach seo air 'eiridinn, agus air a chuideachadh, agus air a chumail suas!

—:o:—

ABRAICH GHGLASCHU.

Air Di-Aoine, an seathamh latha de'n Dùdlachd, choinnich Abraich Ghlaschu, gu an dinnear bhliadhnaidh—'s a ri ma choinnich, 's ann orra fein a bha coltas nan siad! Bha Ghailig air a labhairt cho snasmhor 's cho fianta, 's ged nach fhagadh na ceatharnaich riamh fasgath Beinn-Nimheis,—bha taghadh a' phìobaire ag cluith aig amaibh suidhichte re an fheasgair, a's air dha “Gilleann an Fheilidh” a thogail, tha mi 'n duil gu'n eireadh mo chridhe ged a “bhithheadh mo leth a' slaodadh rium.” 'S cha robh an deise ghearr air dhi-chuimhne, oir bha iomadh “Abrach o Lòchaidh” 'san t-seomar comhdaichte an eideadh taghta nam beann, 's gun teagamh ag aithris 'n a chridhe:

“Chuir sinn a suas an deise

Bhios uallach, freagarrach dhuinn—
Breacan an fheilidh phreasaich,

A's peiteag de'n eudach ùr;

Cota 'chadadh nam ball,

Am bitheadh a' chàrnaid dlù,

Osan nach ceangail ar ceum,

'S nach ruigeadh mar reis an glùn.”

Bha Iain Mac-Gille-Mhaoil 'sa' chathair, agus Seumas Ailean 'san Iar-chathair. Am measg feadhainn eile 'bh'aig an dinnear faodaidh sinn na leanas ainmeachadh: an t-uasal Urramach Alasdair Stiùbhairt, am Bun-Lochabar; Somhairle òg Mac a'-Chalmain; Aonghas Ròs, maille ri 'bhrathair Iain MacDhombnuill Ròs; Gilleasbuig

Camshron; Niall Camshron; Domhnall Mac-a'-Phì; Fachann MacCholla; Alasdair Mac-a'-Phì, agus moran eile. Air do na chuideachd an dinnear a ghabhail, chaidh sìneadh air òl nan deochanna slàinte, anns a' mhodh thaitneach sin anns am bheil na Gaidheil ambhain gun choimeas. B'i 'chiad deochslainte, “A' Bhanrigh, a's buill eile an teaghlaich rioghail;” na 'deigh sin, “an t-arm mara 's tire;” agus an sin sheinn Niall Camshron deagh òran Gailig:

“Siod agai' 'n deoch-slainge 'dh'òlainn,
Deòch-slainge 'Chamshronaich
bhòidhich

Siod agai' 'n deoch-slainge 'dh'òlainn.”

An deigh do Niall Suidhe, dh'èirich fear-na-cathrach a dh'ol deochslainte “Chomuinn Abraich,” 's ma dh'èirich bu taitneach leis gach neach 'uirgheall. Thuir e gu'm bi siod AN DOECH SLAINGE, 's gu'n robh e 'n dóchas gu'n rachadh a h-ol gu h-eireachdail. Labhair e car uine, gu pongal tuigseach mu ghnothaichean a' chomuinn, agus mu'n fheum a rinn an Comunn cheana do Ghaidheil a bha tighinn do Glaschu ann a bhi faighinn aitean daibh, 's 'gan comhnadh air iomadh seol eile. Cha an deoch-slainge ol le mor thoileachas, agus an sin chluith MacIonmhuinn, am piobaire, port.

'Si 'n ath dheoch-slainge 'dh' ainmicheas sinn; “Na h-Abraich aig an taigh a's thairis.” Bha i seo air a h-ol le mor chaitheam. Air do Uilleam Austin, eiridh a dh'ìarraidh air a choluchd-dùthcha urram a's onair a dheanamh do 'n deoch slainte bha iad gu ol, bha an gairdeachas cho mor a's gar gunn a chluinnt e guth an fhir a bha bruithinn. Labhair e car uine air iomadh ni a bha ro thaitneach do gach neach 'san eideachd, as air do'n deoch-slainge 'bhi air a h-ol, dh'èirich an t-Urramach Alasdair stiùbhairt a thoirt tainge. Thuir e gu'n robh e 'n comas dasan labhairt riutha araon am

Beurla 'san Gailig, agus ged a bhà e creidsinn gu'n robh neach no dithis 'sa' chuideachd nach tuigeadh canain bhlasmhor Fhinn a's Oisein, cha'n fhaodadh an fheadhainn sin a bhi diombach air chor sa bith mas e 's gu'n labhradh e beagan fhocail anns nach d' thoirleadh iad moran brìghe: oir 'sann a bha e 'dol a labhairt ri Abraich, 's cha robh Abrach air bith nach tuigeadh a' Ghailig. Labhair e gu deas-bhriathrach mu iomadh ni, aig an robh co-cheangail, cha'n ann amhain ris na h-Abraich, ach ris na Gaidheil uile. Thuir e gu'm bu taitneach leis-san a bhi 'g amharc air a' chomhlan mhaiseach ud, oir 'an sùil gach fir, bha e comasach dha teòchridheachd a' Ghaidheil a leughadh. Lean e, an sin, air innseadh sgeulachdan a thug a mach iomadh glaoth a's gaire: "Abrach" ars esan, "a thog air do Ghlaschu, agus air dha bhi fagail taigh 'athair, thuir e, 'Athair, thoir dhomh do bheannachd ma'm falbh mi'; 'sin mo bheannachd-sa dhut a mhic', ars 'athair, 'se a' toirt coig *puinn*d Shas 'nach da. 'Ach nach can thu focail sa bith a chùm misneach a thoirt domh air m' allaban an dùthaich chein?' 'Mata' ars 'athair, 'cha'n abair mise riut ach, 'Ma bheir fear sa bith an car asad aon uair, mo naire *air-san*; ma bheir e 'n car asad an dara uair, mo naire *ortsa*!'" Labhair e 'n déigh sin, air Eoghann Mac Lachluinn. B'eanan gun teagamh sa bith, "Smeorach chlann Lachluinn." Rugadh e an Torrachalltuinn, an Lochabar, 'sa' bhliadhna 1775. An deigh dha deagh fhoghlum fhaighinn 'an dùthaich a bhreith, chaidh e a dh' Abar-eadhain, far an do choisinn e mor-chliu, cha'n ann amhain da fhein, ach mar an ceudna, do 'n dùthaich a dh' arach e. A' bharr air e 'bhi 'na sgoilear cho ainmeil 's a bh'ann ri 'linn bha e 'na bhard taghta. Co nach robh eolach air an Eallaidh thaitnich sin:—"Gur gile mo leannan
Na 'n eal' air an t-snamh,

Na cobhar-na tuinne

'S e tilleadh bho 'n traigh;
Na 'm blath-bhainne buaile,
'S a' chuach leis fo bharr,
Na sneachd nan gleann dosrach.
'Ga fhroiseadh mu 'n bhlar? "

Agus c'ait am faigheadh iad **MARBH-RANN**, an canain air bith, cosmhuil ris' a' mharbhrann a rinn Eoghann Mac-Lachlainn do Sheumas *Beattie*? C'ait am faigheadh iad briathran cho fìor thiamhaidh, agus cho fìor fhreagarrach riutha seo:

"Och nan och! mar a ta mi,
Threig, mo shùgradh mo mharan 's
mo cheòl!
'S trom an acaid tha 'm chràdh-lot,
'S goirt am beum a rinn sgainteach
'am fheòil;
Mi mar ànrach nan cuaintean,
A chailleas 'astar feadh stuadhan
'sa' cheo,
O'n bhuail teachdair' a' bhais thu
'Charaid chaomh bu neo-fhailteamach
gloir? "

Dh'eug Mac-Lachlainn 'sa' bhliadhna 1822, agus bha e air adhlacadh an Cill-a'-Mhaodain, an Ard-ghobhar. Bha duilichinn air a chantuinn gu'n robh a thuam air ag còmhachadh leis an eanndaig thiadhaich, an aite i bhi air ag comharrachadh amach le clach-chuimhne; ach bha e 'n docùas nach biodh a' chuis fada mar sin.—Thug 'uirgeal mor thoilinntinn do 'n chuideachd agus mu'n do dheallaich iad, chaidh a dheoch-slainge òl le mor chaitbream.

'S duilich leinn nach eil e 'nar comas tuilleadh de na bh' air a labhairt a chuir sios air duilleagaibh *A' Ghaidheil*, mar bu mhiann leinn. Ach anns a chodhùnadh, faodaidh sinn a chantuinn gu'n robh deoch-slainge 'Ghaidheil air a h-òl gu taitneach. Dh' iarradh seo a dheanamh leis an ògonach cheanalta sin, Iain MacDhomhnuill Ròs. Labhair e car uine, a' molladh iomadh ni a bhuineadh do na Gaidheil, agus ag iarradh air na bha aig a' choinnimh còmhnaidh

a thoirt do gach nì de 'n robh faileadh cùbhraidh an fhraoich. Dh'iarr e 'n sin soirbheachadh do'n Ghaidheal, maille ri deoch-slaime Mhic-Choinnich (a bha sa chuideachd o'n Ghaidheal) òl—nì a bha air a dheanamh gu cridheil, agus an déigh sin thug Mac-Choinnich taing do'n chuideachd air son mar thaisbein iad am meas air a' Ghaidheal, 's air fhein.

[Tha 'N GAIDHEAL fada 'n comain nan Abrach air son an deagh rùn; agus, aig an àm cheudna, ag innseadh dhoibh, ma theid e "air chaluinn" am bliadhna, nach ann tuaitheal a ruigeas e taigh Abrach a tha 'n Ghlaschu; a's air a' laimh eile, ma thig Abrach 'na charsan aig an àm gar cinnteach a bhonnag dha !]

—:o:—

NAIDHEACHDAN.

'S i naideeachd cho taitneach 'sa tha againn ri h-innseadh air a' mhios seo — an aireamh de chomuinn Ghaidhealach a tha "togail an cinn." Tha aon Chomunn maiseach an Grianraig agus MARCUS LATHUIN air a cheann. Re an Dùdhlachd bha buill a' chomuinn ag coinneachadh, 's ag cur na'n Riaghailtean an altan a' cheile, 's tha sinn toilichte chluinntinn gu'm bheil iad a' faighinn air an aghaidh a reir am miann. Cha 'n fhaod sinn gun luaidh a dheanamh air a' chiad choinneamh a bh' aca. Aig a' choinnimh sin bha mòran Ghaidheal, agus uaislean eile aig an robh toil do'n chùis. Bha triuir no ceathrar phìobairean ag cluith aig an dorus an àm do 'n chuideachd a bhi 'cruinneachadh; agus gun teagamh bu taitneach an cèd do chridhe Gaidhealach sa bith. Air do'n t-sluagh cruinneachadh, air iartus thir-na-cathrach, gu deas-bhriathrach, pongail chuir an t-Urramach D. Mac-Mhuirich an céill cuid de na h-aobharan air son am bheil an comunn gu bhi air a stéidheadh. Labhair e mu aoisead na Gailig, agus mu'n mheas bu

choir a bhi aig gach fìor Ghaidheal oirre; "Ach" ars esan, "ged a tha snuagh na h-aoise oirre bho chian, cha 'n eil mise 'creidsinn gur h-i a labhair Adhamh, oir cha robh i riabh am bial cho leibeideach ris a' bhial a mheall ar ceud phàrantan air dhoibh a bhi, na'n prìomh ionracas, ag àiteachadh a' Ghàraidh.—Tha 'n comunn seo ag cur romhpa moran oibre a dheanamh agus si ar dùrachd-ne gu'n soirbhich leò. 'Se' ainm a' chomuinn—COMUNN GAIDHEALACH GHRIANAIG.

Tha Comunn Gaidhealach eile an déigh a stéidheadh 'san Oban. 'S e 'ainm-san—COMUNN OISEANACH LATHUIN. Tha chuid a's mo de dh'uaislean an Obain a' toirt gach comhnadh do'n chomunn seo "le'n cinn, le 'm pinn, 's le 'n sporain," a's 'si ar guidh'-ne do gach neach diubh—"Lean do bhuille!"

Tha COMUNN GAIDHEALACH INBHIRNIS a' deanamh gu foghainteach. Tha sinn ag cluinntinn gu'm bheil a' mhorchuid de na h-oraidean ciatach a bha air an leughadh le buill a' chomuinn ré na bliadhna chaidh seachad, gu bhi air an clo-bhualadh gun dàil, a's gu bhi air an toirt a nasgaidh do bhuill a' chomuinn, 's air an reic ri muinntir eile.

Tha Comuinn Ghaidhealach Ghlaschu a nis air sineadh air cumail an coinneamhan bliadhnaile—a's gheobhar iomradh an earrann eile de 'n Ghaidheal air te dhiubh: an te Abraich.

Tha an aimsir anabarrach gailbeach o chionn fhada. Chaidh moran luingeas a chall leis an stoirm. Tha 'n call mara 's tìre cho mor 's a bha e le 's cuimhne leinn. Bha cuid mhor de na luingeas a cha chall air an turas á America.

Chaidh an Granndach ath-thaghadh gu bhi 'na phrìomh fhear-riaghlaidh 's na Staidhean Aonaichte,—sgeula bhios air a leughadh gu taitneach an Strathspé, an duthaich d'am bun e. Nach fìor a thuit am port, "Tha na Granndaich urramach?"

Chaidh "Là Naoimh Anndra" a

chumail leis na h-Albanaich anns gach àit, cho aobhach 's bu nos da bhi Tha sinn an deigh paipear fhaighinn á Baile-'n-rìgh an Canada, anns am bheil mor iomradh air dol-a-mach nan Albanach air an latha. Measg nithe eile tha deagh Dhàn le Eobhann Mac-Cholla, "clarsair nam beann," air na Fineachanadh' éirich "Bladhna Thearlaich."

—:o:—

GAILIG ANNS NA SGOILTEAN.

A Ghaidheil Rùnaich,

An ceadaich thu dhomh fìcal no dha a radh an leth-sgeil na maighstirean-sgoile mu dheibhinn an robh an "Gille Dubh" a seachas anns an àireamh mu dheireadh de'n Ghaidheal? Tha e ag radh gur e *dichuimhne* a thainig air na maighstirean-sgoile a thug air a' Ghailig a bhi dol air chùl anns na sgoiltibh. Nis cha 'n e *dichuimhne* rinn so idir ach *mi-mhisneachd*. Anns an Earrach an uair a thigeadh na minist-earan gu'n sgoil a cheasnachadh rach-

adh a' Ghailig fhagal gu deireadh, agus an sin 'se theireadh iad, "Cha 'n eile uine againn airson na Gailig ach o na chuala agus na chunnaic sinn a cheana cha 'n eil teagamh nach eil a' Ghailig air a deagh theagasg." Beagan an deigh sin thigeadh Fear-ceasnachaidh na Ban-rìgh agus gun aon smid de Ghailig 'n a cheann. Mar seo chunnaic na maighstirean-sgoile nach rachadh sealltuinn air an dichioll ann a bhi teagasg Gailig agus gur ann a bha iad ag call uine bu chòir a bhi air a cleachdadh ri nithibheile. Chunnaic na sgoilearan nach robh meas aig na daoine mòra sin air a' chainnt a bha iad ga'n sàrachadh fein ga h-ionnsachadh agus nach faigheadh iad cliù no moladh ge be air bith cho math 's a leughadh iad i. Mar seo le mi-mhisneachd air gach taobh chaidh a' Ghailig ach beag a chuir as na sgoiltean ach cha 'n ann leis na maighstirean-sgoile, ach leis na daoine bha thairis orra.

D. C.,
Muighstir-Sgoile.

—:o:—

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE GAEL."

NIDDRY LODGE, KENSINGTON, LONDON W.,

December 9, 1872.

SIR,—In your last number you printed an old Gaelic Ballad which I sent to you from Inveraray Castle. I have now the honour to send you another. This was found by Mr Donald MacPherson, loose in a drawer at the Advocates' Library, together with the following letter from Doctor Irvine, of Little Dunkeld, which gives a pedigree:—

(*It is not known to whom this letter was addressed.*)

"DEAR SIR,

"I seized the first spare moment after my return to look out for the song of which I spoke, and now send it to you with a hurried translation, which I endeavoured to make as literal as possible. You must pardon its defects as it does not aim at elegance. No English can convey the happy turns of the original."

"It was sung to the harp as it was probably composed with the harp. The name of the bard I have not got, though he was certainly the family bard and harper. He glances at the story of the lady being exposed on the rock in the sea as a scandal; but tradition is uniform on the subject, and the bard refers to the cause of such a barbarous deed. His lady bore to Lachlan no children, which explains 'that blossomed not to our wishes.'" . . . "He was killed by John Campbell, of Calder, his brother-in-law, tradition says in revenge.

"DEAR SIR, your most obedient Servant,

("Signed) A. IRVINE.

"Dunkeld, 6th January, 1810."

Dr Irvine, about 1800, made a large collection of Gaelic poetry. A copy of his manuscript was bought by Mr David Laing, of the Signet Library. By his permission, that collection is now printed in my Book "Leabhar na Feinne," as Text O. Dr Irvine proposed to collect orally, and to publish the Gaelic poetry which was current in his day. He printed a Prospectus; his work was approved by the Highland Society, but it never appeared.

The story of the ballad is well known, and has often appeared in books. In Vol. IV., Popular Tales of the West Highlands, p. 44, I quoted a version of part of the story, taken from a manuscript genealogy of the Argyll family.

The story, as I have it from many sources, printed, MS., and oral, may be very shortly told.

Archibald, Earl of Argyll, and Chancellor of Scotland, who fell at Flodden, 1513, had a numerous family. One of his sons married the heiress of the Calders, and founded the family of Lord Cawdor. Another founded the first family of Skipnish. The daughters were "Janet, Lady Athol; Mary, Lady Islay, (married to Macdonald;) Margaret, Lady Erskine or Marr; Isabel, Lady Cassells, (who was a writer of Gaelic poetry;) Massy, Lady Toward or Lamont; Elizabeth, Lady MacLean of Mull." The Laird of MacLean caused his wife to be placed upon a tidal rock in the Sound of Mull, which is called the Lady's Rock to this day. Her brother, the Laird of Skipnish, who was passing through the Sound of Mull in his barge, rescued her. Her husband, as it now appears from this Gaelic song, had a sham funeral, and some Mull bard composed the lament, which Dr Irvine recovered. The Laird of Calder, meeting MacLean in Edinburgh, thrust his sword, scabbard and all, through his brother-in-law, which event is recorded in the Irish annals of Loch Cē, and in the Argyll Genealogy.

The widow "Lady MacLean was married afterwards to Archibald Campbell, Laird of Achinbreck, to whom she bore John Campbell, called John Ayrach, because he was nursed in Glenaray. He was the first of the former house of Stronedoar in Knapdale."

So far as I am able to form an opinion, the Gaelic ballad recovered by Dr Irvine is a genuine composition of the time of James V. or Queen Mary, orally preserved, and slightly altered in dialect by time and modern orthography. Dr Irvine's translation renders the meaning; a poet like Sir Walter Scott might give life to the translation.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. F. CAMPBELL.

Oran [cumha] do Bhantighearn Dhu-airt, d' om b' ainm Elizat, piuthar do Ghilleasbuig, Iarla Earraghail sa bhliadhna 1530, Leis a Bhard Mhuil-each.

'S cianail, gruamach, coimheach guar-ach

A d fhas am fuar mhon ard
An Caol tha salach, molach, bailcach,
O'n dh' éug an Ainnir bhàn;
Friamh na gloine, Géug na loinne
A d fhas gu lurach àill!—

DR IRVINE'S TRANSLATION.

A song to the Lady of Duart, whose name was Elizabeth, sister to Archibald, Earl of Argyll, in the year 1530, by the Mull Bard.

Sad, gloomy, fierce, and wintry wild
Looks the lofty stormy hill,
Boisterous, rugged, high rolling the
Since the fair Ainnir died; [strait,
The root of innocence, the branch of
union
Which blossomed in all the luxuriance
of beauty,

Thug fras dhunai, bhuainn gun fhuir-
A thilg a bun os bàrr. [each,

'S cruadalach am beum a bhuail sinn
An uair bu bhuaint ar dùil;
Bha sinn cridhail, suntach, mirail,
Gun bhraon snith air sùil.
A' Chlàrsach a' toirt ceòil le h-aiteas
Fir ag cleasachd dlù
An tulach ait le toirm ar gaire
As baird a seinn an cliu.

'Nuair a sheallas ris an aonach
'S ioma fras a caochla rian
'Nuair as motha bhios ar dochas
'S ann as motha ar doghruinn shios
S ionann sin 's mar thachair dhuinne
'N uair a b' fhurannach ar miann
Dh' aom a' Chreag le toirm gun abh-
achd
As air ar n-ailleas laidh a ghrian

Cha 'n ioghna Lachuinn thu bhi deur-
ach
Chaill thu reul nan oighean
Chaill thu ionnus mor do cheannich
Chaill thu tuigse chomhra
Chaill thu sgiath dhian do chaidribh
Chaill thu airde foghlum
Chaill thu Iul a chuain ghabhai
An uair a b' airde dò-shion

Thainig i mar bhoillsge greine
Thoirt leus air oiche cheothar,
Sgap i uainn an duthlachd catha
Bha cur smal air òigri,
Cheangail i suas ar créuchdan ruiteach
Thiondai guin gu sò-ghràdh,
Thug i dhuinn ar n' airm 's ar n' eidi
As reitich i gach dò-bheairt.

But which the shower of Death
Suddenly swept away, laying its
honours low.

Disastrous the blow which struck us
When our hopes feared no change,
Our hearts overflowed with joy,
The drop of grief fled from our e'e
The harp raised the exhilarating song,
The warriors plied the feats of
strength,
The rock re-echoed the song of laughter,
The bards sounded the praise of
chiefs.

Mark the sloping height
Darkened by the shower, enlivened
by the sun;
We indulge the hope never to be
changed;
It breaks, the deepest affliction over-
whelm us,
Such our portion,
We looked forward to days of peace,
The rock burst with the thunder of
death,
The sun set upon our pride.

Great, Lachlan, is the cause of thy
grief;
Thou hast lost the polar star of
women,
Thou hast lost a treasure beyond value,
Thou hast lost discretion in converse,
Thou hast lost the shield of friends,
Thou hast lost the perfection of
science,
Thou hast lost the compass of the
frightful ocean
Lashed by the fiercest tempest.

She came like the sunbeam
To illumine the cloud-envelop'd night;
She dispersed the storm of battle
Which saddened the hearts of our
youth;
She bound up our bleeding wounds,
She turned our feuds to feasts of love;
She took off our arms and martial
garment,
And calmed each deathful strife.

THE G A E L I C,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

JANUARY, 1873.

ENGLISH RIVER NAMES, &c., DERIVED FROM THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.

In a former article it was very distinctly shown, that a large number of English and Scotch river names were *identical*, and that their derivation was from the Gaelic language, and not the Welsh. The examples given extended also all over both England and Scotland, proving that it was the same race that had given the names in both countries, and speaking the same language.

There will now be laid before the reader a very great number of English river names which are most evidently derived from the Gaelic language. In Yorkshire, the "Dow" is clearly from the word *Du* or *Dubh*, meaning "dark" or "black." The surname "Dow," in Scotland, is always pronounced as if, spelled *Du*. The "Aran," in Sussex, is from the obsolete Gaelic word "*Ar*" meaning "slow," and the very common contraction *An* for "a river," whereby it is "the slow river." The rivers called "Rea," in Worcester, and the "Wrey," of Devonshire, are from *Reidh*, and of which Gaelic word they are almost the exact pronunciation; the meaning is "the smooth river." The large river called the "Tees," certainly appears to come from *Deas*, and may signify either "the river to the south," with reference to the Tyne north of it, or "the south running river," which the Tees does for several miles from its source. The "Lee," of Cheshire, is apparently from *Liath* (the letters *th* are mute), and it is pronounced *Leeä*, meaning "the grey river;" this name

has a great similarity to the "Leven's" of England and Scotland, so also the "Leen," of Nottingham, seems to have the same origin, with the addition of the contraction *An*, for *Abhuinn*, a river; thus it is *Liath-an*, and is also "the grey river."

The "Lidden," of Worcester, was anciently spelled *Leden*, and, therefore, appears to be derived from the two words, *Leud* and *an*, meaning "the broad river." The "Nar," of Norfolk, seems, no doubt, to come from the Gaelic *Near*, (the contraction of *An-ear*), meaning "the east flowing river;" the Nore, a part of the estuary of the Thames, appears to be related to this word. The rivers named "Stour" are found in Ptolomey's Geography of the year A.D. 120, where the name given is "Sturius." This practice of adding a termination to Celtic names was common to both the Greeks and Romans. We see in this instance that a Gaelic etymology is very clear, because, when the foreign termination is removed, *Stur(ius)* remains, derived from the Gaelic *Sturr*, which means "rough" or "uneven." Mr Edmunds, in his work, controverts this being applicable; but this evidently shows he does not know how strictly accurate the name applies to the Stour of Dorsetshire, which rises in the high lands of that county, and for several miles in its descent from its source it is both "rough" and "uneven." From the Gaelic word *Car*, or *Char* (when aspirated), meaning "a bend or curve," we have the etymology of three English rivers, the "Char," of Dorset; the "Chor," in

Lancashire; and the "Kerr," of Middlesex.

The "Nene," in the county of Northampton, is a corruption, apparently, of the name of the Celtic god of the waters, called *Neithe*; the "Nid," of Yorkshire, seems also to have the same etymology as the Scotch river "Nith," and which was anciently spelled "Neith," derived, undoubtedly, from "Neithe;" so also the "Neath" of the county of Glamorgan. Mr Edmunds states there is no proof the Welsh race knew of a god of the waters; but if this last river was named by the Welsh when they were heathens, it is probable they did know it. If not named by them (the Welsh), then it was by the Gael, and is another proof to be added to those that show the Gael preceded the Cymri in Wales. The "Anker," of Leicestershire, is clearly from the Gaelic *An-ciar*, which signifies "the dun or russet-coloured river." The "Duddon," of Westmoreland, appears to be from *Dubh-an*, meaning "the dark river." The "Gelt," of Cumberland, appears plainly to be a contraction of the Gaelic words *Geal-allt*, meaning "the white or fair stream." In Scotland there are several rivers named "Gelly" and "Geldie," which have the same derivation and meaning. The "Conder" in Lancashire is most evidently from *Caoín-dur*, "the gentle water or stream." The "Bere," of Dorset, is the exact pronunciation of the ancient Gaelic word *Bior*, which signifies "water." It is very remarkable the affinity of the Gaelic to other Eastern languages. Thus "Beer," in Hebrew, also means "water," and in Arabic, "Bir," (identical with Gaelic) is "Water." The "Ver," of Herefordshire, is *bhir*, the aspirated form of the Gaelic word *bir*, meaning "water," the letters *bh* in it are pronounced the same as the letter V in English; *bhir* occurs all over Scotland in the very

commonplace name of *Inver*. The "Ile," of Somerset, seems to be of quite the same derivation as the Scotch river "Islay," which was always anciently written "Ile," thereby identical with the one in Somerset, this word is derived from the Gaelic *Iosol*, and means "the low flat-flowing river," which correctly describes its character. There is in France a very similar named river, given of course by the Celts of Gaul, called the "Isole," and in Spain there is an "Esla."

The "Cam," of Cambridge, is identical with the Gaelic *Cam*, meaning "the winding or curved river." Mr Edmunds states *cam* is common both to Gaelic and Welsh, but even, if so, the probability is in favour of the Gael having given the name from the vast number of English rivers derived from their language. The "Cann," of Essex, the "Ken," of Westmoreland, which is identical with the "Ken," of Kirkcudbright, and also the "Kenne," of Devonshire, are all of them derived from the Gaelic word *Ceann*, meaning "head," or "extremity." The "Cover," of Yorkshire, is from the Gaelic word *Cobhar*, (the *bh* is pronounced V) meaning "the frothy river." The large English river, the "Severn," is very apparently derived from Gaelic words, namely *Seimh-bhurn*, meaning "the gentle or tranquil flowing water or river," which is very descriptive of it. In the above first word, the letters *mh* are pronounced as V in English, so also is the *bh* in the next word; thus these two words together though they look so very different to the name of this river, are, in fact, *very close to it*, the pronunciation being as if written "Save or Shave-vourn," which, after many ages, is not very differently represented by the word *Severn*. The rivers called the "Ock," of Berkshire, and the "Oke," of Devonshire, appear to be no doubt from the obsolete Gaelic word *Oich*, which means "the water;" there is in

Scotland both a river and a loch called the "Oich." Mr Edmunds' etymology of these two last English rivers is manifestly wrong, he brings it from the English word "Oak;" but if that was to be accepted as correct, then these rivers must have remained without any names for hundreds of years, because the Angles did not arrive till the 5th or 6th century in sufficient numbers to give river names; besides, Cæsar, 55 years before Christ, and Agricola, in the first century, found the country fully peopled.

There are two different rivers, both called the "Coln," in Essex and Gloucester, very clearly from the two Gaelic words *Caol an*, meaning "the narrow river"; the "Cole," of Warwick, and the "Coly," are most probably derived from the same words. The river "Thames" is considered by the Rev. I. Taylor, and others, as most undoubtedly related to the Gaelic word *Tamh*, and thereby means "the still quiet river," which is very descriptive of the Thames.

JAMES A. ROBERTSON.

(To be continued.)

—:—

GAELIC STATISTICS — CENSUS OF SCOTLAND.

It was in 1801 that they began to take the census every ten years. Every time that this was done they ought to have noted the number of persons able to speak Gaelic. They have always neglected to do this. During the year 1870, representations from various quarters were made to the Home Secretary to urge this, but to no effect. The census return from Scotland, England, and Ireland, is in the form of a report from the Registrar-General, of each of the three divisions of the United Kingdom, to the Home Secretary. There is a separate Act of Parliament for each country passed in the year before the

census-year. The wording of each Act is the same. Previous to 1851, in Ireland, they improperly neglected to note the number of the Irish-speaking population; but in 1851, 1861, and 1871, they had the sense to do this. The form they use is very good and business-like. They note 1. The number who speak Irish only. 2. The number who speak Irish and English. 3. Total persons speaking Irish. 4. Proportion per cent. of persons speaking Irish to the whole population. This is given separately in each province. The percentage of Irish speaking persons to the whole population was in 1851, twenty-three, and in 1861 it was nineteen.

In the Isle of Man, and in Wales, the Celtic language statistics have always been neglected, in the same way as with us in the Highlands.

Who are the parties to blame for this? As the census return is in the form of a report from the Registrar-General at Edinburgh to the Home Secretary, it is clear that the former ought to make a proper return, and if he does not, then it is the right and the duty of the latter to find fault. The Lord Advocate has the supervision of Parliamentary bills relating to Scotland; if any of them are faulty, blame belongs to him. If, every ten years since 1801, the Gaelic language statistics had been ascertained and published, they would in after times have been looked upon as a valuable historical record. In the year previous to the one when the census is to be taken, an Act of Parliament is passed respecting it. In this Act there ought to be distinct mention of the Gaelic, Welsh, Manx, and Irish languages; it is a matter too important to be left to chance, or to the caprice or indifference of whatever officials may happen to be in office at the time.

Besides their historical interest, these statistics would strengthen the arguments of the friends of Gaelic schools.

As the Act of Parliament respecting the Irish census is under the same as the Scotch Act and the English Act, we wish to know how it is that in Ireland they manage to take the language statistics, when in the Highlands, Wales, and Man, they omit to do so. This neglect is very sad and very disgusting. As it is the country that is at the expense of the census being taken, the country has a right to require that it be taken in a proper manner.

THOMAS STRATTON.

—:—
LEABHAR NA FEINNE,
 OR HEROIC GAELIC BALLADS COL-
 LECTED AND ARRANGED BY J. F.
 CAMPBELL. LONDON, 1872.

[*Owing to pressure on our columns, we were compelled to curtail this article.*]

To the Editor of the "Popular Tales of the West Highlands"—that wonderful repertory of Gaelic lore—we already owe a debt of deep gratitude for the indefatigable industry and enthusiasm with which he has rescued from oblivion these fast disappearing popular tales, which afforded such delight to our Celtic ancestors. In his present work (so happily described in the euphonious and comprehensive title of *Leabhar na Feinne*), of which we purpose giving a very brief account, Mr Campbell has had even harder work to perform—work involving much time and consideration, and a good deal of what we can well conceive to have been very irksome drudgery. As the title indicates, the book is a collection of popular ballads relating to the *Feinne*, or of what is familiarly termed Ossianic poetry, culled from every accessible unsuspected source—from the Dean of Lismore, of 1512, to the Tírce policeman of 1872. Intermediate among his authorities, figure bishop and barrister, minister and advocate, tailor and traveller, policeman and

pauper, who are all thrown into Mr Campbell's crucible, to furnish the pure ore of which his text is composed. Conspicuous by their absence are the once well-known names of James Macpherson, and Dr Smith of Campbelltown, whom the editor, with scrupulous delicacy, declines to cite as witnesses, in accordance, we suppose, with the legal maxim, that no person can be called upon to criminate himself.

The Ballads or Texts are arranged on the following plan, under nine heads, according to their chronological sequence:—1. The story of Cuchullin; 2. The story of Deirdre; 3. The story of Fraoch; 4. The story of Fionn and the Feinne, and Norse wars; 5. Parodies; 6. Later Heroic Ballads; 7. Mythical Ballads; 8. Poems like Macpherson's Ossian; 9. Pope's Collection. Under the first four headings, which form, of course, the chief interest of the book, the different versions of the same ballads are given chronologically in the order of collection—in the orthography of, and word for word with, the original—thus showing, at a glance, the variations in spelling during several centuries, and mutations orally-preserved literature undergoes in the course of its transmission to posterity.

Mr Campbell's introductory matter is full of interest. He gives a most minute account of all Scoto-Celtic MSS. existing, or known to exist, from 900 downwards, as well as of all printed books containing Ossianic poetry, with the two notable exceptions we have mentioned. Every piece adopted in his texts is scrupulously authenticated, and he everywhere throughout the work rigidly adheres to his originals. We have here collected into one volume what has been for so long required—all the Fenian ballads of undoubted origin hitherto scattered broadcast in scarce books and in MSS. difficult of access—in short, the ballads

of popular tradition, known to the common people. We hardly need refer to the great literary and philological interest of such a book, as it will doubtless receive from learned Celtic scholars that notice which it so highly deserves. Read simply as ballads, and apart from all adventitious sources of interest, *Leabhar na Feinne* is thoroughly enjoyable to all who can read Gaelic, and to all such we cordially recommend this handsome and beautifully printed volume, so worthy of the subject. We look forward with much interest to the promised English translation, as we shall doubtless have from the learned barrister a summing up of the evidence *in causa*, Campbell *versus* Macpherson, a subject which, in the present volume, receives but passing reference. We confess a feeling of kindness for the latter, notwithstanding all his pride and perverseness and the trouble he has caused. So,

If you're strong, be merciful,
Great Campbell of the "Tales."

—Communicated.

:o:

THE BONNET, KILT, AND FEATHER.

AIR—"Wha'll be King but Charlie?"

WHEN time was young, and Adam strung
His leafy garb together,
Then first were planned the outlines grand
Of bonnet, kilt, and feather.

Chorus—O dear to me as life can be
The land where blooms the
heather;

And doubly dear the lads who
wear

The bonnet, kilt, and feather!

Your dandy vaunts his skin-tight pants,
Just fit such things to tether;
But give to me, all flowing free,
The bonnet, kilt, and feather.

In lordly hall, or courtly ball,
Where all that's grand foregather,
There's nothing seen to match the sheen
Of bonnet, kilt, and feather.

The georgeousness of Solomon's dress,
Put Sheba's queen thro' it,her,—

A proof to me his Majesty
Dress'd in the kilt and feather!

Let despots all, both great and small,
Who wish to "save their leather,"
Beware how they come in the way
Of bonnet, kilt, and feather!

Let Alma's height—Bal'clava's fight—
Suffice to show you whether
There's aught to fear for freedom where
Are seen the kilt and feather.

At Inkerman the Russ came on,
Like fiends from regions nether,
Yet there in blood, victorious stood
The bonnet, kilt, and feather.

If awe or fear came ever near
The Corsican bloodshedder,
It was to scan in battle's van
The bonnet, kilt, and feather.

On Egypt's sands they taught his bands
To rue they e'er went thither;
At Waterloo immortal grew
The bonnet, kilt, and feather.

Behold them now by Ganges' flow
Still brighter laurels gather;
All odds are braved, a nation saved—
So much for kilt and feather.

O garb sublime for any clime!
What mortal man would swither,
To toast with me now, three times three,
The bonnet, kilt, and feather!

EVAN MAC-COLL.

:o:

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE RIVER NAMES OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND, AND WHAT THEY PROVE.

SIR,

As myself and my book ("Traces of History in the Names of Places") are referred to several times in the article by Col. Robertson in your November number, a copy of which has just reached me, I apprehend you will allow me space for a few words of reply.

Taking the least important point first, I may say that I cannot claim the honour of being a Welshman. I am content to be known simply as what I am: an Englishman of Anglo-Norman lineage, who has devoted many years to philological studies, in which the Welsh language has not been omitted.

My main object in writing, however, is the more important one, of the etymology of the river names of England. In my book I have gone through the whole of the names cited by Col. Robertson, and have given my reasons for believing that they all, with two exceptions, "Usk" and "Eden," are fully explicable as British or Cymric words, and that, therefore, having found a sufficient cause, we are not called upon to ask further. Granting, however, for the sake of argument, that I have not succeeded in my demonstration, I submit that Col. Robertson's case is not mended by the admission. There are certain general considerations which override all arguments at detail in this matter.

First, It is certain that none of the rivers mentioned by Col. Robertson are of either first or second magnitude. Excepting only the Dun and the Aire, which are but small streams, the others are all insignificant obscure brooks, not worthy the name of "rivers."

Secondly, All the rivers of any importance in England have either pure British names or British names Anglicanised. For example, Thames, from *tāf*; Severn, from *Hafren*. Dee, Humber, Wye, Derwent, Tees, are all pure British, or very nearly so.

Thirdly, The existence of Celtic-named brooks in outlying districts is fully accounted for by the historical fact of the repeated incursions of Picts and Caledonians into South Britain during the fourth and fifth centuries. It is not to be supposed that the invaders all recrossed the Tweed; and small isolated colonies may have given names to the brooks about which they settled, in a country which was very sparsely peopled. (See Gildas, Nennius, the A. S. Chronicle, etc., *passim*.) Parallel traces of Irish incursions are frequent in Wales, in words of which Gwyddel ("man of the woods," or Irishman) forms part, but we do not

conclude from thence that the Irish were the first inhabitants of Wales.

As to the Cymry in Scotland, I quite accept Col. Robertson's theory that they were military colonists planted by the Romans, but I cannot with equal readiness accept the details of his argument. Clydesdale seems to me to contain many more Cymric names than he admits. Lanark (from *llanerch*, a dearing), Tintock (*tin-wg*, portions of the district), Dun-briton (now Dumbarton), Ben Arthur, &c., are examples. These two latter places, too, are so near Argyllshire that I think it by no means certain that Col. Robertson is right in asserting that "the Cymry never were there." I suspect, too, that Lomond is none other than the British *luman*, a standard, meaning a place where the tribes assembled, like the Saxon *wapenshaw*. Plinlimmon, in Wales, is certainly *Pum-luman*, the hill of the five standards.—Very respectfully yours,

FLAVELL EDMUNDS, F.R.H.S.

Herford, Nov. 15, 1872.

AN DUANAG ULLAMH.

SIR,—The Gaelic poem, of which Mr J. F. Campbell has sent you a copy, was published in Ronald M'Donald's collection in 1776, and again, in 1809, in a second edition of the same collection. Mr Campbell's copy agrees generally with M'Donald's, but, in some places, it is less accurate, as shown by the following comparison:—

Verse 16. For

"Clan na Leoin gu laidir lionmhur
O'n Fhion mhullach,"

(The Macleans, strong and numerous,
From the white [fionn] top),
M'Donald's copy has,

"Clann a leoin gu laidir lionbhir,
O'n tir mhuillich."

(The Macleans, strong and numerous,
From Mull).

V. 18. For

"Chean(n) bheirt" (helmet), M'Donald's copy has "cheannart" (chieftain).

V. 21. For

"Calen na d'aighsan gun coimhmheas
An 'Thiarla uirach"—

Which Mr Campbell translates,

"Colin, after him, is peerless,
That noble Earl"—

M'Donald's copy has,

"Cailain na dheigh sin gun choimeas,
An Tiarl Aorach."

(Colin, after him,* matchless,
The Earl of Aray.)

V. 9.

"Dheantar an slaogh dhreach dualach,
Mar bhraigh thosuigh"—

which Mr Campbell translates,

"Their straight cables are made coiled,
To top the fo'k'stle"—

is, in M'Donald's copy,

"Deintir an staoigh dirich, dualich,
Mu 'n bhraigh tshoisich."

(Deantar an stadh dreach, dualach,
Mu 'n bhraigh thoisich.)

Slaogh, in Mr Campbell's copy, is obviously a mistake for *staoigh*. M'Donald's 2nd edition has *stagh*, but the more correct orthography is *stadh*. The *stadh* (stay) is the rope that sustains the mast (H. S.'s Dict.). It is drawn tight or straight (dreach), and fastened with a knot or loop (dual) to the fore-breast.

V. 12. For

"O' mharcuigh reamhra"—

which Mr Campbell translates,

"From rich mark lands [? markets],"

M'Donald's copy has,

"O 'm barcibh reibhra."

(O 'm bàrcuibh reamhra.)

V. 13.

"Le laigh a chartas,"

Mr Campbell translates,

"With hands of justice."

But *laigh*, if any part of the noun *làmh*, must be the dative singular (*làimh*), and cannot, therefore, mean *hands*.

M'Donald's copy has—

"Le laoigh a cheartais"—

And, if we compare *laoigh* with *staoigh*

* For "na dhiégh-san."

for *staoigh*, *stagh* (v. 9), we may safely conclude that

"Le laigh a chartas"—

is for

"Le lagh a' cheartais."

(With law of justice.)

*Laoich** for *laoch* (v. 11, M'Don.'s copy) and *seoiladh* for *seòladh* (v. 8, Mr C.'s copy), are other examples which may be compared with *laigh* for *lagh*, and *laoigh* for *laogh*, *lagh*.

V. 26. "Gurraim" (Mr C.'s copy) is for "dh' urrainn." M'Donald's copy has "dhuirrin."

I may notice also that, while Mr Campbell's copy entirely disregards, M'Donald's partially observes, the grammatical inflections.

Both copies have several Irish idioms.

In M'Donald's Collection, the poem is said to have been composed by the bard of Maclean, and the date assigned to it is 1569.—I am, &c.,

ALEXANDER CAMERON.

Renton, 3rd Dec., 1872.

—:o:—

"THE HIGHLANDER."

We have just received the prospectus of a newspaper (bearing the above happy title) which is to be published in the Highland capital. Judging from the prospectus before us, *The Highlander* will be not only an excellent newspaper, but will also supply a *desideratum* which is now very much felt, and the well-known talent of its editor—Mr Murdoch—warrants the hope that it shall rank among the best of weeklies, and assume a free and independent air. *The Highlander* has *one object* in view, which, of itself, should obtain for it the sympathy and support of *sliochd nam beann* everywhere—"to advocate the interests, and afford expression to the views of the inhabitants of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland."

In ventilating local matters, *The*

o "Liuthid laoich" for "A liuthad laoch" (so many heroes.)

Highlander shall take an active part. It promises to give the "earliest and most authentic intelligence." *The Highlander* is not only to be Highland in sentiment, for the language also is to receive special attention, a department being set out for that purpose. *The Highlander* has our warmest sympathies, and we hope its undertakers will find it a success both socially and financially. Its publishing company is at present being formed. The capital shall be £3000, in 3000 shares of £1 each, and it is hoped that that sum will speedily be gathered, and *The Highlander* enabled to don his tartan, and wield his "claymore" in the cause of his country and his race.

For the benefit of our readers we subjoin a few extracts from the prospectus before us:—

"A primary object of *The Highlander* will be to awaken an intelligent and vigorous public spirit, and afford opportunity and encouragement to the inhabitants of the Highlands and Islands to be heard in their own behalf, and in matters on which they are best able to judge. Highland interest, however, will be advocated, and Highland ideas ventilated, in no narrow spirit, but in the conviction that Highlanders have duties to perform as well as rights to defend. * * * *

"The nation now begins to see that the policy of depopulating the country, and throwing the land out of cultivation, was an economic blunder of the gravest sort, carried out in cruel disregard of the feelings and instincts of the people. *The Highlander* will endeavour to give effect to the wiser and more generous views now taking possession of the public mind—advancing alike the real interests of landlord and tenant, and at the same time benefiting all other classes of the community.

"Among the topics, therefore, which shall have prominence, are—the Land Question; Game Preservation and Deer Forestry; the best systems of Rural Economy and Practical Husbandry; the establishing of Manufactures in the Highlands; the Fisheries; the working of Mines, Quarries, and Peat Mosses; the

Utilization of Sewerage; Railway Extension, Management, &c. Other questions will arise to be dealt with according as they affect the well-being and doing of the community.

"Gaelic is still spoken, perhaps, over one-half the area of Scotland, and by considerable numbers in our large towns and colonies; whilst the learned of all lands look to the Gaelic language for valuable materials with which to perfect Philology, Archaeology, and other branches in Science and Philosophy. The views of both the learned and the unlearned shall be met, and the columns of *The Highlander* made, so far, racy of the soil, by some space being devoted to Gaelic articles, tales, poetry, and music, both ancient and modern. Occasionally, Gaelic readers shall be introduced to Irish, Manx, Welsh, &c." * * *

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

The Celtic Society of Edinburgh, which was founded by Sir Walter Scott, and of which the Duke of Argyll is President, is to hold a grand fashionable ball in order to collect funds in the aid of establishing the GAELIC PROFESSORSHIP.

KINGUSSIE.—A masonic lodge has been founded here of late, and several of the most respectable in the village and vicinity have become members. While we are so enthusiastic in upholding "foreign elements," might we not do something to uphold our nationality? While other villages are starting Gaelic societies, might Kingussie not try its luck by taking a step in that direction too? It sends more members to the Inverness, Ross, and Nairn Club than any other place of its size in these three counties; and could we not be equally munificent in supporting a Gaelic Society, to bring forth any latent flame which may still be dormant within us of the genius inherited by our brave ancestors?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATUM.—Whilst the last number of *The Gael* was going through the press, two words have fallen out of the ninth line of the Gaelic translation, by "Nether-Lochar," of REBBECCA'S HYMN. In some copies they are, others want them. The verse begins thus:—

"An sin bha laoidhean naoimh a's sailm
Le tromp a's tiomhan 'seirm do chliù." &c.

AN GAIDHEAL.

I LEABH.]

CEUD MIOS AN EARRAICH, 1873.

[12 AIR.

AIR CRUINN - MHEALLABH SOILLSEACH NAN SPEUR.

IV.—EARRANN.

AIR CAOCHLAIDHIBH NA GEALAICH.

Tha oibre an Tighearn Iehòbhaidh òirdheirc agus seasmhach. Gheail e féin, do nach comus bréug a dheanamh, gu'm buanaich na beannachdan agus na tròcairean, a ta 'sruthadh o theas agus o sholus na gréine co fad 's a bhuan-aicheas an talamh fein. Tha e ag ràdh, "Am feadh a mhaireas an talamh, cha sguir àm an t-sil-chuir agus foghar, agus fuachd agus teas, agus sàmhradh agus geamhradh, agus là agus oidhche." —(Gen. viii. 22.) Ge' be taobh air an amhaire sinn air feadh na cruithachd, cha chomus duinn gun mheur a' Chruthair fhaicinn anns gach nì! Shuidhich e a' ghrian agus na reultan ann an speuraibh néimh, air chor is gu'm bheil ceithir ràidhean na bliadhna a' teachd gu riaghailteach an déigh a cheile agus a' cur aghaidh a' chruinne-ché fo chaochladh dreach! 'S an Earrach, tha fear agus luibhean a' briseadh a mach as an talamh agus a' còmhachadh a luime! Tha an tuathanach a' sgapadh rogha sìl 'n a fhearann, a bheir a mach toradh ioma-filte ann an àm iomchuidh. 'S an t-Sàmhradh tha'n talamh 'n a làn ghlòir,—gach luibh agus craobh fo bhlàth, agus gach toradh luachmhor 'ga thoirt a mach leis a' ghréin! "Tha na cnuc ri gàirdeachas air gach taobh, na cluainean air an sgeudachadh le tréndaibh, agus na glinn air an comhdachadh le h-arbhar."—'S an Fhoghar-

adh, fàsaidh na h-achan geal,—sàthaidh am buanaiche a staigh a chorrann, lionar an t-amar fiona, agus cuiridh an dabhach thairis!—"Iadsan a chuir le deuraibh, buainidh iad le gàirdeachas! Esan a chaidh a mach agus a ghuil, ag iomchar sìl luachmhor, thig e ris le gàirdeachas, a' giùlan a aguab."—Mar so, honar cridhe an duine le gean agus subhachas, agus ni e aoibhneas 'n a shaothair uile! 'S a' Gheamhradh, caochailidh an talamh a shnuadh agus rùisgear dheth a bhreaghad!—"As an àirde-deas thig ioma-ghaoth, agus fuachd as an airde-tuath! Le anail Dhé bheirear reodhadh! Bheir e sneachda mar dainn; sgaoilidh e an liath-reodh mar luathre! Tilgidh e a mach eigh mar ghreamanna; có dh' fheudas seasamh roimh fhuachda?"—Mar so, tha co-shuidheachadh na talmhainn ann am fochair na gréine, a' toirt air ràidhean na bliadhna aon a' cheile a leanuinn! Air uairibh, tha 'ghrian a' tilgeadh a gathan laga air saoghal reòta ach air uairibh eile, tha i a' cur a mach a soluis agus a teas air ionadaibh tuatha na talmhainn, agus a' co-roinn beatha agus maise riu! Mar so, tha Dia air a ghlòrachadh 'n a oibrìbh!

Labhair sinn roimhe air na reultaibh MERCURI, BHENUS, agus an TALAMH, agus nochd sinn gu'n robh an làithean agus an oidhchean aca maraon. Tha teallsanaich an dùil, gu'm bheil gealaichean aig Mercuri agus Bhénus, chum an oidhchean a shoillseachadh; ach air do na reultaibh sin a bhi co teann air a' ghréin, cha 'n 'eil innleachd air an gealaichean fhaicinn, ma tha iad aca. Ach tha sinn cinnteach, gu'm bheil aon ghealach mhór, bhuidhe, againn fein,

chum dorchadas ar n-òidheachan fhòg-radh air faibh ; agus nì sinn dìchioll, a nis, air cùntas goirid a' thoirt oirre. Cha'n eil a' ghealach 'n a reult, mar a ta Mercuri, Bhenus, an Talamh, agus reultan eile, ach is ball cruinn i, a ta, 'cuairteachadh na gréine! Tha ochd gealaichean deug, gu léir, aig na reultaibh a bhuineas do'n ghréin againn ; agus diubh so tha aon aig an Talamh, ceithir aig Iupiter,—seachd aig Saturn agus sea aig 'Uranus. Tha a' ghealach againne 'cuairteachadh na talmhainn ann an seachd lá fichead, seachd uairean agus tri agus da fhichead mionaid ; ach o chaochladh gu caochladh, tha i 'gabhail naoi lá fichead, da uair dheug, agus ceithir agus da fhichead mionaid, chum a cuairt a choimhlionadh. Tha i beag an coimeas ris an talamh ; oir cha'n 'eil i ach dà mhìle, aon chèud, agus tri fichead de mhìl-tìbh troipe, an uair a tha an talamh dlùth air ochd mìle de mhìl-tìbh troimhe! Tha'n talamh uime sin, còrr agus tri fichead uair nì's mò na 'ghealach. Tha i nì's faide o'n talamh air uairibh seach a chèile ach tha i mar a's trice mu dhà cheud, agus da fhichead mìle de mhìl-tìbh air astar uaithe! Tha i a' siubhal 'n a cearcall mu'n cuairt do'n talamh da cheud, ceithir fichead agus deich de mhìl-tìbh anns an uair! Tha'n talamh a' cuairteachadh na gréine ann am beagan a thuilleadh air tri cheud, tri fichead, agus còig làithean; tha 'ghealach, uime sin, a' cuairteachadh na gréine 'san ùine cheudua; ach tha i 'deanamh mòran astair a bhàrr air an talamh, do brìgh gu'm bheil i 'ga chuairteachadh gach mìos, agus a' cumail suas ris, a thuilleadh air sin, 'na chuairt mu'n ghréin. Air an aobhar sin, tha e soilleir, gu'm bheil a' ghealach a' deanamh cuairte na talmhainn mu thimchioll na gréine ann am bliadhna; ach osbàrr, tha i an taobh a staigh do'n ùine sin a' cuairteachadh na talmhainn 'na cearcall fein tri uairean deug. Tha 'ghealach cosmhail ris an talamh, 'n a meall cruinn, dorch, innte fein, a ta soilleir a mhàin

trid gathannaibh na gréine a bhi 'bualadh oirre. Air an aobhar sin, tha'n leth sin dhith a ta fa chomhair na gréine a ghnàth soilleir, agus an leth eile ann an dorchadas. Cha'n fhaic sinne i aig am a caochlaidh, do bhrìgh gu'm bheil i dìreach eadar sinn agus a' ghrian, agus an taobh dorch dhi ruinn. Ach air dì beagan astair a dheanamh 'na slighe, chì sinn earrann bheag do'n taobh shoilleir aice, a ta sìor mheudachadh, gus am bi i fa chomhair na gréine, air an taobh eile do'n talamh, an uair a chì sinn an taobh soilleir aice gu léir, agus an sin, tha i làn, cruinn, agus dealrach. Air an dòigh cheudna, tha i a' caitheamh, gus an ruig i, a ris, eadar sinn agus a' ghrian, an uair nach fhaicear idir i. Tha i cosmhail ris na reultaibh a' tionndadh air a mul fein, agus tha e anabar-rach iongantach, gu'm bheile an ùine. a ta i 'gabhail chum sin a dheanamh co-ionann ann am faidead ris an ùine a ta i 'toirt a mach, chum cuairt a chur air an talamh. Agus air do'n chùis a bhi mar sin, tha e 'tachairt gur e an aon taobh dhi a ta'n còmhnuidh ruinne, ge b'e àite d'a cuairt anns am bi i. Tha'n taobh so a ghnàth soilleir; oir an uair nach bi a' ghrian 'ga shoillseachadh, tha'n talamh a' toirt soluis da, tri uairean deug nì's dealraiche na'n solus a ta 'ghealach a' tilgeadh air an talamh. Tha'n taobh do'n ghealaich, gidheadh, nach 'eil sinne idir a' faicinn, soilleir rè cheithir là deug, agus dòrch rè cheithir là deug eile. Air do'n ghealaich a bhi co fagus do làimh, an coimeas ris na reultab, tha cothrom nì's fearr aig na reultairibhair a faicinn le'n gloineachaibh. Tha iad, uime sin, a' deanamh a mach gu'm bheil i, cosmhail ris an talamh, air a còmhachadh le beanntaibh, gleanntaibh, agus machraichibh! Chaidh cuid de bheanntaibh na gealaich a thomhas, agus tha iad mar a's trice da mhìle air àirde; tha iad cruinn, agus corrach, agus anabarrach lionmhor. Cha'n fhacas a' bheag de choslas uisge anns a' ghealaich, agus cha'n 'eil adhar

aice, no neòil mu timchioll, mar a ta aig an talamh. Feumaidh aimsir na gealaiche a bhi anabarrach iongantach, agus caochlaideach, air di a bhi, rè cheithir là deug eile air a claidh leis an reodhadh a's teinne a dh' fheudas a bhith. Ma tha creutairean a' ghabhail tàimh oirre, nì nach 'eil neochoomasach do'n Ti Uile-Chumhachdach òrdachadh, tha e cinnteach, gu'm bheil iad air an dealbhadh leis-san, le nàdur freagarrach air a son; oir, a réir ar beachd-ne, cha b'urrainn do chréutairibh na talmhainn so a bhi beò oirre.

Ged tha solus na gealaiche dìblidh agus fann, an coimeas ri solus deàlrach na grèine; gidheadh, tha e féumail agus taitneach, chum dorchadas nan òidhchean fada geamhraidh fhògaradh air falbh! Shuidhich an Cruithear a' ghealach ann an speuraibh nèimh, mar "an solus a's lugha a' riaghladh na h-òidhche," agus rinneadh i "air son chomharan, agus air son aimsirean, agus air son làithean, agus bhliadhnachan," co math ris a' ghréin! Air an aobhar sin, tha ach beag, gach uile chinneach a' tomhas uine le cuairtibh na gealaiche! Tha cuid de chinneachaibh ann, nach 'eil a' tomhas na h-aimsir le bliadhnaibh idir, ach a mhàin le gealaichibh;—agus mar so, ged robh daoine 'nam measg ceud bliadhna dh'aois, ìnnsidh iad an aois, cha'n ann le bliadhnaibh, ach le àireamh nan "gealaichean," a bh' ann o'n là air an d'rugadh iad! Thugadh àithne do na h-Israelich iobairtean-loisgte, agus tabhartais-bidh a thoirt suas ann an toiseach am mìosan, agus tha sinn a' faicinn gu'm bheil "*gealaichean ùra*,"—"*Feillean suidhichte*," agus "*Sabaidean*," air an ainmeachadh mar amannaibh a bha naomh do'n Tighearna!—(Aireamh. xxviii. 11. Is i. 13, 14.) Bhunaich na h-Iùdhaich ann a bhi séideadh an trompaidean aig àm an gealaichean ùra, gus an do sgapadh iad air feadh an t-saoghail; agus a réir a' chleachdaidh so, thug an Salmadair seachad an àithne,

Seidibh an stoc 'sa' ghealaich nuaidh
Air làithibh òrduicht' féill;
Bu lagh sud aig Dia Iacoib fos,
'S bu reachd do Israel.

SGIATHANACH.

—:o:—

CALLUM A' GHLINNE.

VI. Earrann.

Air an fheasgar ud's an do dhealaich Callum agus a chompanach ri cheile an deigh na chunnaic agus na chual iad ré an cuairt ann an taigh-òsda "Acair an dochais," bhuail amharusan ioma-guineach air 'intinn, a thaobh fìor-chliu Mhicheil, agus mu'n do choidil e air an oidhche ud, thainig e gu co-dhunadh gur h-è ma'dh'fhaoidte a bu tearuainte dha a bheachd air cliù Mhicheil innseadh dha gu saor fosgailte gun sioma-guad no tumhartaich, agus cùl a laimhe 'chur ris mar charaid agus mar chompanach. Mhòthaich e gu'n cuireadh sud deuchainn air a mhisnich agus air a dhuinealas; ach air dha a Bhiobul a ghlacadh mar bu ghnath leis, gu cuibhrionn a leughadh mu'n deachaidh e d'a leabaidh; 'nuair a dh' fhosgail se e, thuit a shuil air aon de na li-earrannan a bh' air an comharachadh le 'mhathair mu'n do chuir i 'na chiste e—"Sgriosar companach an amadain." Rinn an earrann ud greim air 'inntinn nach d'fhairich e riamh roimhe, agus chuir e roimhe, ach mo thruaighe, 'na neart fein, nach biodh tuillidh gnothuich aige ri Mhicheil an chuid mar charaid no mar chompanach; ach 'n uair a choinnich iad air an ath mhàduinn, threig a mhisneach e. Bha Mhicheil cho fàilteach agus cho aoigheil 's a b' abhaist dha 'bhi. Bha coguis Challuim ga eigneachadh gus an rùn suidhichte dh'ionnsuidh an d'thainig e a dheanamh aithnichte, ach thainig an Reusan feolmhor ann san eadraiginn, ag cagarsaich 'an cluais Challuim,—ged a bha e fìor gu'm faodadh companach an amadain dol a dhith, gur

trie a bha companach subhailceach deagh-bheusach 'na mheadhoin air amadain a philleadh o'n amaideachd gu caithe-beatha rianail modhanail; agus a thuillidh air sin, chuir Micheil ioma comuin air, le ullambachd gu bhi ga sheoladh agus ga oileineachadh a thaobh ioma ni anns nach robh e fein fhathasd coimhlionta mar fhear ceairde. Aig an àm cheudna, thainig Micheil gu bhi 'tuigsinn gu'n robh Callum eucosmhail 'na ghne agus 'na chliù ri ioma Gaidheal òg a b' aithne dha, a thainig do Ghlaschu, agus a thaisbein anns a' cheud dol a mach, gu'n robh iad air an deagh oileineachadh agus fo dheagh chliù modhanail aig a' bhaile, ach air dhoibh iad fein fhaotainn air falbh o shuil an luchd-eòlais, agus am measg choigreach, a thilg dhiu, ann an uine gle ghoirid, gach cuing leis an robh iad air an cumail air an ais o dhroch cuideachd agus o gach mi-bheus follaiseach, agus a leig srian fhuasgailte le'n anamiannaibh. Chunnaic e gu soilleir nach robh Callum idir cho saorsachail no cho fosgailte 'na chonaltadh 'sa b'abhaist leis; gu'n robh rud-eigin air inntinn d'a thaobh fein nach bu toigh leis a nochdadh, uime sin, chuir e roimhe a sheoltachd a chur an cleachdadh gu bhi, na'm bu chomasach e, ag cosnadh air ais na chaill e a reir coslais, d'a mhuinngthin agus d'a dheagh ghean, mar a dh' fhaodar a thuigsinn o 'n chomhradh a leanas:—

“A Challum,” arsa Micheil, “Am bheil creideamh agad ann an Gnuis-fhiosachd, no am bheil a bheag de eòlas agad oirre?”

CALLUM.—Cha'n eil mi idir 'na m' neochreideach d'a taobh mar ealdhain, no mar fhiosrachadh, ach cha'n fhaod mi 'radh gu'n d'thainig mi' fhathasd gu' bheag de adhartachd ann an eòlas oirre. C'arson a tha thu 'cur na ceiste?

MICHEIL.—Gu bhi 'taisbeanadh dhuit gu'm bheil mi 'faicinn gu soilleir na do ghnais, gu'm bheil thu ag altrum

droch bharail d'am thaobh fein, o'n fheasgar air an do thaghail sinn ann an taigh-òsda Mhic — ged nach do nochd thu fhathasd e na do chaisnt no le do ghiulan.

CALLUM.—A dh' aindeoin do gheire, agus d' adhartachd mar ghruis-fhios-aiche, faodaidh tu 'bhi air do mhealladh. Air a' chuid is lugha, cha'n eil mi 'saòilsinn gu'm bheil e dlìgheach dhut neach air bith a chasaid no choireachadh airson a' smuaintean diombair, gus an dean e aithnichte iad ann an cainnt, no ann an gnìomh.

MICHEIL.—A dheagh chompanaich! Na smuainich gur h-ann ga do chasaid a bha mi. B'fhada uam e. Is ann a bha mi thuige so, ga m' thaisbeanadh fein dhuitse ann an cruth fallsa, nach buinidir do m' fhior-chliù, agus feumadh tu mo lethsgèul a ghabhail. Is i a' chrìoch a bha agam 's an amharc, deuchainn a chur air do ghean agus air d' fhior chliù. Thug mi do'n taigh-òsda thu, far am b'fhiosrach mi gu'm bheil moran dhe d' luchd duthcha 'n an luchd tathaich bunaitteach, agus air an cleachdadh anns an ruidhteireachd ghraisgeil, umpaidheach, mhi-thoinisgeach achuala sa chunnaic thu. Bha 'mhian orm fhaicinn an robh no nach robh aomadh co-ghneitheil agad ri 'leithid sud de chaitheamh aimsir, agus 'n uair a chunnaic mi' gu'n robh an cuideachd 'na grain dhuit, thug e mor thoileachadh dhomh. Cha'n eil tegamh agam nach eil thu 'nad fhior chrìosduidh, mar a tha mi fein. Cha'n eil mi 'an amharas, o na fhuair mi dh' eòlas ort, gu'm bheil a bheag de chofhulangas agad ris na baath-chreidich, luchd nan “aodann fada.”

CALLUM.—Cìod a tha thu 'ciallachadh le *luchd nan* “aodann-fada?”

MICHEIL.—Na gabh gu h-òlc e—cha'n eil mi agciallachadh ni oilbheumach air bith. Tha fios agad gu'm bheil cuid de luchd-aideachaidh anns gach àite, ach gu h-àraidh 'am measg nan Gaidheal, a tha cho cumhan agus cho canra-

nach, is nach giulain iad le neach air bith nach eil ann's na h-uile ni a dh' aon bheachd riutha fein; agus nach tog suil no sròn o'n talamh ré na seachdain, no idir air an t-sàbaid. Ged a tha iad ag gabhail orra fein a bhi 'n an *creidnich mhòra*! cha'n aidich iad gu'm bheil dad is fearr air an siubhal na as creideamh agus daorsa, dorchadas, cruas agus mugaireachd. Cha'n eil iad a reir co-lais, beo fo ghras ach fo'n lagh, ag giulan air an coguisan fein an t-uallach a bu choir dhoibh a leagadh air-san a chaidh a lot airson am peacaidhean, agus air an do leagadh smachdachadh an sith. Ach ged nach tòigh leam an cliu mar luchd aideachaidh, cha'n eil mi idir ag creidsinn gu'm bheil an giulan Phairiseachail ag eiridh aon chuid o cheilg no o lùbaireachd ach o n' chreud chumhan chruaidh shean-fhasanta anns am bheil iad air an oileineachadh.

CALLUM.—Am faod mi fheòraich, ma seadh, Cìod is cliu do'n chreud anns an robh thu fein air d'oileineachadh mar fhear aideachaidh?

MICHEIL.—Is i mo chreudsa mo choguis—"Cha'n eil mi fo'n lagh ach fo ghras." Comh-sheasmhach ri saorsa an t-soisgeil—cha'n eil mi meas gu'm bheil cionta ann an smuain, ann an cainnt no ann an gnìomh air bith, nach eil air an dìteadh le mo choguis fein, oilbheumach do m' chomhchreutairean no mi-dhìleas do ughdarras aimsireil na riochaidh. Cha'n eil mi 'creidsinn gu'm bheil miann no iarrtas no togradh a bhuineas do m' nadur, nach eil e dligheach dhomh a riarachadh ann am measarrachd. Cha'n eil creideamh agam ann an diomhaireachd air bith a tha os cionn m' eolais, mo thuigse agus mo bhreithneachaidh. Sin agad suim agususbain mo chreudsa. Cìod i do bharail oirre?

CALLUM.—Is i mo bharailse, ma ta, nach eil a' choguis 'na bunait thearuinte do chreud neach air bith, do bhrìgh gu'm bheil i a thaobh naduir 'na dorchadas, agus ann am feum a bhi air a soillseachadh leis an fhirinn. Gu'm

bheil saorsa an t-soisgeil—eadhóia, an t-saorsa leis an do rinn Crìosd a phòbull fein saor, amhain ga'n saoradh o mhallachd an lagha, agus ga'm fuasgladh naithie mar choimhcheangal beatha; agus mar tha an lagh ag our an anam gu Crìosd airson fireantachd agus neart, gu'm bheil Crìosd ag cur an anam air ais a dh' ionnsuidh an lagha gu bhi ga ghabhail mar riaghailt beatha agus umhlachd. Ni mo is i mo bharail gu'm bheil saorsa an t-soisgeil a' fuasgladh an anama o bhi a ceusadh na feola maille ri 'h-antograidhean agus a h-anamiannaibh. Is i mo bharail mar an ceudna, a thaobh cliu agus gne an fhiar chreidimh, gur h-e "brìgh nan nithe ris am bheil dochas e, agus dearbhechinnt nan nithe nach faicear."

MICHEIL.—A! a charaid, tha mi 'faicinn gn'n thog thusa do chreud, cha'n ann o sholus do choguis fein, ach o theagasgan sean-fhasanta. Air dhuit a bhi cho deighel air leughadh, gheibh thu mach ri h-uine, ged a bha beachdan nan seann Diadhairean freagarrach do'n linn 's an robh iad beo, gu'm bheil iad air tuiteam fada air dheireadh air solus adhartach, agus air ard-fhiosrachadh na linn so.

Bha Micheil agus Callum mar so air an cleachdadh an drasd 'sa rithist ann an deasbudan do'n t-seors ud: Micheil, gu seolta agus gu faicilleach a' deanamh na b' urrain e, gu bhi ga aomadh gu beachdan seachranach, agus gu giulan fuasgailte; agus cha b' fhada gus an d' fhairich Callum bochd air a chosd fein "nach eil e ann an comas neach a dh'imicheas, a cheumanna a stiùradh." Bhuaidh e air gun dail gu bhi 'dol leis air uairibh do na taighean cluiche agus do na seòmraichean dannsa. 'Na shimplidheach neochoireach, cha robh aithne no amharus aig Callum a thaobh fìor-chliu nam maighdeanan rionnach, iollagach a bha 'tathaich nan Seomraichean dannsa. Roghnuich Micheil dithis dhiu air an robh e eòlach, mar bhan-chompanachaibh dha fein agus do

Callum. Ach gu bhi 'cur ar sgeoil an giorrad—cha do dh'fhairich Callum ni air bith fhathasd 'nan conaltradh no 'nan giulan, a dhuiseadh 'amharus mu 'm fìor chliu, mar sin, dh'aontaich e, air oidhche araidh, ri cuireadh a thug iad dha fein agus d'a chompanach gu suipeir aig an dachaidh fein. Air dhoibh tionndadh a staigh troithrannsa dorcha de nach do ghabh Callum bochd mor chiatadh, ann am priobadh na sula, thionndaidh aon de luchd freiceadain na sraide a lannair ri an aodainn. Thug Micheil agus a bhan-chairdean iad fein as, cho grad 'sa bheireadh an casan iad, agus dh' fhaig iad Callum

agus am *Policeman* le cheile. Bha e nis ach beag air a bhodhradh agus air a dhalladh; cha b' fhios da ciod a theireadh no d'heanadh e. Ghrad thuig 'fhear-tiorcaidh mar a bha chuis. Rinn Callum 'fhaosaid ris gu saor agus gu h-onorach. "Mo ghille math," ars' esau, "bi taingeil do'n Fhreasdal cha-oimhneil a chuir mise 'an so air an dearbh àm so; fhuair mi thu ach beagan shlatan o stairsneach aon de na taighean sin mu 'm bheil e air a radh 'Is e a taigh an t-slighe gu ifrinn, a dol sìos gu seomraichean a' bhais.'"

MUILEACH.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

— o —

CUMHA DO BHIAINTIGHEARNA DHUBHAIRT.

(*Concluded from page 298.*)

Nam be inleachdan ar namhaid
Bhrisadh barr ar coisridh
'S ioma claidheamh cruadhach glas
A leumadh grad gu feolach
'S ioma gaisgeach armach, treunda
Bheireadh beum sa cho-stri
Edar Beitha caol Chinntire
'As Rippot Eilain Cheothach.

Dh'eiradh Lethanich 's Donulich
Mar shruth nam mor bheann ard
Dh'eireadh Stiuartich as Cattaich
A bhuadhaich neart nam blar
Thigadh Guinich nimheil chlaoteach
A bheira tuinnse gu h'ar
Cha bhiodh an aicheamhail gun iarraidh
'S fireoin chiar an aird.

Ach ciod am fath mun luìdh duthlachd
Air Iuthar ùr nan crann
Ghlac am bàs an Righin ailde
'S thaig an aros teann
Chaidh fo 'n fhoid ceann gach seoil
Beus gun agod beul gun sgleo
Cridh gun gho gnais gun cheo
Lamh sgapa oir gun taing.

Had the arts of our enemy
Broken the flower of our social train,
A thousand swords of well-tempered
Would quickly start to blood. [steel
A thousand well-armed warriors
Would strike a blow in the conflict,
From the narrow promontory of Can-
To Rippot of the misty Isle. [tyre

M'Leans and M'Donalds would rise,
Like the stream of the towering hills;
Stewarts and Catti would rise,
Who gained the strength of battles.
Campbells deathful desolating would
Rushing fierce to slaughter; [come
Revenge would not be unsought,
For the dark brown eagles would
rise on high.

But why should the tempest of winter
Settle on the green-branched yew?
Death seized the Princess of beauty,
And closed her in the narrow hall.
Under the turf lay the first in every
grace; [scandal,
Virtue without pride, lips without
A heart without guile, a face unclouded,
A hand to scatter, without seeking
praise.

Thog iad tuaileas le mar fhuarachd
 Bha suarach air ar call
 Gun chuir sinn Eala chian nam math-
 ghnìomh
 Air sgeir na mar thonn thall
 Gum beil i beo le luth's 's treoir
 A dusgadh orain lann
 Ach 's mise chuala fuaim a déile
 Nuair laidh fo fheur a ceann.

Cha 'n ioghna nis ant Iarla Aorach
 Bhi caoin air ioma doigh
 'S liuthad leaga fhuair a chraobh
 Am bu lionmhor geugan aigh
 Chaill e meangan diuth a b' ailli
 Nach d'fhas fo bhlath gur deoin
 Thuit i sìos am platha sula
 'S shearg a sugh fo 'n fhoid.

Chlàrsach gabh anis do thamh
 Tuille 's gràin leam fonn do cheol
 Cha tig i chluinntinn failt no furan
 Cha ruig d' iorram i 's an lòn
 Cha dùisg i chluinntinn torman theudan
 No cupan déine am dhorn
 Falbhai mise mar tig ise
 'S bidh sinn cridhail anns na neoil.

They who valued not our loss
 In malice raised the tale
 That we placed the swan of noble
 deeds
 On yonder shelf of mighty waves,
 That yet she lives in bloom of health,
 Awakening the song of swords;
 But I heard the sound of her coffin
 When her head was laid under the
 grass.

The Earl of Aora may lament,
 Many are his causes of grief;
 Many a blast assailed the tree
 Of thick blooming branches.
 She lost the fairest bough
 That blossomed not to our wishes;
 In the twinkling of an eye it fell,
 And withered beneath the turf.

Harp! take now thy rest,
 The sound of the voice shall please
 no more;
 She will not hear the salute nor hospi-
 table song;
 Thy mournful strains cannot reach
 her in the mead.
 She will not hear the melody of thy
 strings,
 Nor will she hand the cup to inspire
 my notes;
 She will not come, but I will depart,
 Together we shall rejoice in our
 clouds.

Note.—"The annals of Loch Cè," printed, with a translation by Hennessy in 1871, treat of Irish and other affairs during 576 years, from 1014 to 1590. Under date 1513, James IV. is mentioned as "ri Alban," and his people as "Alban-chaib," his chancellor who fell at Flodden, Archibald, Earl of Argyll, is called "Mac Ailin."

1528, "Ridire Mac Mic Ailin" treacherously slew "Mac gilla Eain mòr Mac Echainn" in the town of Edinburgh.

This entry relates to John Campbell, first of the Campbell family of Calder, son of the Earl of Argyll, who is styled "8th Mac Callen Mòr" in Scotch writings, and "Mac Ailin" in the annals of Loch Cè.

1529, "Mac Ailin i.e. Cailin, son of gille espuig, the choice of all in Oirer Gaoidhel for prowess and bounty died."

This entry refers to the man mentioned in the song printed above, p. 260. The events recorded in these two songs are therefore dated by Irish authorities.

NITHE NUADH' AGUS SEAN.

Tha eòig nithe ann air am feud na h-uile amharc mar chàirdean agus mar chompanaich dìleas t'fìd turais na beatha so. Is e a cheud nì, eòlas a bhi againn gu bhi a' cur an aghaidh an uile; an dara nì oleachd-anna subhailceach a ghnathachadh; an treas nì, saorsa a bhi againn o theagamh; an ceathramh nì fiùghantachd 'n ar caithe-beatha; agus an coigeamh nì, deagh-ghiùlan.

GRADH AGUS SONAS—Cha 'n eil nì sam eibh nì's fhusa 's an t saoghal na 'bhi sona, n'an smuainicheadh sluagh air. Cha 'n eil ann an SONAS ach ainm eile air GRADH. Far am bheil Gradh ann an teaghlach, an sin, mar an ceudna, tha sonas, eadhon ged robh airc agus eigin 'n a lorg. Air an laimh eile, far nach eil GRADH, ged robh e ann an luchairt, cha tig SONAS a chaoidh. Is mearachdach an tì a thubhairt, "An uair a thig Bochduinn a stigh air an dorus, theid Gradh a mach air an uinneig." Cha teid idir, oir tha'n fhirinn air an dòigh eile. An uair a thig Bochduinn a stigh air an dorus, cha teich fìor Ghradh idir, 's e nach teich, ach seasaidh e gu treun, daingean, agus cuiridh e an cath gu cruaidh an aghaidh gach namhaid. Iadsan a ta 'gan smuaineachadh fein truagh, rannsaicheadh iad am bheil GRADH n'an cridheachaibh fein, mu'm faigh iad cron do neach no do nì eile. Fosgailidh beagan bhriathra gradhach, taitneach, tlà, an t-slighe chum tuitte soluis a bhoillsgeadh a steach do 'n tigh a rinneadh dubh, dorch a le tigh-neulaibh na h-aisith agus a' bhuaireis!

TOIMSEACHAIN.

1. Rud dubh, dubh,
Tha e chum feum an iomadh cruth
Cha dean e feum mar labhair e,
'San deigh labhairt dha cha'n fhiach e.
2. Tomhais, tomhais, toimseachan,
Eadar mi fein 's Dòmhnallan,
Toilidh na ceudan ann,
'S cha toill mi fein 'n am aonar ann.
3. Cailleach anns an taigh u thall,
'S bi 'n rag chailleach i;
Cha d'ith i greim riamh.
'S cha d' rinn i altachadh.
4. Air do dhà chailleach a bhi 'dol do 'n
mhargadh le uibhean, thuir an dara te
ris an te eile: "Thoir thusa dhomhsa

aon ubh, is bithidh a dhà uiread agam
's a th'agads-a." "Cha toir," ars an te
eile, "ach thoir thusa dhomh-sa dithis is
bithidh uiread is uiread againn." Co
meud a bh' aca an t-aon?

5. Chuir tuathanach a ghile do'n mhargadh
a's thug e dha ceud punnd Sasunnach,
leis an robh e ri ceud ceann a chean-
nach:—daimh aig coig punnd Shasunn-
ach an ceann; caoirich aig a h-aon;
agus geòidh aig sgillinn Shasunnach an
t-aon. Co meud a bhiodh aige de gach
seorsa?

—p:—

UILLEAM MAC DHUNLEIBHE,
AM BARD ILEACH.

Tha e iomadh uair air a radh gu'n deach am agus linn na bardachd seachad a chaoidh. 'Si a' bharail a tha coitichionn ri tachairt oirre, nach eil a nis, iad idir ann, is urrain clarsach nam Filidh a threig a dhusgadh gu ceòl—gu'm feud ranntachd a bhi ann ach nach eil fìor bhardachd ri amas oirre am measg luchd-seinn ar latha-ne. Cha n-eil a' bharail so gu buileach ceart, oir géd nach eil an t-am so cho torrach ann an luchd dealbh nan oran is a bha linn Phrionnsa Tearlach, gidheadh tha an dràs agus a' rithis aon ag eiridh an so agus an sud a dhearbhadh gu'm bheil fuigheal de Spiorad nam Bard fathasd beo 'nar measg, nach do threig ceolrach bhinn tir nan treun 'us na Gaidhlig gu tur luchd duthcha Oisein is Dhonnchaidh Bhain. A'measg na muinntir a tha dearbhadh so dhuinn is airidh Uilleam MacDhunleibhe air àite urramach thaotuinn. Oir tha an obair aige a' dearbhadh dhuinn gu'n do thuit tonnaig aon de na Filidhean a dh' fhalbh airesan, is gu'n robh fìor Spiorad na Bardachd aige. Tha 'obair airidh air aite onrach thaotuin 'am measg Bardachd na Gaidhealtachd agus mairidh i air chuimhne cho fada sa bhitheas meas air Gaidhlig fhallan agus shnasmhòr, agus air smuaintean àrda agus oirdhearc.

Rugadh Uilleam MacDhunleibhe

ann an Gairmeadhoin, ann an sgiorachd Chill-a-rudha 'an Ile, mu mheadhon Foghar na bliadhna 1808. Tha e air ainmeachadh ann an leabhair na sgiorachd gu'n deach a bhaisteadh air 15mh de mhios meadhonach an Fhoghair; is o'n a bha e 'na chleachdadh cumanta anns a' Ghaidhealtachd aig an àm sin gach leanabh bhaisteadh mu'n rachadh an t-ochdamh latha seachad, is, docha gu'n d' rugadh easan mu'n t-seachdamh latha de'n mhios. B'e Seumas MacDhùhleibhe a b' ainm d'a Athair, agus Cairistíne nic Faidein a bu mhathair dha. Bha 'athair 'na shaor is ag obair aig an uasal urramach sin, Ualter Caimbeul, Tighearna Ile. Ge'd a bha teaghlach mor aige thug e sgoil is oilean math do gach aon diu. B'e Uilleam, a reir innse fein a bu lugha fhuair de sgoil dhiu—a chionn is gu'n robh e 'na bhallachan guanach aotrom nach fanadh anns an sgoil, is nach d' thugadh aire dhi 'nuair a bhitheadh e innte. Air an aobhar sin chaidh a chuir óg ri ceard. B'i a 'cheard a roghnachadh air a shon, an taillearachd. Bha e anns an àm sin 'na chleachdadh aig na taillean a bhi 'dol o thaigh gu taigh, a dh'obair anns gach àite anns am biodh aodach ri dheanamh. Is iomadh naidheachd a bu ghnath leis a' Bhard innseadh mu na cleasan a's fheòladh a bu ghnàth a bhi air an cleachdadh 's na cuideachd-an aotrom ud a b' abhaist coinneachadh far am biodh an taillear 'sa chuid ghilleam ag obair. Bhitheadh beurais a's bearradaireachd, ranntachd a's bàrdachd, ursgeulan a's toimhseachain a' dol ann am pailteas a's cha bhiodh facal Uilleim air deireadh, a's cha b'i a theanga a bu mhaòile. Ged nach b'e so an sgoil a b' fhearr gu balachan og a theagasg aon chuid ann am beusaleachd no ann an gliocas, tharruing am Bard og cuid de theagasg uath. Bha 'iantinn air a geurachadh trid nan deasbaireachdan a bhitheadh aca, agus dhuiag na sgeulachdan a bha air an

innseadh iartus 'na anam gu taillidh fìosrachaidh fhaotuin mu na liantean a dh'fhalbh, is cru na daoine treun' a sheas agus achathaichas leth an duthcha. Gu moch thoisich e air rannas a chur ri cheile—se a chiad oidheirp a thug e ann an rathad bardachd oran a rinn e do chà a bha aige, a's ged nach robh e ach óg aig an àm, tha e a' foillseachadh gu'n robh spiorad na fìleachd aige. Tha na rannan so a' toiseachadh air an doigh so:—

“Brannan beag mo chuilean boidheach
Tha thu laghach baigheil suairc,
Cha bhi thu tabhann ri daoine,
No 'cur nan caorach anns an ruaig,” &c.

Ged nach eil na rannan so idir a' foillseachadh air dhoigh air bith cumbachd nam buadhan ud a bha nan cadal ann an anam a' Bhaird, tha iad nan dearbhadh air fìrian an t-sean radh, “*Poeta nascitur non fit*,” se sin, nach dean oilean, ach gibhtean naduir a mhàin, Bard do neach. Goirid an deigh so chuir e ri cheile aoir air muc a chaidh air chàl is mu dheighinn an d' rinn an neach d'am buineadh i othail mhór a' smaointeach gu'n deach a goid. Cha n-eil an aoir so a nis ri a factuinn agus is mor am beud oir bha i a' foillseachadh tapadh-inntinn nach bu bheag. Is iomadh 'uair a dh'iarraidh air a sgrìobhadh ach cha robh toil aige, bha e ag radh, ainm daoine coire air an robh e an àm fealadha a deanamh fochaid, a bhi air an cur 'san dòigh sin an lathair an t-saoghail, is air an aobhar sin dhiùlt e a sgrìobhadh. An deigh dha a bhi reidh 'sa cheard dh'fhag e ealain duthcha a's thainig e gu Galltachd, ach ma dh'fhag cha do dhi-chuimhnich e na chual e mu na sean laoiach a dh'fhalbh, is chuir e roimhe tuilleadh foghlum fhaotain de thaobh eachdraidh a dhuthcha. Is ged a bha aige ri obair gach latha, rùnaich e gu'n deanadh e suas an dearmad a rinn e air sgoil ann an

laithèan òige. Thoisich e air leughadh gach sean eachdraidh air am b' urrain dha a laimh a chur. Ach cha b'fhada gus am faca 'e ma bha e ri sean Fhordun is a cho-luchd eachdraidh a thuigsin gu ceart gu'm feumadh e eolas fhaighinn air a' chànain anns an do sgrìobh iad. Le duinealas fìor Ghaidheal thug e 'aghaidh air an Laidinn, is ged theagamh, nach còrdadh an rathad anns an leughadh e i ri ard sgoilearan, rinn e e-fein cho eòlach oirre is gun rachadh aige air Laidionn nan linntean dorcha eadar theangachadh ni b' fhearr na iomadh aon a bu mhotha cothruman agus sgoil. Theagaisg se e-fein mar an ceudna anns an Eabhradh agus anns a Ghreugais cho fada is gu'n rachadh aige air a rathad a dheanamh a chum brìghnan sgrìobtaran anns na canaineann anns an deach an sgrìobhadh air thus. Thug e aghaidh mar an ceudna air an Fhraingis agus air an Uàilsh. Tha cuimhne agam uair a thaghail mi air, e fein agus a bhean "a chearcadh fhraoich" mar theireadh e fein rithe, fhaotuin le cheile ag obair air eachdraidh nan Druidhean eadar theangachadh o Fhraingis gu Beurla. Bha e mar an ceudna mion eolach air eachdraidh a dhuthcha; gu sonruichte air obair nan seann luchd-eachdraidh agus be a mhiann a bhi a ghnath a' labhairt air euchdan buadh-mhor "nan sean Albanach airidh." Ach thachair dha mar is tric a dh'eireas do mhuinntir aigam bheil cruadalan agus deuchaineann mar an crannchur, agus do mhuinntir a thionndaidheas an aire gu h-ìomlan a chum aon chuspair sonruichte, gu'n robh e neo chomasach dha amharc air da thaobh ceisde le suil neo-chlaon—air an aobhar sin bha gaol-duthcha annsan air a mheasgadh le fuath ro-ghambhlach an aghaidh na muinntir a bha anns na linntin a dh' fhalbh na'n maimhdean di. R. I.

(Gu bhi air a leantuinn.)

AM FEILLIRE.

Faillte 's furan do'n FHEILLIRE! Tha mi lan-chinnteach nach 'eil a dhìth ach gu'm biodh fios aig ar luchd-duthcha gu'm bheil e air tighinn a mach, gu e bhi air a chraobhs-gaoileadh am fad 's am farsuingeachd feadh tìr nam beann. Tha mi mar an ceudna dearbhta, an uair a leughar e, gu'n aidich gach aon gu'm bheil e 'toirt dhuinn goireas a bha gu mor air iondrainn 's a' Ghaidhealtachd. Is fada o'n a bha iognadh orm nach robh riamh leabhar d'an t-seorsa air a chur 'an lamhaibh ar luchd-duthchadh 'n an canain bhlasda fein, gus an d' thug an Gaidheal fiachail, CALUM CIOBAR an oidhirp an uiridh. Tha an duilleachan ùr so gu sonruichte taitneach air son an t-snuaidh ghneitheil, dhuthchasaich a tha air an eolas a gheobhar aige. Cha 'n e idir eadar-theangachadh air Miosachan Beurla a tha againn an so. Tha cuisean agus tachartais Ghaidhealach a' faighinn an dùth fein de dh-aire. Gheobh sinn am breith agus bais nan Gaidheal a bu fhiughantaiche 's a bu mheasaile; laithean nam blar iomraiteach anns an do bhuadhaich sinn, cho math rusan—tearc 's mar a bha iad—anns an d' fhuair ar naimhdean seorsa de lamh-an-uachdar—gidheach ged a chaill sinn an latha, anns nach do lughdaicheadh ar cliù no ar meas. Tha AM FEILLIRE a' toirt duinn mar an ceudna mion fhiosrachadh ro fheumail mu laithibh feille agus margaidh na Gaidhealtachd gu leir; mu eiridh agus laidhe greine agus gealaiche; mu fhad an latha, agus mu mhuthadh an t-soluis; mu na fineach-aibh fa-leth, le'n Cinn-chinnidh, an Suaicheantais, 's am Pìobaireachdaibh, cho math ri inbh agus dreuchd Luchd-muinntir nan Ceannard, o'n Ghille agus am Bard, a nuas gu Gille a' Phìobaire agus an Cleasaiche. Chi sinn an so cuideachd ainmean agus laithean breith agus posaidh an Teaghlach Rioghail, agus brìgh cuid de riaghail-

tibh a' Phòst-thigh. Ach carson a leud-
aichinn. Deanadh bhuir luchd-leughaidh
Am FEILLIRE fhaotainn doibh fein, agus
tha mi cinnteach gu'm faigh iad e fre-
asdalach, goireasach os cionn na
bhreithnicheadh iad.

MAC-MHARCUS.

FREAGAIRTEAN

Do na Toimhseachain air taobh 214.

1. An t-uisge; 2. Am muir ruadh
air dha bhi air a sgoltadh le slait Aroin
a's na h-Israelich faotuin an nall air tal-
amh tioram, agus na h-Eiphitich a bhi
air am bathadh 'nan deigh; 3. An
latha 'san oidhche 'dealachadh; 4. Da
fhitheach.

TAISBEANADH AN AIRM AIR BIALAOBH AN RIGH.

(Bho 'n dara Duan de Sgialachd na
Troidhe, Eadar-theangaichte le Eobhan
Mac-Lachainn.)

Aon tiota cha d' éisd an righ,
'S ghrad-thug impidh d'a mhaoir-
ghairm

Am feachd a theanal gun dàil,
'S an tarraing gu blàr air leirg.
Dh' éubh na maoir a b' onfhach sgairt;
Thriall a' chaismeachd fad an fhulnn;
'S na 'n tuil-mhaoim adh ionnsaidh
gleidis

Thair a' mhorfhaich dhòirt na suinn.
Ghluais a mach 's an righ air thùs,
Na cinn-fheadhna stiùradh chàich;
Chiteadh Pallas nan gorm shùl
Romha dùsgadh sùrd a' bhàir.
Air a slios bha 'n sgiath bhith-bhuan,
Thoirteil, àillidh, luachmhor, throm;
Dhéarrs gaithean loinntreach bho cléith,
A shoillsich gu léir am fonn.
Bha ciad nathair shuimhain ruadh,
Ga lasadh mu'n cuairt adh òr,
Ciad bann de 'n stuth riomhach nuadh,
Fiach gach aon diubh buaille bhò.
Leis a' bhall airm seo ri 'taobh,
Shiubhail i 'n ràon sear a's siar,

A' mosgladh spéirid 's gach feòil
'S mean-acrais gu còmhrag dian.
Dh' fhadaidh i gaisge 's gach créubh,
'S bu mhilse leo stréupaid laoch,
Na tilleadh le 'n longan luath,
Null thair chuan gu tir an gaoil.

Mar fhaloisg àird nan dearg smùid,
'S an fhrith mhòir air stùic nan sliabh;
Barcaidh tuil-lasrach mu'n chruaich
'S chitear ruadh am foidhleas cian:
B' amhuil comb-imeachd an shluaigh
'S na h-airm bu neo-thruaillidh gnè;
Fad shruthean soillse bho 'n cruaidh
A' ruigheachd a suas gu nèamh.

Mar ealtainn gun àireimh cheann
Lachainnean-fionn a's ghlas-chòrr,
'S ealachan fad-amhach bann
Timchioll Asius nan gorm-lòn.
'S éibhneach iad a null 's a nall
Thair Caister nan deann luath,
'Téarnadh le garraicileis bhaoth—
'S freagraidh am fiuch-raon do 'm fuaim;
Sin mar bhrùchd an teanail mòr
Nuas á còir nam bùth 's nan long;
Fir a's stéudan ri toirm chas,
'S an talamh ag osnaich tròm.
Air dail Scamandair an fheadir,
Sheas na mìltean slòigh cho dlùth
Ri buidhionn llongmhor nam blàth
A dh'fhasas 's a' Chéitein chiùin.
Mar mhilltean 'mheanbh-chuileag' bàth
Feadh thaigh-àirdh glinn a' bhuair
An aimsir an Earraich thlàth,
'S am bann-ùr na thàmh 's gach cuaich:
B' amhuil fad a' chòmhnaird réidh,
Sliochd na Gréige b' òrbhuidh cùl,
Fo iom-ghluasad gu stuaidh Thròidh,
'G iarraidh còmhrag nan sleagh dlùth.

Mar bhuachaillean air raon cian
Làn 'ghobhair fhiar-adhairceach ghorm,
Tearbaidh iad gun strìbh an tréud
A mheasgach air réidh nan learg;
Sin mar thearb na ceunnaird thréun'
Feachd na Gréige bhos a's thall;
Dheasaich gach triath a shluagh fhéin
Los dol sìos gu stréup nan lann.
Thriall gu mòralach thair chàch,
Agamemnon is àrd luaidh;
Crios mar Mhars air seachad siar
Uchd 's a chliabh mar dhia nan cuan;

A' dhà shùil 's cheann mar Iòbh
 Ni 's na neòil an torunn cruaidh ;
 'S timchioll ceanna'idh an laoiach mhòir
 Shoillsich éuchd, a's glòir, a's buaidh.
 Mar tharbh aoigheil, làirceach, trom,
 'S an sprèidh air an ailein cruinn ;
 Stàtail a thriall—àillidh 'chom,
 'S e 'gluasad mar rìgh an fhuinn :
 Sin mar ghluais Mac Atreuis àigh,
 Oir thog Iòbh e gu àrd uailh.
 Suaicheant an là sin 's gach cliù
 Chit' e measg' fir iùil a shluaigh.

O R A N

DO'N URRAMACH ALASDAIR STICBEARD,
 'AM BUN-LOCHABAR.

O! mosglaim-se le sunnd 'us càil,
 'Us deachdar Dàn gu buadhach leam,
 Do'n Fhìr-eun uasal, fhoinnidh, fhial,
 A's pailte ciall 'us buadhannan,
 Tha'm Bun-Lochabar nan damh donn,
 'S nam mac 's nan sonn clis, fuas-
 gailte, [dhàn';
 Dheth 'n aitim rìoghail, sheasmhach,
 Bha sgaiteach, dàicheil, cruadalach.

'S tu 'fiuran fearail, 's athail gnùis,
 A's teinne lùgh, 's a's anamanta,
 A's guirme sùil, 's a's deirge gruidh,
 'S tu fallain snuadhmhor, geala-
 mhaiseach ;

O shàil do bhuinn gu gruaig do chinn,
 Gur cuimir, grinn, deas, dealbhach
 thu, [chrùin,
 'S na 'm faighte gairm a dhìon a'
 Bu ghlan air thùs na h-armailt thu.

Ach 's e ni buan do mheas 's do chliù,
 Na gibhtean dlùth chaidh dhòrtadh
 ort,

'S nach 'eil 's an àl so fear do chéill',
 'S tu deanamh feum an còmhnuidh
 dhith : [freumh,

'S tu 'n t-abhal àluinn 's lionmhor
 'S a's pailte geuga mor-mheasach,
 Gun bheud, gun ghaoid, ach reachd-
 mhor, làn,

'S e bhi fo d' sgèil tha sòlasach.

Gur diomhair d' iùl 'us d' fhiosrachd
 gheur, [oirnn,
 Mu chuairt na grein' tha deàrrsadh
 'S cha'n 'eil an cleith ort gnè nan reul,
 'S gach fear 's na's léir dheth 'n àir-
 eamh ud, [ghrunnd',
 Mar sin gu-n dhearbhu thu meud do
 'Us barrachd tùir mar Chàileadair,
 A dh-innseas dhuinn m'an tig gu crìch,
 Gach caochladh sin' 's mar thàrlas
 iad.

'S gur solus dhuinn do bheachdan fìor
 Mu ghin nan iasg 's an àbhaistean,
 Mu ghnè nan ian, 's gach bith' ta beò,
 'S mu bhuadhan phòr 's mar dh'
 fhàsas iad,
 Mu chinneas luibhean 'us an sgèimh,
 'S mu stuthan mhèin 's an gnàthach-
 adh,
 'S tu toirt dhuinn eòlais air gach maoin,
 A tha 's an t-saoghal nàdurra.

A's tuigseach dh' innsear leatsa sgeòil,
 Nan Aoisean Orach 's Iarunnach,
 'S tu deas 'an cainnt na Gréig' 's na
 Ròimh', [dhuinn ;
 Cha bhi ort sglèò 'g an sgrìobhadh
 'S gur taitneach 'chuirear leat 'an céill,
 Mu ghaigse thrèibh nam Fianna-
 taichean,
 'Us nòs gach teaghlach, fin', 'us sluaigh,
 Am meud, an snuadh 's an siolachadh.

Tha ort mar chliù, bhi suairce, ciùin,
 Neo-uallach, mùinte, sìobhalta, .
 'S tu faoilidh, pàirteach, iochdmhor,
 tlàth, [eachd,
 'Us pailt an gràdh 's an sìmplidh-
 Ro thapaidh, dìan, 's gach àit 'us àm,
 Asheasamh bhantrach's dhilleachdan,
 Air cheann nam bochd a' dìon an cùis
 'S deas-chainnteach, grunndail, dìleas
 thu.

Gu'm beil do ghluasad 'réir do ghairm,
 'S cha-n ann le foirm no cealgair-
 eachd,
 Ach tlusail, sèimh, 'us ceart 'am beus,
 A' ruith do réis' gu h-armaichte :

Gu-n d' fhuair thu dh' onoir le gach
 buaidh, [chricochan,
 Bhi d' aobhar uail' d' ar Garbh-
 'S gur mairneil d' ainm air feadh gach
 tìr',
 'S b'ìdh iomadh linn a' seachas ort.

Gu-n guidhinn fhìn dut 'measg nan
 ceud,

Fad shìneadh ré neo-smuairceanach,
 A' fàs 'an toirt, 'an cuid, 's an daoin',
 Rì fad do shaoghail buannachdail;
 'S gu'm beil mi luaidh ort le mor
 mhiann, [eas—

Aig ceann gach mìos' mar chuairtich-
 'S ag òl do shlàinte le Mac-Ràild,
 Fear cridheil, càirdeil, uasal e.

LOCH-AILLSE.

—:o:—

LITIR O RUNASDACH.

A Ghaidheil Runaich

Bliadhna mhaith ùr dhuit
 agus moran dìu—gu'm a slàn a bhitheas
 tu, a's gu'm a fada beò thu. An saoil
 thu nach ann a tha cuid de naire orm
 sgriobhadh thugad le cho fada is a bha
 mi gu'n smid a chur a'd ionnsaidh?
 Dh'fhaodain leisgeul a thoirt dhut air-
 son mo thosd fhada, ach is coma leam
 leisgeulan aig gach àm. Ach cha robh
 an call cho mor ged nach robh facal
 agad uam-sa o'n a bha uailsean urra-
 mach foghainteach eile ag cur gu leòir
 de nithean gasda thugad. 'Sann daibh
 fein a b'aitlne a dheanamh a's cha
 b'ann do sgaomair bochd mar a tha
 mise! Am bheil fhios agad gur ann a
 bha mi anns an leth bharail, gu'm b'e
 an t-aobhar nach d'fhuair mi cothrom
 air litir a chur a'd ionnsaidh, gu'n robh
 na buidsichean ag cur bacadh orm le
 an giosragan is le an ubagan neo-
 chneasda. Tha fhios agad fein gu'm
 bheil iad ro shaotrach ann an àm na
 Samhnaidh, is nach leig iad leis an
 fheur cinntin fo'n casan. Tha mi
 beachdaidh as a so gu'n robh aon bhuid-
 seach mhor ag cur grabadh orm—biasd
 a' mhill iomadh deagh rùn a's a thug

air iomadh aon, cothroman priseil a
 leigeil seachad—is fhuair an trudar
 buaidh orm-sa o cheann da mbiosa. Is e
 is ainm do'n bheisd "Cuir-dail-ann-gus-
 am-maireach." Tha sar fhios aice
 "An rud anns an d'theid dail theid
 dearmad" is ma theid aice air toirt
 air neach dail a chur ann an gnothach
 gu'm bheil a bhuaidh aice. Is i so a'
 bhuidseach a chuir cnapstarra a'm
 rathad-sa, is cha n-e creutair neo
 shaoghalta air bith eile. Oir tha eagal
 orm gu'm bheil ceard nan creutaran
 bochda eile air dol a dhi, on a chaidh
 eòlas a'm meud, is gu'm bheil iad air
 diollaid a chur air a' chas-sguaibe is air
 teicheadh do'n Spainn. Chuir sitrich
 an eich iaruin agus ràn deatach bata
 na smuide an cridhe asda is theich iad
 gu fasgadh fhaotuinn, fo chleoca an
 aineolais ann an duthaich eigin eile.
 Slan leotha—s mairg a bhithead g'an
 caoidh. "Beannachd Challum Ghoba-
 leo." Cha n-eil ach tearc ri amas orra
 a tha a nis a' toirt geill do'n bharail
 amaidheach so; ach bha aig aon àm lan
 chreideas air a thoirt di. Cha b'ann a
 mhain 'sa' Ghaidhealtachd a bha geill
 air a thoirt do'n t-saobh-bharail gu'n robh
 cumhachd aig muinntir trid cumhant
 a dheanamh ri spiorad an dorchadais
 air nithean miorbhuileach a dheanamh.
 Thar an t-saoghail mhoir gu leir bha na
 beachdan so ri am faotainn. Bha na
 cinnich a b'fhoghlumichte anns an t-
 sean aimsir ga chreidsin. Is bha na
 borb dhaoine anns gach cearn iomallach
 a' toirt geill dha. Is cha be a mhain a'
 chuid a b'ìlse is a b'aineolaiche de'n t-
 sluagh, a bha ag creidsin anns an ni
 ach daoine measail agus foghlumichte.
 Bha Easbuigean agus Sagairtean,
 Ministirean agus Foirfich ag creidsin
 ann am buidseachas. Agus mo thru-
 aigh, bu bhochd an toradh a thug an
 creideas aca a mach; oir is iomadh
 creutair truagh a chaidh a chur gu
 bàs piantach air a thailleadh. Bha
 iomadh cailleach bhochd air a losgadh
 gu bàs le daoine a bha a' saoilsin gu'n

robh iad a' deanamh obair mhaith le bhi mar so ag cur seirbbisich an Fhir-mhillidh gu bàs. Ach an àite a bhi 'cur na aghaidh sann a bha iad a' deanamh seirbbeis dha, si mo bharrail, le bhi a' deanamh a' pheacaidh mhoir so—a' peanasachadh truaghain bhochda air son cionnta anns nach robh e comasach dhoibh o nadur a bhi cionntach. Ach a chum cliù cleir agus pearsa Eaglais na Gaidhealtachd biodh e air innseadh, nach deacha riabh (cho fad s' as fhios dhomhsa, codhiu) neach a dhiteadh gu bàs air an iartus airson na barrail fhaoin so.

Ach mar an robh peanas air a dheanamh orra cha b'ann a chionn is nach robh na Gaidheil mar dhaoine eile a' creidsin anna. Is iomadh sgeul a b'urrantar innseadh mu dheanamh nan cleasan de'n robh iad cionntach. B' urrain iad, na'm b' fhior, am bainne a thoirt o'n chrodh agus an toireadh a thoirt as a' bhainne. An uair a bha bainne mairt air ubagan a chuir air, bhitheadh e tana, glas, agus ge'd a chuireadh tu a mach do chridhe ga mhaistreadh, mir ime cha d'fhigeadh air. Ma bha thu a' dol a' mhaistreadh, is gu'n robh eagal ort gu'm feudadh buidsichean a bhi a'd choir, be an gliocas dhut, riombal neo cearcal a tharruing mu'n cuairt ort le inneal staillinn eigin—grainne saluinn a chur 'sa' chuineag mhaistrìdh, am muighe a chuir 'na shuidhe air cnutha eich, agus an rann a leanas a ghabhail, a' toirt an aire gu'm biodh gach facal 'san rann ag co-fhreagairt do gach buille de'n lonaid—

“Thig na maoir
Thig na saoir
Thig fear a' bhata bhuidhe.”

Bha na h-urrad de mhuintir ann aig an robh, na'm b'fhior an cumhachd coire a dheanamh air an doigh so. Bha cumhachd aig na buidsichean iad fein a chur ann an cruth chreutairean eile ach gu jsòruichte ann an cruth

maighfich. B'urrair mi iomadh sgeul innseadh mu mhuintir a bha mar so ga'n cruth-atharrachadh fein gu coslas a' chreutair so, na'm b' fhior an sgeul. Is ged a bha na sgeulachdan sin gun steigh gun bhunchar bha iad air an làn chreidsin. Tha cuimhne agam air maighfhiach a b' abhaist teachd do'n gharadh chail aig m'athair. Thug fear de'na gillean oidheirp no dha air a tilgil, ach co-dhiu a b'e is nach robh easan na shealgair maith, no nach robh an gunna aige air deagh ghleus cha deacha aige air. Thachair so cho tric is mu dheireadh ged a gheobhadh e lan chothrom oirre nach loisgeadh e. Thuit dhomh fein a bhi aig an taigh 'san àm, is shin mi air gaireachdaich mhagaidh air a' chuis. Ach thionndaidh e a's thug e dhomh spreigeadh smachdail, ag radh “Tog dheth 'ille, is stad ded' ghlagaireachd, air neo cha n-eil fhios agam nach fhaigh thu dioladh air son d'fhealadhà uair nach saoil thu.” Theagamh gu'm faigh, ach cha'n i a' ghearr bhochd a bheir a mach an aich-meil” orsa mise. “Uist” ors easan, “cha n-eil e idir cneasda fanaid a dheanamh air a' chuis.” “So, dhut sea sgilinn” orsa mise, “lub i is cur 'sa' ghuna i, oir chuala mi thu ag radh nach gearradh ni air bith ach sea-sgillinn lubta air buidseach.” Ach cha bhiodh gnothach aige rium fein no ri mo shea sgillinn, air eagal, mar thuirt e fein gu'm feudadh e bhi cionntach ann am mortadh, oir bha leth bharaile aige co i a bha ann an coslas na maighich. Is docha leamsa air son so uile, nach ann aig a' bhuidseachas, a bha chuire ach gu'm be a b' aobhar nach robh a' ghearr air a marbhadh, nach robh 'sa' ghille choir ach “sealgair theab a loisg 's nach do leag.”

Bha crodh a bha air laoigh a bhi aca fìor bhualteach a bhi air an gonadh, agus ann am mor chunnart gu'n rachadh toradh a' bhainne aca a thoirt air falbh. A chum buaidh a thoirt air giosragan nam biasdan bha ni no dha

"THE HIGHLANDER"

Newspaper and Printing & Publishing Coy., Limited.

(Incorporated under the Companies' Acts 1862 and 1867, by which the liability of each Shareholder is strictly limited to the amount for which he subscribes.)

CAPITAL £3,000, IN 3000 SHARES OF £1 EACH.

The objects of "THE HIGHLANDER" are :—

To foster enterprise and public opinion in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland ;

To advocate, independently of party considerations, those political, social, and economic measures which appear best calculated to advance the well-being of the people at large ; and,

To provide Highlanders at home and abroad, with a record and review of events, in which due prominence shall be given to Highland affairs.

"THE HIGHLANDER" will give the earliest and most authentic intelligence on all subjects.

The nation now begins to see that the policy of depopulating the country and throwing the land out of cultivation, was an economic blunder of the gravest sort, carried out in cruel disregard of the feelings and instincts of the people. "The Highlander" will endeavour to give effect to the wiser and more generous views now taking possession of the public mind.

Among the topics which shall have prominence, are—the Land Question ; Game Preservation and Deer Forestry ; the best systems of Rural Economy and Practical Husbandry ; the establishing of Manufactures in the Highlands ; the Fisheries ; the working of Mines, Quarries, and Peat Mosses ; the Utilisation of Sewage ; Railway Extension and Management ; Local and Imperial Taxation ; Celtic and kindred Literature ; Sanitary and Dietetic Matters, &c.

Gaelic is still spoken, perhaps, over one-half the area of Scotland, and by considerable numbers in our large towns and colonies ; whilst the learned of all lands look to the Gaelic language for valuable materials with which to perfect Philology, Archæology, and other branches in Science and Philosophy. The views of both the learned and the unlearned shall be met, and the columns of "The Highlander" made, so far, racy of the soil, by some space being devoted to Gaelic articles, tales, poetry, and music, both ancient and modern.

Pictorial Illustrations will be given occasionally.

Inverness, which rejoices in such a rare surrounding of what is useful and beautiful, should be a large, wealthy, and influential town. A wisely directed public spirit will turn its advantages to account. "The Highlander" offers assistance, and appeals for co-operation, to work out greatness for the Capital and prosperity for the whole Highlands, from the many rich materials which they possess ; and this appeal is made, confident of a hearty response.

The Size of the Paper will be 12 Pages.

Time of Publication, every Saturday, until arrangements are made for a more frequent issue.

Price, 2d per copy, until the circulation warrants a reduction.

Applications for Shares and orders for the Paper (as on other side) to be sent to the

SECRETARY, Pro tem., JOHN MURDOCH,

AT

THE OFFICES, 13 HIGH STREET, INVERNESS.

Form of Application for Shares.

CAPITAL 3,000, IN 3000 SHARES OF £1 EACH

TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE
Highlander Newspaper & Printing & Publishing Coy., Limited.

GENTLEMEN,—I request that you will allot me Shares of £1 each in the above undertaking, and I agree to accept the same, or any smaller number of Shares that you may allot to me, and to pay the Calls thereon, and I authorise you to enter me in the Register of Shareholders as Proprietor of such Shares, and

I am,

Your obedient Servant,

Signature.....
Full Christian Name & Surname.....
Profession.....
Address.....
Date.....

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR "THE HIGHLANDER."

To the PUBLISHERS of "THE HIGHLANDER" Newspaper.

GENTLEMEN,

I request you to Enrol me as an Annual Subscriber for
"THE HIGHLANDER," and I agree to remit the amount of Subscription on receipt of the first
number of the Paper.

I am,

GENTLEMEN,

Your obedient Servant,

Name.....

Address.....

Date.....

feumail do'n bhanaraich ghlic a dheanamh. Bha cnutha eich ri bhi air a deanamh dearg agus a' chiad spùt de'n bhainne ri bhi air a bhleothan air a chnutha so—bha faine na banaraich ri bhi air a chur mu'n cuairt air aon mu seach de bhalain a' mhairt, agus na h-urad de dh'fhaoineis eile a cheart a cho gòrach riù sin. Ma bha toil agad dioghaltas a dheanamh air buidseach a rinn coire do thoradh do chruidh, agus fhaotuin a mach co an neach a rinn an dolaidh so ort, cha robh agad ach steall do'n bhainne a bha air a chronachadh a chur ann am pòit agus dorlach phrineachan agus shnathadan a chur ann am measg a' bhainne, an dorus a chrannadh agus a phoit a chur air an teine. 'N uair a thoisicheadh a' phoit ri goileadh, thoisicheadh piantan agus tachdaidean air a bhuidseach, is cha b' fhada gus am bitheadh i anns an dorus a' glaothaich faotuin a staigh. Cho fada 'sa chumadh 'tusa na snathadan a' goileadh, cho fada sin leanadh doruinn chraiteach air a bhuidsich, gus mu dheireadh an d'fhugadh i a da chluais thar a lethchinn air son fuasgladh fhaotuin. Ann an dluth dhaimh ri buidseachas bha an droch shuil. Ach bha an t-eadar dhealachadh so eatorra, gu'm faodadh an droch shuil a bhi aig neach gu'n e bhi na fhior dhroch dhuine; is gu'm feudadh e coire a dheanamh ort gun toil air bith a bhi aige sin a dheanamh. Bha na'm b' fhior an droch shuil a' sruthadh o chridhe farmadach a bhi aig neach. Na'm biodh farmad laidir aig neach riut, bha cunnart ann gu'm feudadh e coire a dheanamh ort anns an rathad so. Tha cuimhne agam aon uair a bhi a' reusonachadh ri aon mu amaideachd a' leithid so do bheachd. Ach cia b'e ni a theirin-sa, bha easan 'san aon bharail. Chrath e cheann agus thubhairt e "Cha n-eil fhios agam, sgoiltidh farmad na creagan." Tha iad ro lion mhor ann, a tha gus an latha 'n diugh a làn chreidsin gum bheil a leithid do

ni ri cronachadh ann. Agus 'se bhoehdainn a thaobh an droch shuil, gu'm feud i bhi aig neach gun fhios da fein. Chuala mi iomradh, air neach nach b'urrair dol shealltuinn a chruidh aige fein gun choire a dheanamh orra, is air duine eile aig an robh a leithid de ghaol d'a chlann is gu'n robh iad iar an gonadh le a shuil. Ma bha toil agad gun choire a dheanamh anns an rathad so, dh'fheumadh tu, ann a bhi a' molladh beathaich, no leanabh smugaid a chur air do shuil. Uaith so tha am facal ag eiridh "Fliuch do shuil mu'n cronaich thu e." Bha e iomachaidh mar an ceudna, gu'n cuireadh neach an roimh radh so an toiseach air molladh air bith a bhitheadh e a' deanamh "Mata gun an gobh mo shuil e, is briath am beathach sin." Bha na'm b'fhior muinntir ann aig an robh eòlas sornuichte a dheanadh slàn neach no ni a bha air a chronachadh. B'e so an doigh anns an robh an t-eòlas air a dheanamh; bha briathra seuna air an labhairt os ceann uisge, agus an t-uisge so an sin air a chur ann an searag, air a thoirt gu curamach is air a chrathadh os ceann an neach a bha air a chronachadh. Dh'fheudadh an t-eòlas a bhi air a chur ann an sraing is an t-sreang a cheangal mu mhuineal a' neach a bha air a bhualadh leis an droch shuil. B' aithne dhomh aon no dha a bha 'gabhail orra fein gu'n robh eòlas a chronachaidh aca, is chunna mi an da chuid daoine agus beathaichean, do'n robh an t-eòlas air a dheanamh. 'Ach ghabhadh e dearbhadh moran nis laidire na fhuir mise riabh air a chuis, a thoirt orm a chreidsin aon chuid gu'n robh an comas leigheis so aig a' mhuintir a bha 'gabhail orra gu'n robh, no gu'n d'rinn an t-eòlas aca feum do'n mhuintir d'an deach a dheanamh. B'urrair mi sgeul no dha innseadh dhut a thaobh na cuise so ach tha eagal orm gu'n bheil an litir so fada gu leoir cheana. Bha aireamh mhor eile de sheuna agus de "eolais" ann. Mar a bha eòlas an déididh a

bha comasach air a ghalar phiantach sin a leigheas gun turcais fear-tarraig-nam-fiacal a dhol an coir do chairein. Bha eòlas na sula ann, a bheireadh smuirnean as do shuil ge'd robh thu miltean air falbh o'n neach a rinn an t-eòlas; agus aireamh mhor eile de'n cheart seorsa, a bha freagarach air son gach eucaill agus anshocair air an cualas riabh iomradh. Ach tha na nithean sp uile a' dol air chùil agus is maith do na leighichean gu'm bheil, oir na'n rachadh aig na seana chailleachan mar so air gach leigheas a dheanamb, tha eagal orm nach biodh brochan nan *Doctairean* bochda ach tana gu leoir. Bha dà chungaidh leighis air an cuala mi iomradh 'sa' chearnaidh d'an duthaich san deacha mo thogail, a bha aithnichte a reir aogais thar chearnan eile de'n Ghaidhealtachd, oir chunna mi cunntas ro thaitneach air a thoirt orra leis a' Ghaidheal smearail sin, "Bun-Lochabar," a tha deanamh na h-urrad air son sean nithe Gaidhealach a chumail air chuimhne. Feumadh mi a radh 'san dol seachad gu'm bheil "Bun-Lochabar," air mor chomain a chur air na Gaidheil leis na seuna agus na toimhseachain a chur e chum a' phaipeir naidheachd sin aig am bheil an onair agus a' bhuanachd, an duine uasal sin aireamh 'am measg a luchd cuideachaidh. Ma dh' fheudas mi bhi cho dàna agus comhairle a thoirt air neach cho gleusda, tapuidh, foghlum-

aichte ris an urramach sin, theirin gu'm bheil mi an dochas gu'm bi e cho maith agus na sean nithe ud a chur air chuimhne ann an rathad a's maireann-aiche na taobh duilleag a' phaipeir naidheachd. Chuireadh e comain ro mhor air a luchd duthcha le so a dheanamb. 'Se an dà chungaidh leighis air an robh mi 'dol a labhairt—Biadh a ghabhail a Spainn de dh'adharc bo-bheo. Se sin, Spainn a bha air a deanamh de dh'adharc a chailleadh mart air dhoigh air bith. Cho fada is bhitheadh am mart beò bha buaidh shonruichte anns an Spainn. A' chungaidh eile a bha a'm bheachd, is cun-gaidh i gun teageamh air bith, na'n gabhadh i faotunn, a bhitheadh ann-asach, mar a deanadh i leigheas. So agad i:—

Ola cas easgainn,
A's bainne cich circe,
Agus geir mheanbh-chuileag
Ann an adharc muice,
Agus ite cait ga shuathadh ris.

Bha moran eile de dhoighean leighis ann, air nach cedaich fad mo litir dhomh labhairt—mar a bha leanabh air an robh an tuagh a thoirt thar trì crìocha baile, meur duine marbh a chur air cinneas a bhitheadh air neach. Agus iomadh eile.—Slan leat. Is mi le gach deagh dharachd do charaid

RUNASDACH.

Glaschu air Cluaidh
Di Luain an t-Sainnseil, 1878.

NUADH ORAN.

(Air a Leantunn.)

'S e *Hancock* 'us *Adam*, 'us *Franklin* na ceilg,
A dh' éignich a' ghràisg ud gu h-ànrath 's gu feirg;
Rinn *Washington* 's *Lee* 's gach giomanach seilg,
A' choimhstri 'chraobh-sgaoileadh air aodann gach leirg.

Dh' fhàs iad cho làn 'us gu'n d'aichein iad Criosd,
Le mìl 'us le bainne, le h-aran 'us fion;
Ach bithidh iad fhathas air alaban tiom',
A' goid ann an ainnis, 's a' gal an droch-gnìomh.

'Siad sud a chuir mìltean air ìomaroil ohrusaidh,
 Chum slighe na h-ath-sith air iomruagadh truagh;
 Ach tuitidh iad fathasd 's an lion a chuir suas,
 'Us éiridh an neo-chiont' an sòlas o'n uaigh.
 Gun chron no cion-fàth thog Spaintich an sròl,
 An co-aonachd Fhrangach gun taing iomairt-sgleò;
 'Sa choimhstri nach buineadh dhoibh buill' thoirt ri'm beò,
 Eadar mac 'us a pharant ged fhàgadh e'n deò.
 Ghabh na beistean an cuthach gu buidheann 's a' bhlàr,
 An cota 's a' pheiteag do Bhreatunn an àigh;
 'Sann rinn iad dhi cuspar gù cluich air gach laimh,
 Le saighdibh tein-athair a chaitheamh a bàrc.
 'S an onoir nach tréig sinn am feasd no gu bràth,
 Ard-uachdranachd mara bhi againn 's gach àit;
 Mur dean ceilg no droch mharasgal 's athadh do nàmh,
 No brib uatha ghabhail,—cha-n fhaigh iad ri'n là.
 Is luaithe an cosan gu casgradh 'us leòn,
 Gu dortadh na fola nach d' chaidir an gò;
 Na iolair nan speur air a sgéith anns na neoil,
 Gu cathan nam flath a chur thairis air lòn.
 Mar sin tha an slighe gu milleadh mòr Dheors',
 'S a shlugadh gu gionach na dhligheadh iad dhò;
 Ach thig orr' an là nach aidhearach nòs,
 'S a ghuileas gu cràiteach mar ghnàthaich a' choir.
 Ghairm esan gu ciùin iad, ach dhiùlt iad a rian,
 'Us shìn e a làmh dhoibh gu fàilteach 's gu fial;
 'Us thug geallanan gràidh dhoibh nach àrdaicht' am pian,
 Na'n closadh an samhchair, nach tairngte dhoibh liath.
 An ioghnadh ged ghair esan là am mòr thruaigh',
 'N tràth thig orr' o'n fhàsaich an ard-osag chruaidh;
 A sguabas thair faire, an àl 'us am buar,
 Bi 'dh esan ri gaird'chas, 's aig làn chaithream-buaidh.
 Co'n sin leis an duilich dream fhuilteach nan creuchd,
 A chlaoidh 'us a shàruich am pàrantan féin;
 A leagar am bràithrean 's an àraich gun bheud,
 'S am peathraichean dubhach an tuilichibh dheur.
 Dhoibh tarlaidh mar thachair do dh' Absalom truagh,
 Chaidh chomhrag r'a athair, le iomadaidh sluagh;
 Aig marcachd roimh 'n doire, chroch a' choill e air ghruaig,
 Mo thruaighe! bu chràitich am bàs sin a rhuair.
 Tha corr 'us seachd bliadhna o na rianaich iad stòr,
 Gu comhrag ri 'n càirdean do 'm b'abhaisd am bròn;
 Gu'n sgathadh gun eutruas an coille no'n còs,
 'S cha b'ann air mhagh réidh dheanamh euchd ach tra-nòin,
 Nam faigheadh na lothramaich cothrom na Feinn',
 Aon la o'n thòisich a' choimhstri an-fhéil;
 Cha-n fhaighte mac duin' air aon tulaich gu feum,
 Ach 'n an carnaibh air chomhnard a' foghlum an eig.

Mur deantadh leo càirdeas ri Frangaich 'n an cas,
'S ri Spaintich dhubh lachduinn, bu ghrad bhiodh an sas ;
'Us Duidsich 'us Olandaich dheineachadh gràidh,
B'fhad o'n chaidh corcach air sgornan na graisg.

'S iomadh fear dearg bu ro-gharg anns an tòir
Chaidh reubadh le clàthair an doir 's am bith'dh eòin ;
'N a chrùban fo fhasgath na daraig bu mhò,
'S a rùn gu dol dachaidh 'n am faigheadh e 'n ròd.

Na h-uilteachan cuinnsear bu phuinnseant' bha riagh
An aghaidh Mòr Bhreatunn an cleathar a cliar ;
Gun spéis do mhac duine, no urram co Dhia,
Ach leon agus reubainn a leadairt an Triath.

Na h-eucoraich chathach a tharruing an làmh,
An aghaidh an athar gun a thath 's a bhlàr ;
'S na mna thug a' chioch dhoibh 's gach iocshlainte aigh
A nis 'g a grad-bhualadh 's neothruacant' a h-àl.

'N tràth nitear an ceannsacha' 's ambgh'rach an sgeul
Fo eagal, an dòlas, gun dòchas am pein ;
An naimhdean 'g an glacail, 's gun chaidreamh fo'n sgéibh
'S an càirdean 'g am brath anns gach rathad do'n teid.

Ni mearlaich an spùilleadh, 's cha dùraichd a ràdh
Gu'n d' fhuing iad fòirneart no leòn o an làimh ;
Bithidh cunnart am folach 's gach bail' anns an tàmh,
Gur deisneach doghr'naich robh 'n sgornan an sàs.

Nach truagh an cumasg s' gun bhuinnig ach call,
Cha bhuidheann luchd-dìonaidd na cise tha thall ;
'S an dream tha 'g a tagradh le carraid nan lann,
Cha seilbh i gun dòlas 's na leònadh 's an taim.

Nach e iarraidh gu h-uachdranachd uail agus bròd,
'Ruaig prionnsa gach dubhaile gu h-iutharn a' bhròin ;
'S iad sin bheir a bhall-chrith air ceannard a' bhròid,
'N la sgiursar air charn iad gun armait gun mhod.

'S iomadh mac tha gun athair, 'us athair gun mhac,
O'n la thoisich air teughbail gu reubadh fad as ;
Dh'fhag braithre dhe' dubhach 'us peathraichean 'gal,
'Us màhraiche brònach a' clò-bhualadh bhàs.

Dh'fhàg clann a' caoidh-chaoineadh mar fhaoilinn a' chuain,
An athar chaidh 'laidhe gu codal 's an uaigh ;
'Us seann daoine liath mar am fiannis gun chluain,
A' bùirich nan armunn a dh'fhàgadh 's an ruaig.

Iads 'uile tha 'n càirdean gach lá anns an tòir,
Fo uamhas gu 'm fàgar 's an àraich gun deò ;
Crith-eagail 'g an crà-chaoidh, nach airmbear'nam beò,
Iad anns a' bhràgad, 'n àm àbhachd an t-slàigh.

Ach chitear an là nach aidhearach dòigh
Nan reuballach dubha nach cumadh a' choir ;
A'gal air an glunaibh toirt ùmhlachd do Dheors',
'S gun ghuidhe dad tuillidh, ach fhulang bhi beò.

NAIDHEACHDAN.

Tha naidheachd bhrònach againn air a mhios so, mu bhàthadh a chaidh a dheanamh mu dheireadh a' mhios a chaidh seachad, aig ceann a deas Shasuin. Chaidh soitheach Sasunnach da 'm b' ainm an *Northfleet* a ruith sìos le steamer Spain-each a ruith a steach na cliathaich agus faisg air da leith a dheanamh oirre. Bha 'n soitheach luchdaichte le daoine agus iarunn a bha dol gu ruig Australia, air son rathad iaruin a dheanamh ann an aon de chearnaidhean na dùthcha sin. Bha mu 'n cuairt air ceithir cheud pearsa innte agus na 'm measg bha iomadh duine le 'bhean 's a theaghlach, ach se gle bheag dhiubh a chaidh a shàbhaladh. An deigh don steamar a bualadh, agus fios aic gu'n deachaidh call a dheanamh, cha do sheall i as a deigh ach falbh gu h-an-ìochdmhor agus leigadh leis an t-soitheach sìdladh agus na daoine a bhàthadh; bha so gle chianail, oir bha an soitheach cho faisg a' laimh 's gu 'm bheil barr nan crann, fhathasd ri 'm faicinn bho 'n fhearann a a mach as an fhaighe. Bu chianail an seal-ladh da rìreadh e, na h-urad do dhaoine, mhnathan agus chlainn a' dhol a dhìth am faire am fearuinn fhein. Chaidh fios a chur lei's an telegraph as deigh na steamair agus tha i nìs an laimh 's a' Spain, air son a' ghnìomh oilltèil a 'rinn i, agus tha sinn an dochas agus a' guidhe gu 'm faigh am maighistir agus an sgìoba a reir an toilltineis.

Chaidh mar an ceudna bàthadh cianail a dheanamh sa chuan Leodhasach air an 16mh de 'n mhios a chaidh seachad, leis an do chaill seisear am beatha—ceathrar dhaoine pòsda agus dithis ghillean òga. Bha iad a' tighinn dhachaidh a Steornabha gu Grabhair an sgìre na Loch, le eathar beag luchdaichte le mion 's nithean eile. Tha 'n call so gle bhrònach, oir dh'fhàg an ceathrar dhaoine, bantraichean agus teaghlachan lag chloinne. Fhuaradh an cuirp beagan laithean an deigh so. 'S iad so an ainmean: Domhnall Mac-Gille-Mhaoil, Ruairidh Cambeul, Alasdair Caimbeul, Iain Mac-Phàil, Iain Mac-Neacail, a's Niall Mac-Gille-Mhicheil.

Chuala sinn iomradh air call no dha eile de 'n t-seorsa so a bhuineadh do 'n Ghaidhealtachd, ach cha 'n 'eil min-chunntas againn mu 'n deibhinn aig an àm, ach tha aon dhuibh gu h-àraidh a chuir fìor bhochd-uinn air ar cridhe, se sin gille òg a mhu-

inntir Ghoillsaidh, chaill a bheatha an deigh gnìomh cho gaisgeil agus treubhantach a dheanamh 's air an cuala sinn iomradh; innsidh sinn mu dheibhinn 's an ath aire-amh.

Tha 'n Geamhradh so ainmeil thall agus a bhos air son stoirmean fiadhaich agus tha call mor air a dheanamh leatha.

Tha sinn a' cluinntinn gu'r ann gle mheadhonach a tha an t-iasgach a' dol leatha air feadh na Gaidhealtachd air a' mhios so, ged a bhitheadh pailteas èisg ann, tha an tide cho fiadhaich 's nach fhaighear thige. Tha cunntas againn mar an ceudna gu'r e cor gle bho chd a tha air a' chuid mhor de chroitearan agus iasgairan na Gaidhealtachd, leis mar a chaidh am buntata agus nithean eile air ais air a' bhliadhna a chaidh seachad. Bh'fhearr dhoibh a bhi 'n America. Tha prìsean air crodh agus caoirich a leantuinn fhathasd gle ard agus nithean eile da reir sin. Tha mion-chor' a's mion-eorna, bho fhichead gu deich tastain fhichead am bòla; buntata bho thastan a' chlach air aghairt, mairteoil a's muilteoil mu thastan am punnd; laogheoil naodh sgillinn am punnd; muiceoil, seachd sgillinn am punnd; im oichd sgillinn deug am punnd; cearcan mu leth-chrùn an té; uibhean, sgillinn am fear 'san cuid a dh-àitean tri buinn-a'-sia.

A measg naidheachdan na rioghachd cha 'n fhaod sinn dearmad a dheanamh air bàs an Iompaire Napoleon. Dh'eug e ann an *Chiselhurst*, air an naoidheamh, latha de cheud mhios na bliadhna. Rugadh e 'san Fhraing, mu thoiseach na bliadhna 1808. Sa' bhliadhna 1848 fhuair e ard-riaghladh na Frainge leis an laimh laidir. Ach cha ruig sinn a leas an corr a radh an so. An deigh moran fola 'bhi air a dortadh eadar e fein a's rìgh Uilleam Phrussia. Chuir e seachad dà bhliadhna anns nach robh moran iomraidh air, gus an do ruith e an t-slighe bha air a cuir roimhe, 's tha e 'n diugh cho diblidh fo 'n fhò'd ri's an neach bu bho chd a chuid ìochdran.

—:o:—

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Aisling caillich mar a dùrachd.

Am fear aig nach bi gnothach do 'n taigh-mhor, bheir e gnothach as.

A's sleamhuinn a' chlach a tha 'n stairsnich an taigh mhoir.

Na biodh cota dubh air cealgaire no cota dearg air slaoightear.

Am fear a ni obair na thrath, bithidh e 'n ath latha na leth thamh

Am fear 's luaithe làmh 'se 's fearr cuid.

Am fear is 'n dhàn a' chroich, cha d' theid gu bràch a bhàthadh

An uair tharruingeas gach duine chuid thige, 's mairg a bhitheas gun chuid aige. Cha d' thig fuachd gu earrach, cruaidhchàs no droch ceannach.

Bha duine bochd ann an Glinneig a bha comharraichte air son teangasgainnealach agus thachair dha—gu tubaisteach—gu'n dh' fhàs a bhial goirt, a's bu mhiann leis a dhol do'n taigh-eiridin a dh' fheuch am faigheadh e leigheas. Chaidh e air tús a dh-ionnsuidh a' mhaighstir-sgoile air son teisteanais, agus fhuair e 'n teisteanas a leanas.—“*Duine bochd aig am bheil droch bhial.*”

Bah seann Chailleach ann am Baideanach, agus cha 'n fhaicheadh i tiodhlacadh a' dol seachad, nach sineadh i air gal 's air bualadh nam bàs. Latha dhe na laithean bha chailleach aig ceann a taighe, a's ciod e chunnaic i 'dol seachad ach pòsadh. Cha robh a fradharc ach mall, a's dé shaoil leatha bha i 'faicinn ach tiodhlacadh. “O!” ars ise, 's i 'bualadh nam bàs, “Sìod an t-slighe air an teid sinn uile!”

Ann an taigh àraid 'an Loch-bhraoin, thachair dithis amadan an a bhi air an oidhche, agus chuireadh do 'n aon leabuidh iad. Cha do sguir iad fad na h-oidhche ach a' sabaid airson co 'm fear de'n dithis a bhiodh 's a' mheadhon.

“Am bheil thu na do chadal a Dhomhnuill?” arsa seana Ghaidheal còir ri caraid dha a bha 'ramhanaich air an fheur air feasgar Samhraidh. “Chan-n eil a Dhonnchaidh,” ars a Dòmhnall. “Agus an toir thu domh deich tasdain-fhichead?” ars a' Donnchadh. “Tha mi na mo chadal a nise,” ars a Dòmhnall, agus e a' toirt srann as.

Bha connspaid uair-eigin eadar Caimbeulach a's Leathanach mu dheighinn co an fhine bu shine de'n dithis. Cha 'n fhuilgeadh an Leathanach a chluinntinn gu'n robh na Caimbeulaich cho sean ri 'chinneadh sa, oir bha e ag ràdh gu'n robh a sheòrsa ann bho thoiseach an t-saoghail.

Bha fios aig a' Chaimbeulach gu math air eachdraidh a' Bhiobuill, agus dh' fheobraich e an robh Clann-Leathain ann roimh an dile. “An dile! ciod i 'n dile!” arsa Mac-a'-Leathain. “An dile,” ars' an Caimbeulach, “a bhàth gach nì a bh' air thalamh ach Noah, a theaghlach, 's a threud.” “O bhurraidh! thu féin 's do dhile,—bha mo Chinneadh-s' ann fada ro'n dile,” arsa Mac-a'-Leathain. “Cha do leugh mise anns a' Bhiobuill mu dhéibhinn Leathanach sam bith a chaidh a steach do'n àirc aig Noah.” “Airc Noah!” arsa Mac-a'-Leathain, “Co chuala riamh mu dhuine dheth mo Chinneadh-sa aig nach robh bàta dha fhéin!”

—:—

DO AR LUCHD-LEUGHADH.

Tha sinn leis an aireamh so, a' crìochnachadh a' chend leabhar de'n GHÀIDHEAL. Rinni sinn ar dicheall anns gach nì airson ar luchd-leughaidh a riarachadh agus a thoileachadh, agus miosachan a thoirt dhoibh 'nan cainnt fhein a bhith-eadhairidh orrafhein, air an canain, agus airan duthaich; a's ma chaidh sinn cearr air sin, cha b'ann do 'r deòin. Tha AN GAIDHEAL a' tighinn air aghairt gu gada, ged nach eil urrad de luchd-leughaidh aige fathasd 's a dh' iarradh e. Tha sinn a' toirt mìle taing dhoibhsan a chuidich leis 'san tìm a chaidh seachad, agus tha sinn an dochas nach tèid aon ainm a bha ar leabhraichean bho thoiseach, a dhubhadh a mach “a' chiad dà latha so.” Ma ni ar luchd-leughaidh an dicheall, agus gach neach dhiubh fear no dha eile fhaighinn maille ris fhein, an àm cur a steach as ùr, cha bhi e ach beag thrioblaid dhoibh-san, agus nì e mor fheum dhuinne; oir cha 'n e mhain gu'n neartaich e “AN GAIDHEAL,” ach bheir e comas dhuinne a dheanamh na 's motha. Tha sinn an dòchas gu'n cluinn sinn bho 'r cairdean air a' phuig so. Tha e 'nar rùn AN GAIDHEAL a dheanamh na 's fhearr ann an iomadh rathad a so suas.

THE GAELIC,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

FEBRUARY, 1873.

ENGLISH RIVER NAMES, &c., DERIVED FROM THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.

(Continued from page 301.)

Besides the clear and direct evidence that has already been stated as to English river names being *identical* with those of Scotland, which were given by the Gael, as also of a very great number more, which are evidently derived from the Gaelic language, there exists further proofs in other place names that show positively the Cymri, or Welsh, were not the first inhabitants of the land of Britain.

The nearest part of England to what was anciently called Gaul (now France) is Dover, it is only twenty-six miles from Calais, and the Celts of Gaul would no doubt select the former for their landing place, let us therefore see what is the etymology of the name of "Dover." Mr Edmunds asserts (at p. 199, 2nd edition,) that it is from the Welsh word *Dwfor*, "water," which it cannot be, because every city, town, village, and hamlet at the sea shore, is on the "water," so also all these when on the banks of a river, are on the "water," and, according to Mr Edmunds, they would all be "Dovers;" thus we see what great absurdities follow from his etymology by trying to bring it from the Welsh language. The true etymology of "Dover" is correctly traced to the Gaelic language, being from the ancient word *Dobhair*, which means "the border of a country." Nothing can be more truthful and

descriptive of "Dover" and its situation. This Gaelic etymology carries conviction with it, from the clear and correct meaning it bears, whereas the Welsh word of Mr Edmunds *Dwfor*, or "water," appears impossible when applied to it. No doubt the name Dover was given by the Celts that came over from Gaul; the Gaelic is identical in pronunciation with "Dover;" it will be found in the standard work of the language—namely, the Dictionary of the Highland Society of Scotland, under the word *Dobhaidh*.

There is a hill in England, county of Derby, named "Mam-tor," which is most undoubtedly derived from the language of the Gael. Mr Edmunds, in his etymology, says it signifies "Mother hill," which assertion proves Mr Edmunds does not know what *Mam* means—it is a Gaelic word for a hill, of a round form, gently rising. There are a very great number of hills in Scotland called *Mam*, there are *none* in Wales, which is fatal to the theory of the Welsh being the earliest race in Britain, or that they gave this name to the Derbyshire hill. "Mam," is found in the Scotch counties of Perth, Argyle, Inverness, Ross, and the island of Mull; "Tor," occurs all over Scotland and the islands, and is generally applied to a conical hill, therefore the two together, *Mam-tor*, mean "the round conical hill,"—and the race who gave this name were the Gael, and not the Welsh. There is in England, in the county of Worcester, a range of hills called *Malvern*, which appear

very evidently to be derived from the Gaelic words *Meall-bhearn*, meaning "the indented hills," and describes the appearance of these hills most accurately. The English reader is reminded that in the second word the *bh* is used as *V*, and the name "Malvern" is nearly identical with the Gaelic. Mr Edmunds frequently mentions in his work that the Welsh call this island by the word "Prydan," meaning "Britain;" but this, instead of showing that they were the first inhabitants, proves they were not; because the oldest name for it is "Albion," and which, of course, had been given by a prior race, namely, by the Gaelic Celts, who came over from Gaul probably centuries before the Welsh arrived, and they (the Welsh) would, no doubt, call this "the island of Britain," if, as has been said, they came from Brittany; but it is necessary to consider as to "Albion," the oldest name, its derivation, and to what language and race it belongs. The name is most undoubtedly a corrupt spelling of *Alban*, which is compounded of two Gaelic words, namely, "All," meaning "a cliff," and is found in the topography of Scotland, though not used now in common speech. *All* or *Aill* also signifies "a cliff" in Irish, and Mr Joyce tells us in his topographical work (1st edition, p. 372) is found all over Ireland. The second Gaelic word is the well-known one "*ban*," meaning "white," the two together signify "the white-cliffs." Now, it is not possible to describe the coast of England opposite to France more accurately than naming it the land of "the white cliffs." That this designation was most certainly given by the Celts of Gaul cannot reasonably be doubted, because the Gael have ever called their country *Alban*, and it is so named by all Highlanders up to this very hour, having come down to them from their forefathers—the earliest race of Celts

who came into Britain, the oldest name for which was "Albion," derived from *Alban*.

The above facts are fatal to the theory of the Welsh being the first race in this country; but there are further proofs that they are not. When Cæsar arrived in Britain, 55 years before Christ, he found on and near the coasts a different race than those he met with when he had reached the interior; these last were the original inhabitants—the Gael of "Alban" or "Albion," and the former the Cymri or Welsh, who were intruders on them. These two invasions would, of course, cause a great emigration of the Gael northward, and westward by Wales, Anglesea, and Isle of Man to Ireland. Another very clear and strong proof that the Gael preceded the Welsh, is the name by which they design them, "*Gall Breatan-naich*,"* which means "the foreign Britons." How could such have been given them unless they were foreigners and intruders on the race who applied it to them? Lastly, a well-known classical historian, Diodorus Siculus, who wrote 44 years before Christ, proves that the inhabitants of Britain and Ireland were derived from the Gauls. This important fact is stated by him in his 5th book, wherein he says, "*Ferocitate excellent Galli qui ad arctum remote, sicut Britanni a quibus Iris (Hibernia) habitatur.*"

There has now been laid before the reader many clear proofs that the Gael preceded the Welsh race, and as there are no facts to support the pretensions of the latter, it is believed that all unprejudiced persons having duly weighed and considered the evidence, will decide it has established, that the Gael were a prior race in Britain to the Welsh.

JAMES A. ROBERTSON.

* The surname of "Galbraith," is derived from these Gaelic words.

GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON.

(Continued from page 246.)

8. *Beir*, *tabhair*, *abair*, *thubhairt*, *deirim*, *aobhar*, *diubhairt*, *tobar*, *cobhair*, *diobair* or *dìbir*, *iobairt*, *beart*, *abar*, *inbhir*, *comar*; Gr. *φίρω*; Lat. *fero*; Ger. *gebaren* (from the old *baren*); A. S. *beran*; Eng. *bear*.

These words are all from the root *ber*, which corresponds to the Sanskrit *bhar*. *Tabhair*=*do-ad-biur* (the verb *biur*, from *ber*, and the prefixes *do-ad*; Di Nigra's T. Glosses, p. 33). *Abair*=*ad-biur*, in which *ad* is for *ath* or *aith*. *Thubhairt*=*do-ber-t*. *Deirim*=*do-bheirim* (Ebel's Celtic Studies by Sullivan, p. 137). *Aobhar*=*adbar*=*ath-ber* (Zeuss' G. C., p. 869). *Diubhairt* (defrauding)=*di-od-ber-t*. *Tobar*=*do-od-ber* (Zeuss' G. C., p. 885). *Cobhair* (help) is from *co* and *ber*. *Diobair* or *dìbir* (forsake) is from *dì* and *ber*. *Iobairt* (anciently *iàbart*, *edbart*)=either *aith-bar-t* or *ind-od-bar-t* (Zeuss' G. C., pp. 869, 885), in which *bar*=*ber*. *Beart*=*ber-t*.

The three words *abar*, *inbhir*, and *comar* signify the same thing—a confluence, and are derived from the same root *ber*. *Abar*=*adbar* or *atbar* (the prefix *ad* [*at*] and *ber*). *Inbhir* (anciently *inber*) is the same root with the prefix *in*. *Comar* (cf. O. W. *cymer*=*cymber*)=*com-ber* (cf. Zeuss' G. C., p. 148).

The above analysis, which we are confident is correct, shows that the dispute in regard to the use of *abar* and *inbhir* in our topography cannot be decided by an appeal to their etymology, for both words have been derived from the same root, and their prefixes *ad* and *in* are common to Welsh and Gaelic.

Ebel thinks that the aspirate *bh*, which distinguishes *bheirim* (I give) from *beirim* (I bear), indicates that, according to the rule by which consonants flanked by vowels are aspirated, *bheirim* has dropped a prefix, probably *do*.

The affinity between *ber* and Gr. *φίρω* and Lat. *fero* is obvious.

9. *Mòr* and Gr. *μακρός*.

Mòr was anciently *már*, which may be compared with *μακρ-ός* as *deur* (anciently *dér*) may be compared with Gr. *δάκρ-υ*, Goth. *tagr*, A. S. *tear*, Eng. *tear*, the tenuis *k* (=e) disappearing in both examples before *r*. (Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 90).

10. *Aithne*, *ecne*, *iongnadh*, *ainm*, *gnàth*; *νόος*, *γινώσκω*, *γνωρίζω*, *ὄνομα*; Lat. *nosco*, *cognosco*, *nomen*, *gnarus*, *gnavus*, *notus*; Ger. *kennen*, *können*; A. S. *can*, *cunnan*, *cunning*; Eng. *know*, *ken*, *can*, *ignorant*, *name*, *note*, *cunning*; Sansk. *gna*, *nāman*.

These words, to which many more might be added, are cognates, although some of them have little or no resemblance to each other. The root is *gen*, originally *gan* (Di Nigra's T. G. p. 26). Cf. Sansk. *gna* (to know).

Aithne (knowledge) is for *aithgne* (=aith-gne), which is formed from the root *gen* and the prefix *aith*. Cf. the ancient forms *adgēnsa* (I have known), and *adgēnammar* (we have known), in which *ad* is for *aith* or *ath* (Zeuss' G. C., pp. 448, 450, 869). *Ecne* (knowledge) is from *aithgne* (Zeuss' G. C., pp. 869, 996), and is, therefore, identical with *aithne*. Cf. *eagna* (wisdom), and *eagnaidh* (wise, prudent). *Iongnadh* (wonder) was, in ancient Gaelic, *iongnad*, which is compounded of *in* privative (Zeuss' G. C., p. 860), the root *gen* or *gan*, and the termination *ad*. *Ainm* (name)=*anmin* (Zeuss' G. C., p. 168)=*namin*. The pl. *anmann*, for *namann*, points to an original stem *namant* for *gnamant* (Di Nigra's T. G., p. 68; Zeuss' G. C., p. 776), with which may be compared *nomen* for *gnomen*, *co-gnomen*, *agnomen* for *ad-gnomen*, *ὄνομα* (stem, *o-nomat*=*o-gnomat*, where *-gnomat* corresponds to *gnamant*). *Gnàth* is from the same root. Cf. *gnád*, *gnáth* (accustomed) in Zeuss' G. C., pp. 73, 25, where *d*=*th*, and the substantive *gnás*.

ΝΟΟΞ, contr. νῦς (mind), is for γνῶς. Cf. the aor. ἔγνων, also γινώσκω, γνῶμι, γνῶμη, γνώσις, all from the root γνο-, which is cognate with gen. ὄΝΑΜΑ (= ὄνομα) is from the same root.

Nosco is for gnosco, nōmen for gnomen, and notus for gnotus. Cf. co-ynosco (Curtius' Gr. Etym.) To the same root may be referred also gnarus and gnarus (Curtius' Gr. Etym.)

To the root gen, gan, must also be referred Ger. kennen (to know), können (to be able), originally identical with kennen; A. S. can (to know, to be able), cunnan (to ken, to know), cunning (experience); Eng. know, ken, can (originally, to know), ignorant (from ignoro. Cf. ignarus=in-gnarus), name (A. S. nama, Lat. nomen), note (notus=gnotus), cunning (A. S. cunning). Cf. Sansk. gna, nāman.

To the same root are to be referred several words which occur in ancient Gaelic, as adgēnsa, adgeuin, etarcnad, etargne and etarcne, etargeuin, ingne.

11. Cridhe and heart.

Cridhe (heart), anciently cride, is cognate with Sansk. hrd, abbreviated from hard (Bopp's Glossary, p. 449), Gr. καρδιά, Lat. cor, cordis, Goth. haito, Ger. hertz, A. S. heorte, Eng. heart.

C(K) and d in Gaelic and the Classic languages correspond to h and t in the Germanic languages. Examples—Lat. cornu, Gr. κέρας, Gael. corn, Ger. horn, A. S. horn, Eng. horn; Lat. canis, Gr. κύων, κύων, Gael. cù, coin, con, Ger. hund, A. S. hund, Eng. hound; Lat. dens, dentis, Gr. ὀδούς, ὀδόντος, Gael. deud (anc. dēt), W. dant, Goth. tunthus, A. S. toth, Eng. tooth; Gr. δάκρυ, Gael. deur (anc. dēr), W. dagr, A. S. tear, Eng. tear.

12. Og and young.

Og (anciently óc) corresponds to Old W. iouenc (now ieuene), which, when compared with Lat. iuencus, shows that óg has dropped initial j, and also

n before the tenuis c, that the tenuis has passed into its corresponding medial, and that the vowels have coalesced to form long ò. V (= v) either disappears or is included in the diphthong ou of iouenc and ò of òg. (Zeuss' G. C., pp. 48, 106, 812, and Stokes' Ir. G., p. 93).

The connection between iouenc, juencus, A. S. geong, and Eng. young, is obvious.

13. Námhaid and enemy.

Námhaid, now used in all the cases of the singular, is a modernized form of the dative and accusative singular of the old noun náma, which was thus declined—

Sing.	Plur.
N. náma	námit.
G. námat	námat-n.
D. námit	námitib.
A. námit-n	náimteá.
V. a náma	a náimteá.

Dual, N. and A. dá námit, G. dá námat, D. dib námitib.

These forms show that the stem of this noun is námat, and by comparing náma, námat, with cara (friend), gen. carat, and with W. carant (relation, kin), we ascertain that námat is from namant=namantas=na-amantas (Stokes' Ir. G., p. 65), which corresponds to ne-amantes, from ne (not), and amo (I love).

Again, enemy is from Fr. ennemi (from Lat. inimicus, compounded of in negative and amicus, from amo).

14. Fíodh and wood.

Fíodh (wood), anciently fíd, corresponds to W. gwydd, to which O. S. wídu and A. S. wudu (from which wood is derived) are related. F in Gaelic and gw in Welsh frequently correspond to w in Anglo-Saxon and English. Examples—Fíon, gwin, wine; feith, gweithio, wait.

15. Soisgeul and gospel.

Soisgeul (gospel), anciently soscéle, is compounded of so or su (well, good)=Sansk. su and Gr. εὖ, and ageul (tidings), anciently scel.

Gospel (= *godspell*) is compounded of either *god* (Gód) or *good* (good) and *spell* (tidings), also written *spel*. But *p* and *c* frequently interchange (cf. *plama* and *clumh*; *plant* and *clann* or *cland*; *purpura* and *corcur*), and, therefore, we may regard *spell* and *scél* as related, although the long vowel of *scél* seems to indicate, as noticed by Zeuss and Stokes, the loss of a consonant.

(To be continued).

—:o:—

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

The Ross-shire Association held their annual re-union in the City Hall, Glasgow, on Friday, 27th December, 1872.—Kenneth Murray, Esq., of Geanies, presided, and was accompanied to the platform by many gentlemen, some of them all the way from Ross-shire to partake of the evening's entertainment. The programme was both varied and select, and highly satisfactory. After the soiree, a fashionable ball took place.

INVERNESS.—The Gaelic Society of Inverness held their annual dinner in the Royal Hotel, on Thursday, the 26th December, 1872. C. F. Mackintosh, Esq., of Drummond, occupied the chair, and about the table might be seen a great number of the town worthies. After dinner, the secretary read the report, which reflected creditably on the management of the society, and their indefatigable committee. The programme of the evening, along with excellent speeches, embraced a number of select Gaelic songs, all of which, we understand, were rendered to the thorough satisfaction of the audience.

EDINBURGH.—The Mull and Iona Association in Edinburgh, held their annual re-union on the evening of Old New-Year's day. The chair was occupied by D. M'Phail, Esq., of this city, and author of "An t-Eilean Muileach," "A Dhomhnuill bhig, hq hú. ho hó," and several other popular Gaelic songs. This meeting was thoroughly Highland, not only that the programme was embellished by a number of excellent Gaelic songs, but also the chairman's address was delivered

in the mellifluent tones of the language of *Muile nam mòr-bheann*.

GLASGOW MULL AND IONA ASSOCIATION.—The Glasgow Mull and Iona Association, held their annual re-union in the City Hall, on Thursday, 30th January. The hall was quite crowded. R. MacKinnon delivered a Gaelic speech, and Gaelic songs were sung to the entire satisfaction of the audience. Mr D. Macphee, West Nile Street, and Mr R. MacKinnon, played a selection of Highland airs on the bag-pipes—both of them sustaining their well-earned reputation.

Messrs. Blackwood have in the press a History of the Clan Maclean, collated from various MSS. in the possession of the late Mr Maclean of Ardgour, and annotated and edited by the Rev. Alexander Stewart of Ballachulish.

INVERNESS GAELIC SOCIETY.—The following are the office-bearers for 1873:—*Chief*—Cluny Macpherson of Cluny. *Chieftains*—Mr Thomas Mackenzie, Mr Alex. Dallas, and Mr Alexander Mackenzie. *Honorary Secretary*—Mr John Murdoch. *Secretary*—Mr William Mackay. *Treasurer*—Mr Duncan Mackintosh. *Members of Council*—Messrs Charles Mackay, P. Mackintosh, Duncan MacIver, G. P. Campbell, and Alexander Maclean. *Piper*—Pipe-Major MacLennan. *Librarian*—Mr Lachlan Macbean. *Bard*—Mr Angus Macdonald.

BEAULY—NEW YEAR'S DAY.—There are still amongst us people who cling to the customs of their forefathers. A grand shinty match was held at Balblair, in the vicinity of the village, on Old New Year's Day. Sides being drawn, upwards of 100 stalwart Highlanders entered the lists, and the play was contested with great vigour till 4 P.M., when it was found that the players were so equally matched that no hail was made on either side. There were upwards of 200 spectators present. Ample refreshments were supplied on the field by Mr Maclean, Teafriish, Mr Mackenzie, late Lovat Arms, and others, and at the conclusion Mr Morrison, Ord Cellar, Beauly, proposed a happy new year to all present. The weather was fortunately favourable, and the company separated, resolved to hold another of the same on Old New Year's Day, 1874.

GLASGOW CELTIC SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this society was held recently in the Religious Institution Rooms—Dr. T.

D. Buchanan, vice-president, in the chair. The treasurer's report showed that the funds of the society amounted to £908 13s 7d, and that there was carried to the capital account, after meeting the claims against the society during the year, about £10.

ARGYLESIRE SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this society, held in Maclean's Hotel, Glasgow, the following gentlemen were elected office-bearers for the ensuing year:—Honorary President—The Right Hon. the Marquis of Lorne, M.P.; President—John Wingfield Malcolm, Esq., of Poltalloch. Directors—James L. Mackie, Alexander MacNeil, Lachlan Cavan, Duncan Smith, Neil Sinclair, J. L. MacArthur, Duncan MacMaster, Alexander Fleming, and Matthew Bulloch. Hugh Stevenson, writer, 138 Hope-street, secretary; and Colin Campbell, treasurer, were re-elected.

—:o:—

TO OUR READERS.

With the present number we bring the first volume of *The Gael* to a close. The success of the enterprise thus far has been considerable, though not quite sufficient to make it self-supporting; but we believe, with the support promised, and the arrangements made for the coming volume, the matter will soon be placed in a different position. As to our success in producing such a periodical as our countrymen required, we leave our readers to judge, believing it sufficient for us to mention that among many others the following well-known Gaelic scholars have contributed to the past volume, and promised their continued co-operation and support for the coming year:—The Rev. Drs Maclauchlan, Clerk, and Mackay; Rev. Messrs Cameron, Renton; Stewart, Nether Lochaber; Blair, Glasgow; Blair, Nova Scotia; Macgregor, Inverness; Ross, Rothesay; Macnish, and Professor Mackay, Canada; Messrs Colonel James A. Robertson, J. F. Campbell, Alexander Nicolson, Dr Stratton, D. C. Macpherson, Evan M'Coll, D. Macphail, F. D. M'Donell, John Campbell, Ledaig; Mary, Mac-

kellar, John White, John Murdoch P. MacGregor, John Forbes, &c., &c.

To these, and many other kind friends who have assisted us in procuring subscribers and in other ways, we tender our most sincere thanks, and trust that, with their continued co-operation and support, the forthcoming volume of *THE GAEL* will be found, in every respect, what we aim to make it, a publication worthy of its name.

Our programme for the next volume includes several new features, which we hope will contribute largely to its value. Among these will be a series of portraits, with biographical sketches, of eminent Highlanders, commencing in the next number with a portrait and biographical sketch of the Rev. Dr Mackay.

Popular Gaelic songs, with music, will form another feature, and in our next we shall give a set of "Muile nam mor-bheann."

The first number of Vol. II. will be enlarged to 40 pages, and shall appear on the first of March, in various ways improved.

—:o:—

GAELIC GRAMMAR.

Among other valuable contributions to *THE GAEL*, during the coming year, we take pleasure in announcing a series of articles on Gaelic Grammar, by the Rev. Alexander Cameron, of Renton. For thorough Gaelic scholarship, Mr Cameron has few equals, and these articles will prove a most valuable aid to those desiring a knowledge of the grammatical structure of the language. The articles will be illustrated with examples and precedents.

—:o:—

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

ERRATA.—In Mr Edmund's letter, in the January number, for "ask further," read "seek further;" for "lannerch, a dearing," read "lannerch, a clearing;" for Tin-wg, portions of a district," read "Tin-wg, fortress of a district."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Niddry Lodge,
Kensington, London, W.,
December 27th, 1872.

SIR,—Will you please to tell your readers that as soon as I got to books and to Gaelic scholars better informed than myself, I told you all I knew about the old song which you printed, p. 260, and notice p. 304. Mr Cameron says that Mr Campbell's copy is "less accurate" than M'Donald's. I have no copy. That which you printed I believed to be an exact copy of the Duke of Argyll's old manuscript, and so I said. I could not judge the relative correctness of M'Donald's printed text of 1776, without the testimony of the deceased bard of 1569; I could not get that evidence without a Medium, so I did not judge these ancient authorities. So far as I remember M'Donald's rare work, the various readings quoted by Mr Cameron are correctly given. For his trouble and notice we all owe him thanks, and I beg you to express mine. I am, your obedient servant,

J. F. CAMPBELL.

IMRICH GU ONTARIO.

THA Uchdranach Mor-roinn Ontario (no mar theirtè roimhe seo "Canada an Iar") a nise 'toirt aiseag saor do luchd-imrich do 'n duthaich sin. Gheobh muinntir iomchaidh an t-aiseag bho Ghlaschu gu aite sam bith a dh-Ontario air son ceithir puinnnd 's a' coig; agus clann air leth prise. Gheobh iadsan a phaidheas ceithir puinnnd 'sa' coig air son an aigis ceithir-tastain fhichead a's ochd sgillinn air ais, bho Uachdranachd Ontario, an deigh dhoibh a bhi tri mìosan 'san duthaich sin; ach feumaidh muinntir a bhios airson an aigrid seo fhaighinn air ais, teisteanas fhaotainn aig an ard office an Glaschu, 43 Sraid York. Tha 'n duthaich a' soirbheachadh. Tha pailteas oibre ri faotainn, deagh thuarasdail, agus fearann saor do mhuinntir a dh'fhanas 'san duthaich. Airson tuille fìorachaidh, sgrìobh gu ALASDAIR BEGG, a tha mach bho Uachdranachd Ontario gu eòlas a thoirt do luchd-imrich.

Glaschu, an Ciad Mios, 1873.

Now Ready, in Crown 8vo, Price 3d, or per Post 3½d,

AM FEILLIRE;

OR,
THE GAELIC ALMANAC FOR 1873.

IN addition to all the requisites of a Useful ALMANAC, it contains the Births and Deaths of the most celebrated Highland Bards, the Names of the Chiefs, Badges, War Cries, &c., of the Clans. Now in print for the first time.

Copies to be had on application.

INVERNESS: John Noble, 98 Castle Street.

GLASGOW: Nicolson & Co.

EDINBURGH: MacLachlan & Stewart.

Mas toigh leat Gaidhlig chairdeil, thlàth,
Mar labhair Adhamb 'n t'òs i,
No 'n tea is shearr 'tha nall air sàl,
Gun dàil ruig Isin MacDhomhnuill.

TEAS, FAMILY GROCERIES,

AND

PURE OATMEAL.

THE Subscriber supplies Families throughout the Highlands, with excellent value in the above Articles. Country Orders from all parts of the Highlands and Western Isles, will be forwarded, carefully packed with the least possible delay.

JOHN MACDONALD,
WHOLESALE AND FAMILY GROCER,
EXCHANGE,
INVERNESS.

Tha tea, siucair, mion-chorc' a's gach aon ni a dh' fheumas teaghlach, an còmhnuidh aig Mac-Dhomhnuill 'na bhùth; agus tha e aig gach àm deas gu 'chur a dh-ionnsaidh a chairdean, arann anns a' bhaile 's anns an duthaich—eadhon, gu ruig aon sa bith de cheithir eileanan fhichead Innse-Gall. Gach neach leis a miannach deagh luach fhaighinn, ruigeadh e Mac-Dhomhnuill.

GORDON'S LIVERY STABLES,**CAMPBELL TOWN, WANGANUI.**

BUGGIES, Carriages, and Saddle Horses always on hire at a moment's notice. Wedding parties, with or without postillions. Picnic and Excursion Parties supplied with vehicles and careful sober drivers, on reasonable terms. Horses and Carriages bought, sold, and exchanged. Horses carefully broken to harness.

CHARLES GORDON, Proprietor.



NOTICE TO EMIGRANTS
FROM
SCOTLAND TO CANADA,
ALLAN LINE;

The Steamers of the **ALLAN LINE** resumed
their Direct Sailings from

GLASGOW TO QUEBEC,
IN APRIL 1872,

AND WILL CONTINUE TO SAIL

Every TUESDAY throughout the Season.

Passage Money.

Cabin—To Quebec, - £13 13s.
,, To Portland, Boston or New-York, £14 14s.

Intermediate,—To Quebec, Portland, } £9 9s.
BOSTON OR NEW-YORK. }

Steerage—To Quebec, Portland, } £6 6s.
BOSTON OR NEW-YORK. }

These Steamers offer the best opportunity
for Passengers wishing to proceed to Canada,
as they are landed at the Railway Wharf at
Quebec, *in the Dominion*, and are thence
forwarded to all the principal Stations
immediately after disembarkation.

Passengers wishing to proceed to the
Western States and Territories of the Union,
and to California, can be booked by Quebec,
as cheaply, and carried to destination as
expeditiously as by any other Line.

Dietary Bills, and full information as to
Through Tickets, Berth, Accommodation,
&c., and Rates for Children, may be had on
application to

JAMES and ALEXANDER ALLAN,

70 Great Clyde Street, Glasgow.

"ANCHOR" LINE OF TRANSATLANTIC
STEAM PACKET SHIPS

FROM



GLASGOW & LONDONDERRY

TO

NEW-YORK.

HALIFAX, N.S. AND ST. JOHN, N.B.

SAILING REGULARLY FOR NEW-YORK,
(Unless prevented by unforeseen circumstances.)

From GLASGOW—

Every Saturday and Alternate Wednesday,
And from LONDONDERRY the following days.

FOR HALIFAX, N.S. AND ST. JOHN, N.B.

AT REGULAR INTERVALS
throughout the season.

Passengers Booked at Through Rates to all
parts of the UNITED STATES, CANADA, NOVA
SCOTIA and NEW BRUNSWICK, at Lowest Fares.

FARES:—

SALOON CABIN, TWELVE, THIRTEEN,
FOURTEEN, AND FIFTEEN GUINEAS.

(According to Accommodation and Situation of berths).

To New-York, Boston, Baltimore,
Quebec, Halifax, N.S. and St John N.B.

INTERMEDIATE, - - - EIGHT GUINEAS,
STEERAGE, - - - SIX GUINEAS.

For further particulars, apply to

HANDYSIDE & HENDERSON,

9 UNION STREET, GLASGOW, and

30 FOYLE STREET, LONDONDERRY.

